THE STORY OF A LABOR AGITATOR

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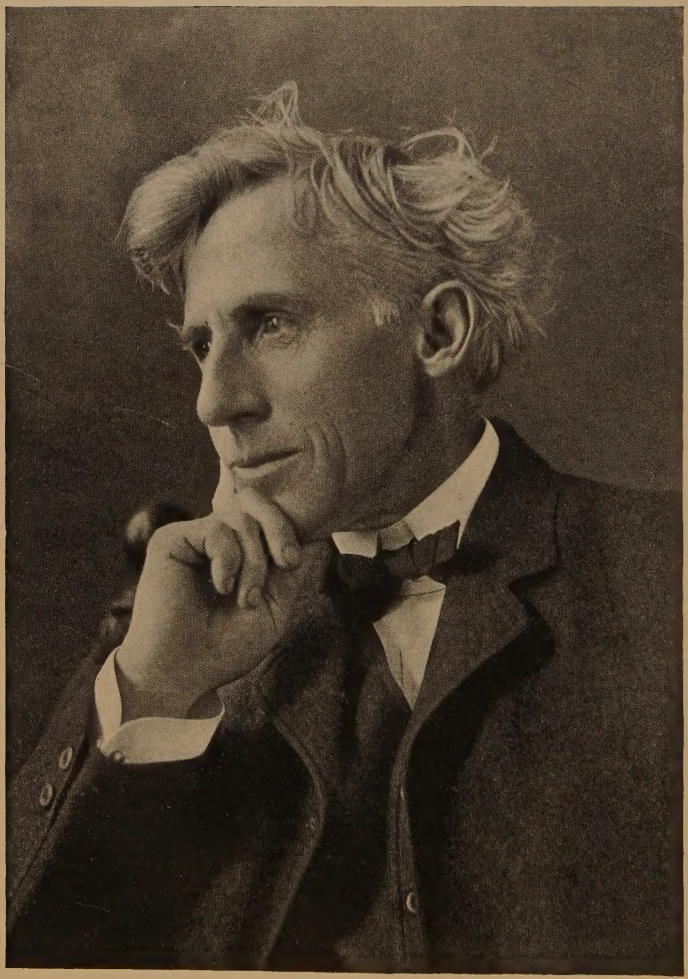

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"Not the great historical events, but the personal incidents that call up single, sharp pictures of some human in his pang or struggle, reach us more nearly."

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To the little band of Denver men and women whose faith in me, and whose sacrifices for "The Cause," saved me many times from failure and despair, and to my wife, whose patience and courage, amidst hardships and dangers, never wavered, this volume is affectionately inscribed. J. R. B.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 1, 1903.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

WHEN there is so much warmth in the making of labor's history, it is strange that there has been so little in the writing of it. As a rule, it has been written by dry-as-dust economists who treat it as if it were the record of the advance of an economic doctrine. As well write the history of the religious movement as if it were the record of the advance of theological doctrine. Labor doctrines have never advanced except as they have been lived and loved by individuals.

The labor movement in this country has now passed out of its formative period. It is no longer dependent upon the sacrifices of its first disciples for its ideals. It is now an establishment able to protect its supporters and save them from sacrifices, but

the work of the men who now wield its power has less human interest than that of those who gave it its power. They were the true makers of its history and to their lives perpetual interest will attach.

Among the men who bore a prominent part in the labor movement when it was struggling for recognition, none has seemed to us so well fitted to tell of these struggles as the author of this volume. Upon this point our judgment is in no sense peculiar. It is that of most men who have known Mr. Buchanan's work as an agitator and his power to narrate the events of his life with simplicity and directness, putting his own personality into the narrative without reserve, yet without self-assertion. The late Henry George was among those who urged Mr. Buchanan to prepare such an autobiography as he has now written. "The history of the struggle for human rights," Mr. George declared, "will never be complete without

the personal records of the men who occupied important positions on the firing line in that crucial period between 1880 and 1890." John Swinton was another of the leaders in the labor movement who turned to Mr. Buchanan with the same injunction — Mr. Swinton in his characteristic fashion asserting that it was "little short of criminal for Mr. Buchanan to be walking the streets of New York, liable to be run over by the street-cars while there was no record of the events in which he had borne a part save in his own mind."

In one point Mr. Swinton was mistaken; Mr. Buchanan had other records of those events besides those of his memory. During nearly the whole period of which he writes, he was the editor of a labor paper, the files of which he had carefully preserved, and in preparing this volume he has had constant recourse to these contemporaneous records.

Mr. Buchanan has seen fit to close his "Story of a Labor Agitator" with the suspension of his Chicago paper, dramatically described in the last chapter. Three weeks later he was offered a salaried position by the American Press Association as the editor of its department of economics. In this position Mr. Buchanan has gone on championing the cause to which his earlier years were devoted, but he declares that he cannot speak of himself as properly a labor agitator since the advent of a regular pay-day — a thing he had not known during the greater part of the decade covered by this volume.

During his later years he has been especially active in the efforts to unite the struggling classes on the farm and in the city, in a political movement to secure the measures upon which their intellectual leaders have long been united. In this work he has labored with unusual effectiveness and with

irrepressible ardor. He has cherished no illusions regarding the difficulties of the task and has himself humorously observed that the average workingman will not leave his own old party so long as there is one plank in its platform he supports, and will not join a new party so long as there is one plank in its platform he does not support. But despite this keen comprehension of the present situation, Mr. Buchanan has kept at his work with inextinguishable faith in its future. He loves it and from this love comes his faith and hope and endurance. It is the men who thus love the labor movement that are best able to comprehend its meaning and explain that meaning to the world.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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THE STORY OF A LABOR AGITATOR

THE STORY

OF

A LABOR AGITATOR

CHAPTER I

MY FIRST STRIKE

IT is customary to begin the story of a life with a genealogical sketch, taking in the ancestry of the subject for several generations; but as the task before me is to give an account of the experiences of a labor agitator, and as the interest will be more in the incidents than in the individual, the custom need not be followed in this instance. It is sufficient to say that I was born in Hannibal, Missouri, and that I passed my boyhood in that town and in Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri.

The year 1878 found me employed on "The Riverside Press," published in the town of Louisiana. I was an all-round handy man.

In addition to services that included duties in every branch of the mechanical department of the publication, I did editing, reporting, book-keeping, and soliciting. My preference among my many duties was for type-setting. With a common school education, backed up by considerable reading and a varied experience as boy and youth, as a basis, I became a pretty fair compositor in the two years I spent in the office of that country weekly. My age at the time doesn't matter. I was old enough to vote.

I knew nothing of the "labor problem." In fact there was n't any labor question as we understand it now, outside of the large cities and the industrial centers. I had not read anything about trades unions that described their forms and objects, and had not heard them mentioned by one who was a member, save once, when a tramp printer brought the subject up in our office, and he did n't remain sober long enough to make the matter clear nor to arouse my interest. It is true I had read of the great railway strike of 1877, and a friend of mine, a brakeman on a railway running into East St. Louis, had been im-

prisoned three months for participation in that strike. I read of his conviction on a charge of rioting, and knowing him to be a pretty good sort of fellow, thought he must have had serious provocation to get into such a scrape; but as I never met him again I never got his side of the story.

Late in 1878 I fell under the spell of the Leadville fever, and in November of that year packed my bag and headed for Colorado. A few days after my arrival in Denver I made the acquaintance of the business manager of a daily afternoon paper, and he, learning that I was a printer, invited me to come to his office and be introduced to the foreman of the composing-room. The latter gave me cases, as we were wont to say before machines revolutionized the business, and with that situation on "The Denver Democrat" I received my introduction to the labor question.

"The Democrat" was non-union, or "rat," as the printers express it, but I knew nothing of the difference between that office and the union offices when I accepted the situation. As I became acquainted with

the other compositors on "The Democrat" I learned that there was among them a feeling of animosity toward the men employed on the other papers in the city. Behind their denunciations of the union men, it ever seemed to me, there were consciousness of inferiority and a feeling of shame. Some of my associates had been members of the Typographical Union, but for reasons which they did not satisfactorily explain, they were no longer connected with it. These men were "rats." The others on the force were, like myself, non-union men. They had never belonged to the union, and had not until this time worked in a town where there was a union of the trade. When the union was under discussion in our composing-room, the "rats" were strong and sometimes profane in their denunciations of their former associates. Their arguments, when they offered arguments, were such as we hear in these days from a belated employer or editor. As I listened to the "rats" in the composing-room of "The Democrat" I began to like the union. Probably the experience was

unusual, but it is a fact that I received my earliest favorable impression of unionism from its opponents. And it has ever since been incomprehensible to me that non-union men could long associate with "rats" or "scabs" and not learn to love unionism for the enemies it had made.

When I had been about three months with "The Democrat" a change occurred in the management and I was made managing editor. The city editor was a union man, but the labor question was not discussed in the press of those days and his sympathies were not displayed in his work on the paper. However, in response to my inquiries, he gave me sufficient information to make of me a unionist in sentiment.

The office changed owners, the paper became "The Denver Republican," and was issued mornings instead of evenings. That paper has since become one of Denver's leading journals. The city editor was retained in his position, but I was transferred to the business department. In a short time I was given charge of the business office; but I did n't remain long in that position.

The city editor and I resigned together and, forming a partnership, started a job office and publishing house. We employed union men exclusively and, acting upon the suggestion of my partner, I made application to be placed upon the honorary roll of Typographical Union No. 49, as an employer. My application was given favorable consideration, and that is how I became a member of a trade union. I had not served the full term of apprenticeship required by the union, but I was considered a good compositor, and as I joined out of friendship for the union and not because I then needed its protection, I considered the score at least even. Some of my friends have charged jokingly that I entered the union through the back door. It has never reached my ears that the union ever regretted its acceptance of my application, and I have not been sorry that I took the step.

In the spring of 1880 I withdrew from the job office partnership and, as tens of thousands of others have done, succeeded in a short time in sinking my little capital in prospect holes, digging for the elusive pre-

cious metals. I had married during the preceding winter, and when my money was about all expended in fruitless prospecting, I realized that it was time to get at something that would give me an income. Upon application I was placed upon the active list of the union and given a working-card. I went to Leadville and at once secured cases on "The Daily Democrat;" and my experience as a "labor man" began.

My trade was thoroughly organized in Leadville; the four daily papers were union and there was n't a "rat" printing office in the town. Other trades were also fairly well organized. Most of the employees of the mines — the principal industry of the locality — were union men. The leading men among the miners were also members of an organization the name of which I did not know at that time. The Knights of Labor organization, though founded in 1869, did not make its existence public nor publish its name until 1881. The leaders of the Leadville miners were members of an assembly of the Knights of Labor.

Everything ran smoothly for the first few

months I was in Leadville. The mines produced heavily, business boomed, and, though prices were high, money was plentiful. I sent to Denver for my wife and we set up housekeeping in a two-roomed cabin, called "cottage" by the real estate man. A sheet-iron cook-stove, a soap-box full of dishes — most of them tin — a pine table, three chairs, a pine bedstead, and printed shades at the windows constituted the chief furnishings of my home. And yet we were happy, my wife and I. You see there were few who had better than we had, employment was steady, wages good, and, notwithstanding the high cost of provisions, there was a chance to save some money. We were forty miles from the nearest railway and "civilization," with its refined methods of robbing the many for the benefit of the few, had n't yet crossed the range. Of course there was an occasional "hold-up," but thieving of this kind was usually quickly followed by a lynching-bee, and we were not afraid that robbers would break in and steal our means of livelihood. But our fancied security received a rude shock.

Thieves did break in, using a seventy-ton locomotive as a battering-ram. Late in the summer of 1880 the railway entered Leadville. The reduced cost of transportation materially lowered the prices of provisions and other necessaries of life. At first we rejoiced at the change, but when men seeking work began to arrive by hundreds, we doubted the value of the new order for the workingmen of the community. Right here I was to see my first practical illustration of the "iron law of wages."

During the spring and summer of 1880 the miners of the Leadville region received $3.50 to $5 per day. With the advent of the railway, bearing cheapened provisions and men who were seeking employment, there came to the managers of the mines a suggestion that they could employ men at less wages to work their properties. It did n't cost the men so much to live as formerly, then why should not they be willing to work for less? There was no question of lessened value in the product. The ores taken from the mines were as rich as ever, the yield was up to the highest point in the

history of the camp, and silver bullion was selling at the top notch. The reduction in the cost of transportation had also been of considerable benefit to the mine owners, as it had greatly lessened the expense of getting machinery and other supplies to the mines, and had lowered the cost of reducing the ores and of shipping the product to the markets. But these facts had no weight with men who had come under the influence of advancing civilization. The old spirit of fraternity which had characterized the relations between the people of a new country, cut off in a measure from the great world, was dead; the rule of "Live and let live" had been succeeded by the rule of "Every fellow for himself, the devil take the hindmost."

"There are a plenty of men willing to work for less than we are paying our miners," said the managers. This is always the first manifestation of the aforesaid "iron law."

At a meeting held in the Clarendon Hotel, attended by representatives of the principal mining properties in the Lead-

ville region, a resolution reducing wages to a level rate of $2.75 per day was adopted, after unavailing protests by a few old-fashioned operators who were not yet thoroughly civilized. This meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, and when the miners appeared for work the next morning, they were confronted with notices of the reduction posted conspicuously at the entrances to the mines. The men gathered in knots about the shafts, refusing in nearly every case to go to work. A reporter told me afterward that it looked as if there were a hundred open-air meetings on Freyer and Carbonate hills that morning. The officials of the Union acted promptly, and at ten o'clock, A. M., Leadville Miners' Union was in session with the largest attendance in its history. The session continued all day. Committees sent to the offices of the mining companies returned with reports that not one manager would reconsider the order of reduction. By a unanimous vote, taken at six o'clock in the evening, the union declared every mine in the Leadville region on strike against the reduction.

One important mine and three or four small ones resumed work on Tuesday morning, but none of them had half of the usual complement of men.

The managers employed every available man who could handle pick or shovel, hold a drill or swing a sledge. The strikers used every means at their command to keep men from going to work and to pull out those who were at work. There was n't any Civic Federation or board of conciliation and arbitration in those days, and dissatisfied workmen had to work out their salvation in their own way. The methods employed were not always diplomatic, and sometimes they were a little bit coarse. Every day, and sometimes twice each day, a "committee," composed of several hundred strikers, made the rounds of the mines that were working. On several occasions these visits were marked by clashes between the strikers and mine guards. Fists, clubs, and sometimes pistols, were used, but without fatal results.

After about a week of that sort of warfare, the operators decided that they did n't

desire any more visits from the miners' committees. Small block-houses, made of green pine logs, were put up in commanding positions on Freyer and Carbonate hills and in them were stationed guards armed with rifles. Dead-lines were marked off, inside of which any one not properly accredited went at the peril of his life. By this course the operators forced the strike center down from the hills and into the town. From early in the morning until late at night the principal streets were filled with men, who moved about in aimless fashion or gathered in groups to discuss the strike among themselves or to listen to speeches delivered from curb, truck, or goods-box. It was here I made my bow as a "labor orator."

The entire force in the composing-room of "The Democrat" was in sympathy with the strikers, and words were not minced when the action of the operators was discussed by us. Fresh from that atmosphere I went upon the streets every afternoon and addressed the crowds, moving to a fresh rostrum every half hour or so. The case

was very simple, and a man with ordinary intelligence and a "gift of gab" had no difficulty in holding a street audience, especially if he was radical in denunciation of the operators and sympathetic in depicting the wrongs of labor. The opposition showed me the distinguished consideration of attempts to break up my meetings and of efforts to have me locked up by the police. The police did not interfere with the crowds so long as there was nothing but talk, but at the first sign of a breach of the peace the participants were taken to the lockup.

One afternoon, after a short talk to a crowd on Harrison Avenue, I was walking down the street, when I was roughly jostled by some one behind me. Turning quickly I found myself face to face with a young lawyer who on several occasions had offensively shown his antagonism to the miners and their friends. He was a natty chap, being one of the few in that city of thirty thousand inhabitants who wore a high silk hat. Although I was n't sure, I strongly suspected that it was this young man who had bumped into me; but I was n't look-

ing for trouble, and so walked on without saying a word. I carried as a cane a thick orange stick, which a friend had given me. I had proceeded but a few yards further down the street when slap bang! went my cane to the sidewalk, forced from my hand by the pressure of a foot, — an old trick, often played in a spirit of fun. Stooping, I picked up the cane, and looking around quickly I saw the young lawyer glaring at me with a sneer on his face. I lost my head for the space of ten seconds. My tormentor lost only his hat, as he "ducked" just in time and just far enough to save his head from the blow I aimed at it with my cane. As he sprang to recover his precious tile, which my orange club had sent spinning out into the street, I was seized by the arm, and a familiar voice close to my ear cried, "Get out of this, Joe! Danger!"

I asked no questions, but hurried along with my friend, a compositor employed on "The Herald." We ran two blocks, when he turned into the Herald office, with me at his heels. When we reached the press-room, in the extreme rear of the building,

he paused. As soon as he could spare breath for words he said: "There's a plot to get you and all the other agitators and leaders jugged. One plan is to get you into altercations on the streets, so you may be arrested for breaches of the peace. Once they get you in it will be impossible to get you out until this trouble is settled. One of the boys heard the job fixed up in the editorial room of 'The Chronicle' this morning. I started out to warn you as soon as I was told, and it appears that I was not a minute too soon."

After that experience I was careful not to get into personal controversies on the street. I had to take some pretty hard talk sometimes, but I remembered my lesson and kept out of jail. All of the others were not so lucky. Several of the "street orators" failed in self-restraint at trying moments and were taken to the "bull-pen" for "breaking the peace."

As arrests were numerous and trials delayed in those troublous times, the jail, which was a small affair, was soon filled to overflowing. To meet the emergency a

vacant lot adjoining the jail was inclosed by a board fence sixteen feet high, and in this yard those charged with the lighter offenses were kept. By some wag the yard was christened the "bull-pen."

All this time the operators were using every inducement to secure miners, but with unsatisfactory results. There were no desertions from the union and there were very few experienced non-union miners to be found anywhere in the State. However, some of the mines were being worked after a fashion, but, owing to the expense of guarding, the work was not profitable. And the merchants began to feel the effects of the strike by the end of the second week; their business was falling off at an alarming rate, and, of course, a majority of them placed the blame for the state of affairs upon the miners' union.

On Monday of the third week of the strike the union paraded through the principal streets of the city. They presented a fine appearance, those miners. I have never seen a better looking body of men. There were between four thousand and five thou-

sand in line. The procession was headed by a band of music. One large American flag and the banner of the miners' union were carried by the paraders. The marshal and his six aides were mounted. The men all wore dark coats and trousers, blue flannel shirts, and black slouch hats. Their hands were empty, not a gun, sword, or stick being in sight from end to end of the long line. The streets through which the procession passed were crowded with people, but there was the most perfect order; not a word came from any save the officers and from them only as necessary commands. Every one seemed to be impressed as upon some solemn occasion. I heard a merchant who stood in the door of his store say: "In my opinion there goes the backbone of Leadville."

A few of the merchants of Leadville were not under the domination of the operators, but a majority were either stockholders in the mines or were subservient to the will of the mine owners, and out of this relationship evolved the queerest proceeding that ever, to my knowledge, had place

in a labor strike. The enemies of the miners' union were chagrined and angered by the success of the strikers' parade. Their displeasure was doubled by the favorable comment heard on every hand during the days immediately following. They were disappointed because of the good order which had marked the procession of the "lawless element," and to hear so many persons praise the miners for the dignity they displayed under such trying circumstances was exasperating. Something must be done; so a counter parade was arranged for the following Thursday. This demonstration was named by its promoters a "Citizens' Law and Order Parade." The prime movers in this unique affair were the operators and their allies; the active leaders were the editor of an afternoon paper and a mine broker who bore the title of Major. Thursday came and with it the "Law and Order Parade." Twenty-three years have passed since that Thursday afternoon and I write now without an atom of prejudice, and in all seriousness I say I do not believe such a collection of human beings as I saw in the

Leadville "Citizens' Parade" ever marched through the streets of any city on earth, before or since. Outside of a mining-town, and a big and booming mining-town at that, it would be impossible to gather together such a variegated, nondescript, lawless mob. Few merchants had the hardihood to take part openly; the procession, numbering less than two thousand, was made up almost entirely of loafers, gamblers, and bums. The gambling-houses, of which there were no less than a score in the town, were turned inside out to furnish marchers for the "Law and Order Parade." The dive-keepers had a quiet afternoon that day, as all of their patrons who were able to walk, or make a stagger at it, were performing their duties as good citizens on parade. Each parader carried some sort of weapon; about half of them had rifles or shot guns, the rest had to be satisfied and look brave with pick-handles, clubs, and the like. At the head of this motley, measly crew rode the aforesaid major. In his hand he carried a drawn sword, with which he slashed right and left as he rode along. The major was a bit

drunker than the average of his "law and order" pals. Several persons narrowly escaped death or frightful mutilation from the major's sword. One young man whom I knew intimately, a printer by the name of Hoss, received a cut across the cheek from the fiery grand marshal's sword, resulting in a scar that he will carry to his grave. Up to the moment when Hoss was struck down the onlookers had been disposed to take the parade as a good joke; but seeing the blood streaming down the young man's face as he regained his feet, the crowd made a rush at the major. It would have gone hard with that individual had not a squad of policemen come to his rescue just in the nick of time. Quickly pulling the major from his horse the policemen hurried him out of the crowd and through a side street to the police station, two blocks away, where he was held for safe-keeping until the excitement died down along toward evening.

With the head — or more correctly, the figure-head — of "Law and Order" in the lockup, the "Citizens' Parade" broke ranks, and was soon what it has remained in the

minds of those who witnessed it, an unpleasant memory.

It will be understood that the situation in Leadville was by this time pretty serious. The operators were slowly adding to the forces in the mines, though few experienced miners could be secured. The strikers remained loyal to the union almost to a man. The union was in almost constant session, day and night. Committees labored hard with the men from the outside who came to the town to go to work and sometimes arguments gave place to blows. These outbreaks, which were none of them serious in results, were followed by arrests, and the "bull-pen" was filling up.

On the day following that of the "Law and Order Parade" a four-page paper appeared as an advocate of the cause of the strikers. This paper was called "The Crisis." It contained, besides a statement of the miners' grievances, several well-written but fiery attacks upon the operators, naming some of them personally, and the major and the editor, previously referred to as "Law and Order" promoters, were unmercifully

flayed. "The Crisis" came out regularly every day for a week, each succeeding issue being more radical and rabid than its predecessors, when it abruptly stopped publication, never to appear again. The explanation of this sudden demise of a paper that had become very popular in the six days of its existence brings me up to another interesting phase of my first strike.

The names of the publishers and editors of "The Crisis" were not printed in the paper and were known to only a few persons, but through the treachery of some one, never discovered, the names were given to the "Law and Order" clique. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the day on which the last issue of "The Crisis" appeared, while the compositors on "The Democrat" were "throwing in" their cases, a clerk from the business office came into the composing-room bearing three sealed envelopes which he said had just been left with the manager. The envelopes were addressed, one each, to Robert Higgins, John Sorensen, and "Hop" Lee. These three men, with Michael Mooney, president of the miners'

union, were the promoters and editors of "The Crisis." The communications inside of the three envelopes were exactly alike. They were brief and free from all ambiguity: —

"SIR, — You are hereby ordered to leave Leadville before sun-up to-morrow morning, to return no more. Disregard this notification at your peril.

"By order

"COMMITTEE OF 100."

Lee read his billet-doux aloud, and immediately there were loud protests from every member of the force in "The Democrat" composing-room. William Robinson, the business manager, was sent for and the chapel lined up around the imposing-stones to receive him. When he appeared, the chairman of the chapel handed him one of the letters sent by the "Committee of 100" and asked him what he was going to do to protect his men, whose rights a secret foe was attempting to invade. Robinson replied that there was nothing he could do. He

was requested to lock the doors and leave the rest to us. Nearly every man in Leadville in those days carried a revolver, and I was the rule's only exception among "The Democrat's" compositors. My wife objected to my carrying a gun because, she said, I was a little too quick tempered to have such a dangerous article in my pocket. While I thought she was mistaken in her estimate of my temperament, I respected her wishes.

Robinson negatived the suggestion of the chapel. "I can't do such a thing, boys," he said. "The owners of the paper would set the whole lot of us into the street if we tried it."

Lee, Higgins, and Sorensen, to relieve the situation which was becoming embarrassing, said they would quit the office at once, so as not to involve others in their troubles, and they, pushing aside our attempts to restrain them, went away. We made the air of that composing-room blue for an hour after our three associates had departed, and I suppose I talked as loud as any one there. As I was putting on my coat to go out about

4 o'clock, the foreman came up to me and said, "I have orders to lay you off indefinitely and have been requested to hand you this." He placed in my hand an envelope. I tore it open and, drawing out a single sheet of writing-paper, read these words:—

"SIR,— Out of consideration for your wife you will be allowed to remain in Leadville only on consideration that you do not show yourself on the streets during the forty-eight hours next following 6 P. M. today.

"By order
"COMMITTEE OF 100."

Here was an unexpected compliment to my abilities as a barrel-end, street-corner orator; but I was too angry at that moment to appreciate it. Some of the boys wanted to make a fight for me against the cowardly threat, but, with the example of Lee and his associates so fresh in my mind, I would not consent to it, and, besides, we were all beginning to feel a little bit anxious over those mysterious warnings.

I might as well answer right here the natural query of the reader: "Who or what was the 'Committee of 100'?"

The handwriting of the warnings, though slightly disguised, was identified, by compositors who were familiar with it, as that of the editor who was so prominent in the "Law and Order" movement. We learned some weeks after they were issued that the warnings were the joint product of the editor and the major; that those two were the "Committee of 100." It was a good bluff, and it succeeded fairly well.

As I was leaving "The Democrat" office I met Lee on the sidewalk.

"Well, I see you are here yet," I said. "Where are the others?"

"Higgins and Sorensen have left town, and so has Mike Mooney. He received a note just like ours."

"Why did n't you go?" I asked.

"I stay right here," said Lee. "I was in this camp before any of that 'Law and Order' gang and, so far as I know, I've done no man a wrong. I went down to my brother's store to see him about the matter.

He said I was right in deciding to call the bluff, and he gave me a six-shooter to help out in case I need it. I 'm pretty well fixed, you see," and he raised the skirts of his coat as he turned his back to me. The butt of a pistol protruded from each of his hip pockets.

"I like your nerve, Lee," I said. "I wish I had some of it myself. I 've been fired. Here 's my last 'take' of 'Democrat' copy. I 'm carrying it away as a souvenir;" and I handed him my communication from the "Committee of 100."

Lee read the note and, passing it back to me, said: —

"Why not, Joe? Although you 've worked as a sort of 'free lance,' and have n't had anything to do with the committees or 'The Crisis,' you 've made more racket publicly than any of the rest of us. What are you going to do?"

"You seem to be a man for emergencies, what do you advise me to do?" I asked.

"If you were a single man I would say get a couple of guns and fight it out with me; but your wife must be taken into the

consideration of the question. Therefore, I advise you to obey the order, or warning or whatever you call it. It won't hurt you to stay at home for two days. If you are out on the streets with the crowds, that loose jaw of yours may get you into trouble. No offense intended, old man."

"I understand you. Then you think I 'd better lie low for a couple of days?"

"Yes, under the circumstances, I do. I 'll come up and see you to-morrow and tell you how the battle is going — if they don't lay me out to-night. The fact is I think they 've got us on the run, Joe, and if they succeed in their attempt to get the state militia called out, we might as well give up the fight."

We clasped hands and parted, I doubting that I should ever see the plucky fellow again. But I did n't know then what a shallow thing the "Committee of 100" really was, and that what I thought contained the elements of a tragedy was, in reality, just a bit of opera bouffe.

I remained at home three nights and two days. There was n't any sleeping under my

humble roof the first night. My wife was badly frightened. Of course I had to explain why I did n't go to work that night, and I thought it best to make a clean breast of the whole matter. Every voice heard outside during the night sounded to her like the howl of a mob of lynchers, and every passing wheel was magnified in her excited imagination into the black covered wagon of a band of kidnappers. The night was n't full of fun for me, either. The sun's kiss of gold upon the snow-incrusted tips of the mountains, across the Arkansas Valley, had never before seemed so beautiful as on the morning following my first night in the thrilling frontier drama, "Every Man His Own Jailer."

True to his promise Lee, who had n't been "laid out" or in any way molested, called upon me late in the afternoon. He told me there had been some pretty lively rioting in the lower part of the town the night before, though none of the striking miners were in the muss; that several hundred miners had marched to Freyer Hill that morning and that they were fired upon

from the block-houses, without serious results, and that the operators, assisted by the editor and the major, were circulating a paper for signatures to petition Governor Frederick W. Pitkin to send state troops to Leadville and to place the town under martial law.

That night a telegram, signed by a committee claiming to represent the business men and the "better element" of Leadville, was sent to the governor, urging him to send troops at once "if you want to prevent the destruction of the city by the mob." The governor, believing a terrible fate threatened Leadville, ordered several companies of militia, from different parts of the State, to proceed at once to that city, to report to General David Cook, who was authorized to take command and to institute martial law.

There was in Leadville a state military organization known as the Wolf Tone Guards, which had a membership of between 200 and 300. Its officers failed to report to General Cook, as ordered to do. A visit to the armory of the Wolf Toners

resulted in the discovery that the place was empty and that every rifle and cartridge had disappeared. The Wolf Tone Guards belonged to the miners' union.

Six months after the events just related Governor Pitkin told me that he had been deceived by the senders of the telegram from Leadville; that there was no more disorder than could have been taken care of by the city and county authorities, if the "Law and Order" crowd had not interfered with the administration of order. "Dave" Cook said practically the same thing to me some years later.

I heaped the scales in honoring the order of the "Committee of 100," putting in sixteen hours for good measure. My time was up at 6 o'clock in the evening, but, as my wife did n't want me to go down town at night, I waited until ten o'clock the next morning. As I approached the center of the city I noticed that the principal streets were patrolled by militiamen, and, gathered in groups at different points, men were reading the first posted order of General Cook. The substance of this order was, that any

person, not in possession of a passport signed by General David J. Cook, found upon the streets of Leadville, between the hours of 7 P. M. and 6 A. M. would be arrested and locked up.

"Dave" Cook was a man of action, as I shall have occasion to show in another place, though in the later instance he and I were pulling together and not upon opposite sides, as at Leadville.

There is little more to tell of the Leadville miners' strike. The presence of the soldiers gave the would-be "scabs" confidence and they flocked to the mines. The union, deserted by Mooney, its president, who was driven out by the "Committee of 100," lost heart. The strike was not officially declared off by the union, but the "backbone of Leadville" was broken. Some of the union men took positions in the mines at the reduced wages, but most of them left the place never to return.

I obtained employment on a paper that was started about the time of the ending of the strike. I remained in Leadville for six months after the trouble. It may be worth

while to mention that during the last two months of my stay I "held cases" on the paper owned and edited by the gentleman who had performed the unparalleled physical feat of being at one time the larger half of a "Committee of 100."

CHAPTER II

THE TRIALS OF A LABOR EDITOR

"ONE swallow maketh not summer," and one strike does not make a labor agitator. Indeed, strikes contribute but slightly to the equipment of the successful labor agitator. The agitator must be thoroughly acquainted with the history of the labor movement, and be capable of presenting its aims and aspirations in an attractive and convincing manner. He must possess the ability to think rapidly and to express his views and opinions clearly and forcibly. But, withal, he must inspire those whom he would lead with absolute faith in his honesty. The agitator is n't always an advocate of strikes. He has sometimes to exert his influence to prevent a strike which his judgment tells him would be unwise. It may sound like mixing terms to say so, but it is a truth that the most difficult tasks performed by the labor agitators are their "agitations"

in the interest of peace — their efforts to prevent strikes. The man who is always in favor of a strike as soon as one is suggested, or who is constantly on the search for a *casus belli*, soon finds his influence as a leader gone, and thereafter he may go off and agitate by himself.

I make this explanation as a sort of preface to the chapter in which I am to tell something about my education in the labor movement.

When I took the field in the Leadville strike I was but an untrained neophyte, rushing in at the dictates of a sentimental, sympathetic nature. My heart, and not my head, was my guide. Had I known then what I knew later, I would have tried rather to prevent or compromise the strike than to aggravate it. I was not familiar with the iron law of wages. I didn't realize that labor was subject, like any other commodity, to the law of supply and demand, when it is deficient in organized strength sufficient to prevent the operation of that law. These and many other things I learned in the two years that followed the year of the Leadville

strike. I had taken a climax without working up to it, but after one short and interesting campaign on the firing line, I fell back to the rear for a course in tactics beginning at "hayfoot, strawfoot."

In the spring of 1881 I again took up my residence in Denver, and went to work in the composing-room of "The Rocky Mountain News." "The News" was an "open office." In trade-union parlance there are three recognized kinds of employing establishments. The "fair" shop employs union men, pays the scale, and recognizes the union's rules, one of which is that no non-union man shall be employed. The "scab" or "rat" shop refuses to countenance the union in any manner, and, as a general thing, would not employ union men if they were willing themselves or were permitted by their union to take situations. The "opens" are conducted under compromises between the proprietors and the union. In such shops union men are permitted to work, but non-union men may also be employed, and there is no obligation upon the employer's part to conform to the union's rules,

except in the matter of the scale of wages; in most cases, though not in all, the union scale is paid in the "open" shops. There is, or was at the time of which I write, besides this general classification, another condition under which union men worked for unfriendly employers. In the interest of succinctness and clearness, I will describe this system as it worked in my own trade. It was sometimes the custom of the union, in an effort to unionize a "rat" office, to allow members to work "under cover." Trustworthy men would be selected by the officers of the union to try for situations in a "rat" office. Sometimes the men so selected would secure the employment under assumed names, but usually the better plan of removing their names from the roll of the union to a "secret list" was adopted. The men working "under cover" reported secretly as occasion required to the union's officers and received such instructions as were necessary in the same way. Of course the object of this whole proceeding was to get as many union men as possible into the "rat" office, and, as soon as the number

was deemed sufficient to promise successful issue, to demand that the office be unionized. In most of the cases of this kind that have come under my personal observation, strikes have followed the unmasking and the demand for union recognition; but the union has generally improved its position, securing an "open" office where it has failed to thoroughly unionize the establishment. "The Rocky Mountain News" had been advanced from a "rat" to an "open" office by this process a short time before I secured employment on the paper.

In union offices the journeymen in each department are upon an equal footing as to wages and other conditions. Under the piece system, which, happily, has been almost entirely displaced by the day system, there were many opportunities for the practice of favoritism. In "rat" and "open" offices some workmen were frequently enabled, through favors shown them by foremen, to make larger bills than men greatly their superiors as compositors. In union offices it was difficult, under the watchful eye of the union chapel, for any one to secure, and

impossible to long maintain, an unfair advantage, even though one were the pet of the owners, the editors, the foreman, or all of these together. An appeal to the union against a case of favoritism always brought prompt action, a sort of protection to fair dealing that has been an element of strength to unions.

When I entered "The News" office ten members of the force of sixteen compositors were union men, three were non-unionists and three were "rats," having once been members. When I had been in the office about six months, the three non-unionists, under the influence of the union men on the force, made application to the union for membership and were received. Pardon was granted to two of the "rats" and they were reinstated. The remaining "rat" was refused a pardon, and when the office was declared a full union office, after a little argument with the proprietors, he went into other business. The discussion over that man's case was very animated. I wanted his name included in the pardoning resolution, and I believed the union's treatment

of him was cruel and uncalled for; but men older than I in the union said that his offense could not be condoned, and it may have been they were right. That was my first contest with fellow-unionists over questions of principle and policy.

In June, 1882, the annual session of the International Typographical Union was held in St. Louis. I was elected the delegate from Denver Union No. 49. My principal opponent was Robert Higgins, fellow victim of the "Committee of 100." In that election I received my introduction to trade-union politics, a game in which I frequently took a hand in the years that followed; a game at which I received several severe drubbings and achieved some victories.

The union made a liberal appropriation to defray the expenses of the delegate, but it was suggested to me that I might secure railway passes through the influence of "The News." I mentioned the matter to the managing editor, Mr. William Stapleton, and received a flat refusal. A few days later Mr. Stapleton came to me and said that he had been talking the subject over with Mr.

Arkins, the senior owner of the paper, and that they had concluded to get me passes as far as Kansas City, but they wanted it understood that they did so out of consideration for me personally and not on account of the union, for which they had no love. I relate this apparently trifling incident because in later chapters I shall tell how those two men turned upon me and not only tried to drive me out of Denver, but publicly threatened to take my life.

The convention of the International Union was a revelation to me. The average ability of the delegates was greatly superior to what I had expected to find in an assemblage of workingmen. I discovered then what I have seen many times since: that the national and international unions of labor in this country conduct their meetings in a manner that the average legislature could copy with profit.

The subject of greatest importance considered at the International Union Convention was the "sub list." Substitute compositors, who are put on to work when regulars want a day or night off, are called

"subs." These men are, of course, members of the union in union offices, and the regular is responsible for the "sub" he puts on his cases. In some of the offices the foremen in those days kept lists made up of the names of the "subs" they would allow to work in their respective rooms. It can be seen that this system furnished opportunities for the exercise of favoritism by foremen, and was, of course, open to suspicion. Great injustice was done in some cases to good union men who had not the "pull" necessary to get their names on the "sub list." An effort was made at the St. Louis convention to legislate the "sub lists" out of existence, and I joined the movement with enthusiasm. The zeal I displayed in that parliamentary struggle won me a pair of nicknames that clung to me in all my years of activity in the labor movement. They were "Kicker" and "Riproarer of the Rockies." While I brought down upon my head the wrath of the mossbacks in the convention because of the fight I made for the "subs" at that time, I had my reward in the thanks of the tramp printers, which

have been laid at my feet in cities and on the road from one coast to the other.

The abolitionists lost that battle, but one year later, at Cincinnati, fought it over, and won. The defeat at St. Louis was due to a trick played upon us by the administration party. After the convention twenty-one delegates met and adopted a set of resolutions denouncing the methods employed to defeat the will of the majority and the known desires of a majority of the union men throughout the country. These resolutions we signed and made public. For this action we were published in the semi-official organ of the International Typographical Union as traitors. Frank K. Foster, of Boston, was one of the "traitors" with me, and out of that association grew a friendship between that eloquent and fearless champion of labor and myself that stood the test of many hard battles for the principles of trades-unions in the Knights of Labor and elsewhere in after years. The charge of "treason" was not pressed, and, as has been said, our principles triumphed one year later.

Back to my cases on "The News" I went

after the St. Louis convention; but I was dissatisfied and uneasy. For two years I had been reading everything dealing with social conditions that I could get hold of. I had devoured the writings of the leading political economists and had formed opinions of a just and equitable social and industrial system. My theories of right would not harmonize with conditions as I knew them to exist. At Leadville I had witnessed the flash of lances, and at St. Louis I had seen what I believed to be a latent force in the workers which, if aroused and properly directed, would overthrow industrial wrong and elevate the toiler to a position commensurate with his services to society.

There was one assembly of the Knights of Labor in Denver. In November, 1882, another assembly was instituted. I was one of the charter members. John B. Lennon, subsequently prominent in the labor movement nationally as secretary of the Journeymen Tailors' Union and as treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, was also a charter member of the new assembly. All of the members at the beginning of the

assembly, and indeed for some months thereafter, were trades-unionists, and for that reason the name "Union" was given to the assembly; its number was 2327. Two clergymen of national prominence, Gilbert De La Matyr, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Myron W. Reed, Congregationalist, became members of Union Assembly during the second year of its existence.

The principles of the Knights of Labor and the opportunities presented by the organization for educational work in the field of labor reform were irresistibly attractive to progressive and liberal trades-unionists. The sentiment among unionists of that kind, of which the organization of Union Assembly was a manifestation, was widespread at that time, and union men were forming assemblies or joining those already organized in all parts of the country. The phenomenal growth of the Knights of Labor, which culminated in 1886, was in great measure due to the affiliation of trained, able, and active trades-unionists, which began in 1882.

As a famished plant drinks the dew after

a heated day, so I, burning with the desire to do something for the working-people, welcomed the principles of the Knights of Labor and the opportunity the organization presented. Its exhortation, "Agitate, Educate, Organize!" I adopted as my shibboleth, and I was foolish enough to think that I could blow a blast that would rouse the sleeping giant of labor. Others have made the same mistake.

Naturally I sought the printing-press as a means of carrying my message to the oppressed of earth. In conjunction with S. H. Laverty, a fellow-compositor, I started "The Labor Enquirer," of Denver, the first number of which was issued December 16, 1882. With little other capital than our knowledge of newspaper work, Laverty and I embarked upon a sea in whose fathomless depths lie the battered hulks of unnumbered barks whose cargoes were unmarketable "human rights" and whose log-books were records of foul weather and short rations.

There were in "The Labor Enquirer" eight pages of five columns each. It was issued weekly. While the paper was pro-

nounced in its advocacy of the principles of trades-unionism and of the Knights of Labor, it was conservative — at the start. The motto was, —

> "We will renew the times of truth and justice,
> Condensing in a free, fair commonwealth —
> Not rash equality, but equal rights."

It was soon evident that our news and correspondence did n't interest, nor did our editorials inspire a very large proportion of the workingmen of the community. Subscriptions came in slowly. Expenses were light, Laverty and myself, with the help of an apprentice boy, doing all the mechanical work upon the paper excepting the press-work. Our savings were soon exhausted. Laverty, who was unmarried, reduced his living expenses to the lowest possible notch. During the last three weeks he was with me he lodged in the office and ate most of his meals from the imposing-stone. There was a little fellow in my family now, and it was pretty hard picking for the three of us sometimes. Many times our rations would have been scantier had my partner accepted a

fair share of what strayed into "The Enquirer's" till. He was a generous and self-sacrificing fellow — one of the kind of men that made the great labor movement that came in later years a possibility. He was brave, too, for it took courage to give up his interest in the paper, and to abandon the hopes that had soared so high. With the tenth issue of "The Enquirer" he surrendered his interest to me and retired, announcing that there was n't enough in the paper for the support of two proprietors, and that he could better serve the cause by withdrawing than by remaining.

For four and a half years I published "The Denver Labor Enquirer," and during nearly all of that time I was in charge personally and edited the paper. I shall have occasion to refer frequently to the paper in relating the stirring events in the labor world in which I bore a part, but to me it seems fit that I should here tell those experiences which were mine simply through ownership of "The Enquirer." It was ups and downs during those four and a half years, with the down side of the score crowd-

ing the pages to the margins. Soon after Laverty left me, I was compelled to reduce the paper's size, which I did by just halving it. Then the time came when I was n't able to pay the apprentice boy's wages, and he had to go. What a struggle it was to continue the poor little champion of the workers, which few of the workers themselves ever lifted a finger to assist! It is true "The Enquirer" was n't a great paper; it was hardly as large as a patent medicine folder or a circus programme; but that was not my fault. The only limit to size and character I recognized was measured by the income. Although I labored from sixteen to twenty hours a day — Sundays included — I could set no more type than was required to fill the little paper and have time sufficient to attend to other matters which had claims upon me. If nature had varied her rule in my case and favored me with four instead of two hands, "The Enquirer" would have been a larger paper, because all I was and all I had went into it.

Yes, I was an enthusiast — fanatic, if you please.

And my wife? Ah, loyal soul; she battled and suffered with me. She never complained on her own account, even when we were reduced to one little room in the rear of the office, and to subsisting upon scant and uncertain fare. Sometimes she urged me to give up a fight which she saw would, sooner or later, undermine my health, but she never upbraided me because of my failure to provide a better living for my wife and child.

I remember one stormy night in December, 1883. I had been at work since early morning, pegging away at the case. I was weary, oh, so weary, and I was hungry too; but the day after to-morrow was press-day and there were several columns yet to set. The only light in the room where I worked was supplied by a pair of candles, set in tin holders fastened to the lower edge of the "cap" case. On the first of the month the gas company had removed my meter because two months' bills remained unpaid. Since then I had been working by candlelight at night. The insufficient light made my work harder, but I could n't blame the

candles for that, and probably gas companies know their business. The blame rested elsewhere. I never spoke of it and tried not to think of it. I was hanging to my hope by a very frail cord; the little blaze of one of those candles would have parted that cord in an instant, and so I kept them apart. It was near midnight when my wife entered the room.

"My dear, it is very late, and you must be almost worn out," she said. "Stop now and go to bed. You will kill yourself if you continue as you have been going on for the past three months. How I wish you could realize what has been clear to me for a long time. Those for whom you are battling care nothing for your sacrifices. They would allow you to starve at your post. Give it up, dear, give it up!"

"If we are going to talk, Lou, I must blow out the candles," I said. "I have only two besides these that are burning, and I need them for my work. It will take every cent of coin I have to buy the white paper and pay for the presswork on this issue."

"Well, come into the other room. We

can open the stove door and get light enough for talking," she said.

We sat in our little parlor-bedroom-kitchen and in the faint glow of a dying fire talked for more than an hour. I returned no more to my cases that night, and ere I laid my head upon my pillow it had been decided that "The Labor Enquirer" would issue that week's number, and then quietly give up the ghost. Although the struggle which ended in that decision was comparatively short, it was fierce while it lasted, for it was myself battling with myself. My wife said little, and that little was a plea for my health, physical and mental. But I was thinking all the time about my wife and child and how I had neglected them.

Though my decision to quit was reversed within twenty-four hours, I have always felt better because I decided on the side of my little family when the test was clearly before me.

About midway of the following morning there was a rap upon the door of our living-room. The caller was the wife of a superannuated compositor, who was then living

upon a little farm a few miles out from Denver. The good woman (God love her, I believe she is an angel now — she belongs in that goodly company) handed my wife a covered basket, and, with a few words of comfort and cheer, took her departure. The basket contained a dressed duck, nine eggs, and about a half peck of potatoes.

Charlie Semper and his wife were poor, very poor. They never built a library nor endowed a university; but they loved their fellow-creatures, and they believed "The Enquirer" was capable of doing some good for humanity if its editor and his family could only be kept from starving. Whether or not they wasted their provisions it is not for me to say, but if the duck, the eggs, and the potatoes were donated to an unworthy object that morning, so were the other good things that came to the office once a week thereafter from that little farm until there was no longer necessity for such help.

At 11 o'clock that same night, as I was making up the forms so that they would be ready to send to the press-room early the

following morning, the door opened and a man entered my work-room. Though visitors were not often seen in my establishment, this man's entrance did not surprise me. He was one of the faithful few, and I should have felt almost entirely deserted and poor indeed had he not called to see me at least once in every forty-eight hours. His name was Charles Machette. He was a clerk in a notion store, at the princely salary of nine dollars a week. He had seen better days, and I always felt a lump rise in my throat when he gave me of his scanty income to help the paper, which he had done on several occasions.

When I saw who my visitor was, I remembered my decision to shut down the paper, and the thought that it would be rather a hard task to tell him about it flashed across my mind. He walked directly up to the stone where I was engaged and, without uttering a word, deposited a twenty-dollar gold-piece on the form in front of me. At first I thought it was a brass medal or an advertisement, but when I picked it up and turned it over I recognized an old familiar

face. I had once (it seemed years ago) known the family of "yellow boys."

"Well, Charlie?" was all I could say.

"It's for you," he responded.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Sold my old watch."

"I can't take it," and I tried to place the piece of money in his hand.

Shoving his hands into his pockets he stepped away from me. "Yes, you can take it; and you've got to take it. I can't set type nor do any of the other work on the paper, and so I've got to help pay for the things you have to buy, including the press-work."

"But," I said, "you've done that so often before."

"Yes, and I'll do it again whenever it's necessary, if I have to take the shirt off my back. You need n't think you are going to monopolize the sacrificing business. You write and preach against monopolies; I am doing a little practicing along that line."

And I kept the money.

If any of the publishers of the great papers of to-day read this they will smile at so much

ado over so small a sum. They think nothing of giving as much, and more, for a short special. To me that twenty dollars meant white paper and presswork for two issues.

I hope the reader who pursues this volume to the end will turn back when he finishes the account given in a later chapter of the part another watch played in an attempt to succor a dying labor paper, and read again this simple little story of which Charlie Machette is the hero.

I had one friend during those dark days who, though he helped me with a cash donation occasionally, tried hard to persuade me to abandon the effort to establish a paper. He would come into the office every few weeks, and after giving me a lecture on the unworthiness and ingratitude of the workingman in general and the Denver workingman in particular, and after scolding me roundly, would always close each visit by taking five or ten dollars from his pocket and laying it down in front of me would say: —

"Well, you're a fool; but fools have to eat just like other people."

If any of the "Old Guard" of Denver read the foregoing, they will have no difficulty in recognizing O. L. ("Yank") Smith in the gentleman just described.

My friend Smith tried to get me to go into politics; for, singular as it may seem, I was apparently very popular with the workingmen, who seemed willing to do almost anything for me but support the paper. They would pack a hall to hear me talk, but few of them were willing to spend a dollar and a half a year to read the lectures I was delivering through "The Enquirer" once a week.

The Republican county committee offered me a place on the legislative ticket for Arapahoe County, and the chairman of the committee personally urged me to accept the offer. Such a nomination at that time was equivalent to election, but I refused it, and my friend Smith dressed me down in good style when he heard of what I had done.

"What in Heaven's name do you want?" he asked. "You are always howling about the wrongs of the workingmen. Here is a

chance for you to help make laws in their interest and you refuse it. What 's the matter with you?"

I recognized the pertinency of the question and admitted his right to ask it, despite the severity of his manner. My answer was: —

"About all I have left in this world is the love and confidence of some thousands of workingmen, and —"

"Yes, and you 'll starve to death on a diet of love and confidence!"

"Never mind that, now. They believe in me, whatever they may do or not do. If I accepted that nomination, there are jealous and weak ones among them who would say I had played into the hands of the politicians by becoming a party to a sham recognition of labor; that I had sold myself for a seat in the legislature. After my election, I would be on the defensive with my own people all the time, because, strive as I might, it would be impossible for one labor man to accomplish anything of consequence in the legislature. At the end of my term I would have to choose between remaining in the

political camp, with submission to the party machine, and a return to my work of agitation in the labor world, with diminished following and lessened influence. You know which I would choose. I am not willing to make a breach in the ranks for a little cheap glory and the salary of a legislator."

"I should call it good riddance to be freed from such friends as would desert you because you accepted an opportunity to agitate their cause in the legislature, though nothing practical came of it at once," said Smith.

Smith's argument looks stronger than mine, I know, and yet I refused to reconsider my decision. I leave the reader to decide whether I was short-sighted, selfish, egotistical, or cowardly. I had stated the truth to my friend: I was afraid to take the chance, just then, of weakening my influence with the workingmen, who were beginning to organize and to think as they had never organized and thought before.

My displeased friend had occasion at a later period to recall one of the reasons I had advanced to him for refusing the nomination for a political office, and I will digress

sufficiently to tell the story: He was nominated as a member of the city council, indorsed by the labor party, and elected. The night of election day was the regular meeting-time of Union Assembly, of which Smith was a member. Just before the close of the assembly that night, about ten o'clock, one of the brothers who had gone out to get the election results, returned with the information that our brother Smith was elected. I was on the floor at the time, making a general talk, but especially urging the members to stand together in all things which concerned the interests of labor. I did n't have to swing very far out of the line of my discourse, when the victory of Smith was announced, to say, —

"Now, here is one of our brothers who has just been elected to an honorable position. We all love and respect him. As he passes out across yon threshold to-night he will carry our esteem and good wishes, but it will be for the last time. Before our next meeting, two weeks hence, there will be Knights who, because Brother Smith will not be guided by them in the discharge of

his public duties, and because he will not be able to secure appointments for those who ask him for positions, will charge him with betrayal, disloyalty, treachery, dishonesty, and everything else that is bad, short of murder."

My prediction was fulfilled to the letter. Bad feeling was engendered between some of the members of the assembly, and the trouble spread to other labor organizations in the city. Smith quickly dropped out of the labor movement. Before the next election day came around labor as an organized factor in politics was again at the ebb tide. And yet there are many intelligent friends of the workingman who are unable to understand why labor is not more of an organized political power in the land.

To return to "The Enquirer." There were others besides those I have mentioned who made sacrifices from their meager means to keep the paper going; there was a little band of them who, with no deserters and rarely a recruit, always rallied when the situation was most discouraging. That little band of fanatics held the paper back many

times when it was hanging over the black chasm of failure. It is not necessary that I should tell of all these critical periods; they would appear very much alike to the reader, though to me each was a distinct and separate tragedy. And yet there was one more experience in that line that I think I should relate.

One evening, while I was at work, the door of my office opened and ten of my friends filed into the room. Their formal proceedings and serious aspect frightened me at first, but I soon learned that their mission was one of friendship. Quietly they formed a circle around me, and John Lennon stepped up to my side and placed in my hands a package containing a suit of clothes, made in his own shop, accompanying the gift with a few words of kindness and encouragement. I had use for that suit; labor editors in those days usually had room in their closets for things of that kind.

I had another partner in the paper for a while, not a printer, as my first one had been. Stephen Vinot, a man of considerable property, — too much, for he was " land

poor," — sympathized with the efforts of the workingmen to improve their condition. He was a Frenchman, and was full of the spirit of '93. How he sometimes made the little office shake with the thrilling strains of the Marseillaise hymn, which he rendered in French with a heavy baritone voice! Vinot's hobby was the Chinese question. He believed that if the Chinese were allowed unrestricted entrance to this country they would in time dominate the white people in every walk of life, and that American workingmen would be degraded to a coolie level. That was the prevailing belief in the West in those days, — and it has never changed, — but all were not so outspoken and radical as Stephen Vinot. I won his friendship by printing his anti-Chinese writings in "The Enquirer." He soon learned of the struggle I was engaged in to keep the paper alive, and to help me out he took a half interest in the paper, putting $200 in the cash-box. He advanced other sums at various times, but in about five months he had had enough of labor journalism. When he learned that he could n't induce me to shut

down the paper, he drew out, and once more I was the sole owner of "The Enquirer's" plant, subscription list and good will. There was n't a great quantity of either of these, nor of all together, but I became round-shouldered from carrying the load.

It will not surprise the thoughtful reader, especially if he be a student of human nature, to be told that disappointment and discouragement reduced me at times to a very pessimistic frame of mind. More than once I lost hope that the wrongs of labor would ever be righted by peaceable means. The workingmen could not be made to appreciate the power the ballot gave them; they were, it seemed to me, slow to take advantage of the opportunities opened to them by the labor organizations, and I sometimes thought the majority of them were not only too stupid to raise themselves, but too weak to stand if raised by others. I became so discouraged over the failures of the peace measures of the trades-unions that, while I never ceased to do all in my power to strengthen those organizations, because they furnished the most available rallying-ground,

I came very close to the line that divided reform from revolution. The apathy of the workingmen made me sick at heart, the indifference of the middle class discouraged me, and the cruel selfishness of the rich angered me. The grievances of the workingmen received scant courtesy and no support from the influential press. The daily papers were interested, as most of them have always been, in the affairs of the rich; business, and not humanity, concerned them. Vexed at the course of the big papers, I did one thing that my most charitable critics were kind enough to call a piece of foolishness. The Denver dailies each carried a line at the top of the first editorial column quoting the current price of silver bullion. My readers were not, I thought, interested in the bullion market, and so I gave the post of honor on my editorial page to dynamite, changing the price each week. For instance, this would be the line: —

"Dynamite is strong to-day at 47c."

Indiscreet? Well, probably it was; but it was more foolish than dangerous. If harm was done by the dynamite quotation I was

the greatest sufferer, and as that bit of deviltry was the only fun I indulged in during eighteen months of sacrifice, hardship, and hunger, it is n't likely I will have to answer for it on the other side.

In after years my revolutionary views gave place to a belief in the doctrine of social evolution through the practical channel of opportunism. But I have never relinquished the theory of socialism, nor the hope of its complete adoption by mankind ultimately, which grew into and became a part of me during the thoughtful days of "The Labor Enquirer's" struggle for existence.

Why did n't the labor people support the paper? I know the reader is asking. There is but one answer to that question: They did n't think it was of any benefit to them. And now, here 's something peculiar: During the first eighteen months of "The Enquirer's" existence there was comparative peace between labor and its employers in and around Denver. Not that labor was satisfied with its condition, but the dissatisfaction had n't manifested itself in an open

protest; there had n't been a strike. While the men were at work and drawing their pay regularly, they were not disposed to spend a dollar and a half a year for a subscription to the paper. When a strike came, and wages stopped, there were busy times for the subscription agents. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and there 's the whole story. A temptation to the editor to "foment discontent!" as the enemies of the labor agitators express it. I can honestly answer "Not guilty." The discontent, in armor arrayed, came to my lonely little den and dragged me forth.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, May 4, 1884, I stood at the case setting the week's editorials, which, to save time, I had learned to put into type without writing. The door opened and five men entered. Four of them were unknown to me; the fifth, Mr. George Stuart, was an acquaintance, but I met him rarely. Stuart presented the gentlemen who were with him and then said: —

"The Union Pacific Railway shopmen have gone on strike, and, as they have n't

any organization, we have come to see if you can't help them a little."

"Are all of you Union Pacific men?" I asked.

"We are, and we represent five departments," was Stuart's reply.

"When did you strike?"

"About two hours ago."

"Why did you strike?" was my next question.

"When we went to work this morning we found notices stuck up all over the shops and yards, announcing that wages would be reduced in accordance with a scale printed with the notice. The reduction hits every employee excepting the engineers and firemen, and the cut ranges from ten to twenty-five per cent., according to the wages received. In the shops, which we represent, the reduction is ten and fifteen per cent."

"How came you to strike without organization?" I asked.

"Well, after working a few minutes, one of the machinists put down his tools and said he would throw up his job before he

would stand such a cut on such short notice. Some of the others gathered about him and said they would n't stand it either. Word passed through the other departments that the machinists were going to protest against the order, and, to make a long story short, in half an hour every man and boy had quit the shops, about five hundred in all."

"And now you want me to advise you?" I asked.

"I read your paper sometimes, and it occurred to me that you might be able and willing to tell us how to proceed," answered Stuart.

"Can you secure a convenient hall that will hold all of your men?" I asked.

"We have one now, and most of the men are up there."

"Where is it?"

"Washington Hall, on Larimer Street, near Twentieth."

"I know the place. I'll be there in half an hour. Meet me at the door, Mr. Stuart, please."

And I picked up my stick and rule, read over a few lines, rounded out my sentence,

and in ten minutes was in a horse-car en route to assume for the first time leadership in a labor strike. When I reached the hall Stuart informed me that every one of the strikers was there, and I was n't inclined to question his statement when I got inside and saw the crowd.

I have been in many meetings of strikers since that day, but they have been of organized workingmen. I have seen union men in meetings of strikers laboring under a sense of injustice practiced by employers, and have heard some pretty strong speeches; but no gathering of union men can compete with a crowd of unorganized strikers when it comes to radicalism, denunciation of employers, threats, and incendiarism. Organization results in training, discipline, knowledge, and conservatism.

I listened to the spokesmen and newly fledged leaders of the various departments represented in the strike until I had satisfied myself as to the temper of the meeting; then I had my say. As a result of the discussion the following resolution, preceded by an appropriate preamble, was adopted,

and every man present was required to sign it:—

"Resolved, That we, employees of said Union Pacific Railroad Company, in mass meeting assembled, do obligate ourselves, individually and collectively, to refuse to do any work under the jurisdiction or upon the premises of said Union Pacific Company until such time as the notice of a reduction in wages is withdrawn by the proper officials, and the old scale is reinstated."

Considerable time was required to secure the signatures of all those present; and while this was being done, some necessary committees and twenty-five pickets were selected. About the middle of the afternoon two hundred men from the shops of the South Park Division filed into the room. They had not received notice of the reduction until 1 P. M. They were also unorganized, but they had walked out in a body, and learning of the meeting that was being held by the men of the main shop,

had marched three miles through the principal streets of the city, for the purpose of joining in any protest that was to be made. They were soon informed as to what we had done and were given an opportunity to vote upon the resolution. They voted solidly for the resolution, and two hundred more names were ready for the document.

We were in almost constant session all that day and half of the night. The next day we met in the City Hall and there organized the "Union Pacific Employees' Protective Association." Thursday night and Friday telegrams were received announcing that the shopmen over the entire Union Pacific system had struck against the reduction.

There is no record of another such strike in the whole history of the labor movement in this country. Not a shop on the system was organized when the notice of reduction was posted, and yet, inside of thirty-six hours, every shop from Omaha to Ogden and upon all the branch lines was on strike. The peculiarity of this strike is further emphasized by the knowledge that before the

cut the Union Pacific was paying higher wages to its shopmen than was paid by any other railroad west of the Missouri River. The company counted upon this latter fact to help make the reduction successful, evidently not realizing that by paying the best wages it had secured the best mechanics and, as a consequence, the most independent men in the trades concerned.

There was another illustration of spontaneous unanimity in that strike. On Friday telegrams came from the officials of the temporary organizations of the men at all points on the system requesting the committee appointed at our Denver meeting to act for the whole system in dealing with the company. Ellis, Kansas, started that movement; and the others followed in quick order. The Denver committee accepted the responsibility, and at once notified the general manager of the road, at Omaha, to that effect, at the same time wiring him a copy of the resolution adopted at Denver, the substance of which was approved by the men at all other points.

Saturday afternoon the company recalled

the order reducing wages, and announced that on Monday work would be resumed at the old scale of prices,— a complete victory for the men in four days.

As soon as the order was recalled, some of the men were for abandoning further steps in the line of organization. They said they had gotten along all right without organization before the cut, and had shown that it was a simple matter to secure united action when necessary. They were told by myself and others that they were sadly mistaken if they believed that the company had abandoned its purpose of reducing wages; that it would try again when the outlook was favorable, and that never again would a wholesale cut be undertaken; one experience of that character would be sufficient. We predicted that in future the company would select one department or one shop at a time, and would give no intimation that the intention was eventually to reduce all. Therefore the men should perfect their organizations and form a federation that would put them in a position to act all together at the first sign of danger, no matter which

branch was threatened or attacked. We urged upon them the adoption of the motto of the Knights of Labor, "An injury to one is the concern of all."

When the situation was fully explained, the advice given by the union men who were taking an active interest in the matter was acted upon, and several organizers were put upon the road within a week from the close of the strike. The Knights of Labor was the organization chosen, and within thirty days we had a healthy assembly at each important point on the system. I organized assemblies in all the shop towns on the line from Omaha to Cheyenne, inclusive.

The wisdom of the course taken will be apparent to the reader when he has perused the next few pages of this story.

In support of an assertion heretofore made I must call your attention to the fact that "The Enquirer" received several hundred new subscriptions, cash in advance, during the three days of the strike and the week immediately following, and that over two hundred of them came from employees of the Union Pacific in Denver.

CHAPTER III

TWO SUCCESSFUL STRIKES

THE Union Pacific officials knew, of course, that the shopmen had formed an organization as a result of the May strike. The extent and efficiency of that organization they did not know. They naturally believed that it would require considerable time, conceding the presence of every other essential element, to form locals of the employees in the many shops of the company, and to federate the locals and discipline the thousands of members scattered through five states and territories. Railway officials are generally experienced organizers themselves; they are "Captains of Industry," and can calculate to a nicety the difficulties of handling large bodies of men. We shall soon see how accurate were the calculations of the Union Pacific "captains" in the summer of 1884.

Early in August there were rumors of

reductions in wages and of discharges to be made at different points on the line. The men went right along with their work in the shops, apparently unconscious of the gathering storm. In their assemblies they discussed the rumors and prepared for war. On Monday, August 11, notice of a ten per cent. reduction in the wages of fifteen first-class machinists at Ellis, Kansas, was served, and twenty men were discharged from the Denver shops. Among the twenty discharged men were those who had been most active in the May strike, several of whom were officers in the new organization.

On Tuesday there was considerable telegraphing between the general committee at Denver and the officers of the locals at the other points on the system. By ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, everything was in readiness and, under orders from the executive board of the organization, every man and boy in every shop on the system washed up and walked out at twelve o'clock, to remain out until instructed by the board to return. The second Union Pacific strike

was on. It was as complete as the first one, and it had what the first one did not have, organization from the start.

Late Wednesday evening a telegram was received from the general offices in Omaha, asking what the men wanted. The chairman of the executive board, to whom the telegram was addressed, replied that a committee representing the organization would leave for Omaha on the early morning train — the night train had already left Denver.

On Thursday morning I left Denver for Omaha. I was accompanied by two members of the executive board, who were sent, at my request, to certify that, though I was not an employee of the company, I was empowered by the organization to act for it to the fullest extent in arranging the pending difficulty. It turned out that this precaution was entirely unnecessary, as Mr. S. H. H. Clark, the general manager of the road, was not a hair-splitting man; he knew of my connection with the other strike, and was willing to treat with me upon the presentation of my credentials. However, I was glad that the two men were with me, that they

could, if it became necessary, report to their associates all that passed between Mr. Clark and myself.

It was about 11 o'clock on Friday morning when, accompanied by the two members of the executive board, Mr. Coats and Mr. Neasham, I entered the office of Mr. Clark, in the Union Pacific Building at Omaha.

I have never had a more courteous reception than was given me on that occasion, and I have never received more respectful consideration than I received that morning from General Manager Clark. I had occasion to meet, under similar circumstances in later years, other high railway officials, and I formed the habit of comparing them with Mr. Clark, and always to that gentleman's advantage. Mr. Clark had been with the Union Pacific Company nearly twenty years and had worked his way up from a subordinate position in the train service to the highest place in the operating department. He had always been fair with the men under him, and had treated them as fellow creatures, possessed of rights equal to those he claimed for himself. In the first five min-

utes of our interview I learned that he knew nothing of the petty annoyances to which the shopmen had been subjected by foremen and other minor officials, and that the cut in May, as well as the orders I had called to discuss with him, had been passed over his head by the president of the company. Mr. Clark also told me that his resignation as general manager of the road had been accepted by the board of directors, to take effect September 1, two weeks later.

After these explanations and a few preliminary remarks on the strike and its causes, Mr. Clark said: "As I have told you, I am not responsible for the actions to which the men object, and I cannot in any way modify the orders sent out without instructions to do so from the president; but if you will tell me just what you want, I will wire it to the president and will help you all I can to secure a settlement of the difficulty."

"Under the circumstances," I replied, "I will be as brief as I may without laying myself open to the charge of abruptness. We ask for full reinstatement of the wages at Ellis, Kansas, re-employment of the twenty

men discharged at Denver, orders to division superintendents to the effect that men are not to be discriminated against or annoyed because of their connection with our organization, and an agreement that hereafter when retrenchment is considered necessary, hours and not wages shall be reduced. We also want a promise that every man now on strike shall have his place back, and an agreement that when changes in the relations existing between the company and members of our organization are desired by either side, duly authorized representatives of each party to this agreement shall meet and endeavor amicably to adjust the matters, failing in which they shall submit the questions at issue to arbitration by disinterested persons."

"Though brief enough, so far as words are concerned, your demands are pretty sweeping," said the general manager. "I do not think the president will concede what you ask, as it would mean a complete backdown, but if you will write down what you have just stated as your demands, I will transmit them to the president by wire at once."

I wrote as he requested. As he took the paper from my hand he said: "It is now after twelve o'clock; if you will return at two o'clock I can, I think, give you the president's answer."

With my associates I withdrew. Promptly at two o'clock we returned to Mr. Clark's office. As we entered the room the general manager came towards me, uttering words that would have given me a severe fright had I not begun by that time to feel like a veteran in labor's warfare: —

"I, as a friend of the men, Mr. Buchanan, want to advise you to be conservative in your demands," he said. "You may not be as strong as you think you are. I have just had a dispatch stating that the men at North Platte all returned to work at one o'clock — an hour ago."

"Have you heard from the president?" I asked, ignoring the other matter for the moment.

"I have."

"What does he say?"

"He will recall the order for a reduction of wages at Ellis, will not reinstate the men

who have been discharged at Denver, and will not consider your arbitration propositions until the men are once more back at their work."

"Have you sent him word that the men at North Platte have returned to work?" I inquired.

"Certainly, five minutes before you came in. It was my duty to inform him at once."

"Undoubtedly. Will you wait here until I step out and send a message to North Platte? There is some misunderstanding at that point."

"I 'll be here until five o'clock," replied Mr. Clark; "but I fear you will aggravate matters and do your cause harm by trying to get the North Platte men out again. You 'd better consider the president's offer now; he may refuse everything if you try to stir things up any more."

I smiled, bowed politely to Mr. Clark, and turning to my fellow committeemen said, "Stay here until I return. I 'll not be gone a great while."

As I picked up my hat and started for the door, Mr. Clark remarked, "There 's a tele-

graph office on the opposite side of the street, three blocks up."

I easily found the place and sent this message to the master workman of the assembly at North Platte: —

"You have blundered at a critical moment; whose is the fault we will determine later. Victory in our grasp. Call every man out at once, at once, and remain out until you hear from me!"

I repeated the "at once" and told the clerk I wanted it sent just as I had written it.

The telegram was a long shot, as I was completely in the dark as to the cause of the North Platte men's return to work, but blind shots sometimes hit the bull's-eye. My declaration that victory was in our grasp was not an exaggeration of the situation, as I saw it. Knowing that the company's chief purpose was to cut wages, I believed the willingness to recall the order for a cut at Ellis was practically a surrender by the president. I did n't know at that time how bitter was his enmity to some of the men he had or-

dered discharged at Denver. What I realized most clearly was that a break in our ranks, no matter how small, would be exceedingly dangerous for us at that time, and I took the course that seemed to me best to avert that danger. To forestall or counteract any bad effects from the North Platte incident I sent this message to the executive board at Denver: —

"I feel assured that North Platte will come out again this afternoon. Hold all points solid. The indications are that we will win."

As soon as I had filed the two messages I returned at once to the office of Mr. Clark, and found that gentleman and my two associates awaiting me. As I entered the room, Mr. Clark asked, as a thin smile rippled across his troubled face, "Well, did you get them to strike again at North Platte?"

"You will probably get a reply to that question from the master mechanic at North Platte before five o'clock, if you remain here until that hour;" and I tried my hand at smiling.

"Under the circumstances I think I 'll stay until five o'clock at least," said Mr. Clark. "And now what do you say to the president's offer? Had n't you better close with it before he has time to withdraw it, which he is likely to do when he hears about the return of the men at North Platte?"

"You really can't expect us to accept such a small concession, Mr. Clark. Why, he does n't offer us even half a loaf, and we are out for the whole loaf this time. I presented our demands to you this morning. Nothing has occurred since then to induce me to alter one syllable in the demands;" and, with this, I reached for my hat.

"I will telegraph the president your reply to his offer; but I sincerely hope this matter may be settled before the breach becomes wider;" and I knew he spoke from his heart.

As I withdrew with my associates, I said: "If you want to see me, send word over to the hotel. If I don't hear from you to-day I will call upon you at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

On the way to our hotel, Coats asked me

what I had done in the North Platte matter. I told him of the two telegrams I had sent.

"Will they come out again?" he asked.

"I think they will. I believe there has been a mistake; that they went back under some misapprehension. We 'll know before long. If none of the other shops makes the same blunder we won't be hurt a great deal. If one or more of the larger shops follow the break, things will look pretty blue for us, but we must keep a stiff upper lip and get the best settlement we can under the circumstances."

As we walked along I tried to think out the North Platte mishap, and in a few moments I had formed an opinion and a resolution. It was agreed when I left Denver that I should send word to the executive board as soon as a settlement was reached and that the committee should then call the strike off. It now occurred to me that this roundabout arrangement laid us open to trickery, that a report could be sent from Omaha that a settlement had been arranged and that the committee had been notified. Whereupon some shop might consider everything settled and

return to work without awaiting the formal notification from the executive committee. The men were mostly raw recruits in the labor movement, and even veterans have made that blunder. With these thoughts in my mind I stopped and said to my companions, "Come, I want to go back to that telegraph office and send another message."

When we reached the office I wrote and sent this message, after showing it to Coats and Neasham: —

"Absolutely necessary that you at once instruct all points to remain out until an order to return to work is received direct from me, dated at Omaha, and signed by my name in full."

I was sitting in the reading-room of the hotel writing something for "The Enquirer" when a telegraph boy came up to me with a message. I glanced at the clock to note the time to place on the messenger's book. It was 4.38. I tore open the envelope, read the North Platte date-line and these words, addressed to me: —

"We returned to work on report of settlement from Omaha made public here. Never again. We are all out once more to stay until every doubt is removed."

I hunted up Coats and asked him to go over to the Union Pacific office and learn if Mr. Clark had heard the news from North Platte and also if he had any later word from the president of the company, at Boston.

Coats returned in about fifteen minutes with a broad grin on his face and said: "Mr. Clark presents his compliments and says he has heard from North Platte, but not from Boston. He will see us to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Promptly at ten o'clock on Saturday morning Coats, Neasham, and I walked into Mr. Clark's office. Mr. Clark was not looking well. Evidently he was depressed over the situation on the road he had served so long and was so soon to leave. There was no word from the president, so we waited, passing the time in conversation, Mr. Clark relating some of the experiences of the past twenty

years on the Union Pacific. We were about leaving, at a few minutes after twelve o'clock, when Mr. Clark's private operator handed him a message. He read it and then passed it to me. It was from the president, who said that the company would concede all of the demands of the men, excepting as to the reinstatement of the men at Denver; that there were half a dozen or so of the twenty discharged who were especially objectionable, one, the secretary of the committee, in particular, and that these would not be re-employed.

I handed the telegram to my associates on the committee without comment.

"I believe," said Mr. Clark, "that I can get him to take back all the Denver men excepting the secretary. That man's course has been very disagreeable and in bad taste on several occasions since the May strike, and I can understand just how the president feels about it."

"That may be so, Mr. Clark," I said, "but he must be reached at another time or in another way."

"You will not jeopardize the interests of

thousands for a man whose course you do not attempt to defend, Mr. Buchanan?"

"We do not consider the personality of any individual in this affair, Mr. Clark. We know only that twenty of our prominent members were discharged without explanation, and now we have what is virtually an admission that it was because of their membership in our order. Can you not see, my dear sir, that the very life of the organization is at stake? We have drawn our men together upon the declaration that 'An injury to one is the concern of all.' If we permitted you to single out one man now for discharge, under the present circumstances, he would be looked upon as a victim and a scapegoat and our compliance would rise up and haunt us at every turn in our organization work."

"But the man in question would not be treated otherwise than he has deserved. He would have brought his discharge upon himself, as can be plainly shown," said Mr. Clark.

"That you must show at another time. At present the secretary must be treated the same as his nineteen associates," I replied.

Mr. Clark, it was plainly evident, felt very much annoyed, and was on the verge of losing his patience. I realized his provocation, and was sorry for him. He was desirous of settling the trouble amicably, so that he might leave the road in a few weeks with everything working harmoniously, and he thought I was unjustifiably arbitrary and stubborn; but what could I do? I might have modified some of the other demands, but it was simply out of the question to consider the suggestion to sacrifice any member of the organization.

Mr. Clark paced the floor, saying nothing, but his emotion was painfully apparent. Rising from my seat, I said: —

"Mr. Clark, I wish you could see that my position is also difficult, and I hope that the good feeling between us will not be seriously disturbed. I will leave you now. If you want me, send to the hotel." And I walked out, followed by my associates.

The remainder of that day and all of Sunday I stuck pretty close to the hotel. There were many telegrams to receive and some to send. Reports from all points

were favorable. By Sunday night information reached me to the effect that the freight service of the road was in bad shape, because of the lack of men in the roundhouses and repair-shops to care properly for the engines.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock on Monday morning a messenger came from Mr. Clark, asking me to come to his office at once. I complied with alacrity. As I entered, Mr. Clark arose from his desk and extended his hand, saying: —

"I told you I thought I could arrange about the Denver men. The president consents to the re-employment of nineteen of them. He will order an investigation of the charges against the secretary, and will reinstate him if they are not supported. Now, what do you say?"

"Just what I said on Saturday: Reinstate the secretary with the others, and then institute the investigation of charges against him. Why split hairs over the matter, Mr. Clark? The president evidently does n't like the idea of a complete surrender; but it is that or nothing."

"Great heavens, man! he has yielded everything but one small point," cried the general manager. "He will, I am sure, refuse to give in any further."

"So be it," I replied. "But will you please tell him that unless our demands in full are conceded before twelve o'clock to-night, nothing but through passenger trains will be allowed to run after noon to-morrow. It may be decided to cut the service down to mail-cars."

"You can't do that; the Brotherhoods are not with you."

"Very true; but it takes more than train crews to get trains over the road;" and I tried to look wise.

"You men will drive me crazy yet!" cried the general manager.

"I sincerely hope not, Mr. Clark. We all have a high regard for you, and always will have, however this trouble may end."

After a few moments more of talk to no purpose, I returned to my hotel.

Had you the power to carry out that last threat? some reader is asking. That will

never be known. We had succeeded so well in all we had undertaken that it is possible we imagined we could do anything that occurred to us as appropriate to our campaign. There were men credited with a pretty thorough knowledge of the conditions on the Union Pacific at that time and with the sentiments of the employees, who said afterward that my declaration to Mr. Clark was "bluff." I never argued the question. There was no good reason why I should. "Bluff" or not "bluff," it won.

At four o'clock Monday afternoon Mr. Clark sent for me, and said that the company would agree to every demand made by the men. The agreement was put in writing and signed by Mr. Clark for the company and by Coats, Neasham, and myself for the organization.

Before we parted Mr. Clark gave me his hand, and said: "You don't know how pleased I am that the trouble is over. I am glad the men have secured what they asked for, and I congratulate you on the good fight you made. I know we part good friends, and it will afford me pleasure

if the opportunity is ever given me to be of service to you."

Ten minutes later, at five o'clock, P. M., Monday, August 18, 1884, I handed the following message into the telegraph office, with the instruction that it be repeated to our local officers at each point, a list of whom I furnished: —

"Return to work to-morrow morning. Every demand granted."

Thus ended the second Union Pacific strike. The agreement between the company and the employees, brought about through the good offices of Mr. Clark, was respected by his successor, and there was no further trouble so long as the organization remained strong enough to command the respect of the officials, and the Union Pacific District, No. 82, retained its organized strength long after the order of the Knights of Labor generally had begun seriously to disintegrate.

With the railway strike settled, I turned my attention to other and less strenuous

matters. "The Enquirer" was prospering beyond the best periods in its past record; it was paying expenses when the strike was settled, and it was no longer necessary for me to perform the services of a journeyman at the case. I received my reward for services in the strike in the improved condition of the paper. I never received a penny as compensation direct for my services in the Union Pacific strikes nor for similar services rendered in many other strikes. On two occasions money was offered me by victorious organizations, but I positively refused to accept it in either case. If my paper was supported, that was all I asked.

I had been the Colorado delegate to the Anti-Monopoly conference held in Chicago, July 4, 1883. The party formed at that conference met in national convention in Cincinnati in 1884, and nominated General Benjamin F. Butler for president. "The Enquirer" flung the Butler banner to the breeze, and through the influence of the paper the People's party was organized in Colorado. At the state convention, which

nominated Butler and West electors and a full congressional and state ticket, I was chosen as chairman of the state committee, though I was in Philadelphia, attending the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, at the time.

The presidential election of 1884, viewed from the standpoint of a Labor Reformer, presented many interesting and puzzling features. General Butler and his platform appealed especially to the wage-workers, but they received very little support from that quarter, the greater part of the People's party vote coming from the farmers. It is true that in the latter days of the campaign doubt was thrown upon the genuineness of Butler's canvass; it was openly charged that he was using his influence in the interest of Mr. Blaine, the Republican candidate. Whether the charge was true or not I cannot say, but it was sufficient to keep many workingmen from voting the People's party ticket. I have always observed that only a slight fog was necessary to obscure the political vision of the average workingman.

In New York the workingmen conducted a campaign based upon a boycott of a non-union newspaper. The paper was Republican in politics and supported Mr. Blaine. Typographical Union No. 6 ("Big Six"), of New York City, informed the Republican managers early in the campaign that if the paper in question was not unionized the typographical unions throughout the country would exert their influence to have the votes of organized labor cast in opposition to the Republican candidate for president. The paper was not unionized and the printers carried out their threat. To give their opposition the greatest possible force the organized workingmen of New York who indorsed the boycott upon the Republican party voted not for Butler, but for Cleveland. New York's electoral vote decided the election in favor of Cleveland, and as he carried the state by only a few more than one thousand plurality, the boycotters have ever since claimed that they decided the presidency in 1884, and on its face the claim appears valid.

While I did n't, of course, expect General Butler's election, I was greatly disappointed

at the comparatively small number of votes he received. My consolation I found in the fact that in Colorado his percentage of the whole vote cast was greater than in any other state. Naturally this pleased the state chairman and editor of the Butler organ in Colorado. But the salve of personal pride served to soothe for a brief space only the pain of my lacerated aspirations. The disease by which every radical reformer is sooner or later attacked, some violently, some mildly, was fastening itself upon me. I began to lose faith in the ballot; almost despaired of the workingman ever winning his rights by voting for them. I believed something more radical in the way of organization than we then had was needed to cope with the situation. While I continued to do everything within my power to draw unorganized craftsmen into the trades-unions and to extend the membership and influence of the Knights of Labor, I turned to the International Workmen's Association as a means more likely to accomplish the emancipation of the wage slave. The "I. W. A.," as the organization was known in this country, was a branch of

the famous "Reds," that kept some of the rulers of Europe awake o' nights for several years. Hereafter, in a more appropriate place, I shall tell something about the "I. W. A.," including a description of its unique form of organization and the most interesting part of its history on the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain region.

I have referred to my attendance upon the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor in Philadelphia, immediately following the settlement of the second Union Pacific strike. We had at that time five assemblies of the Knights of Labor in Denver, one of which was composed entirely of women. These assemblies, acting together, had selected me as their representative in the General Assembly for that year.

At that General Assembly I made the acquaintance of several men who afterwards were famous as labor leaders. One of these was Terence V. Powderly, then and for several succeeding years General Master Workman of the order. Another was George E. McNeill, of Boston, to whom was given the title of "Nestor of the American Labor

Movement." Frank K. Foster, to whom I have previously referred as one of the "conspirators" at the St. Louis convention of the International Typographical Union, in 1882, was also a representative in my first General Assembly of the Knights of Labor. About one fourth of the delegates were trades-unionists, several of whom were prominently identified with the affairs of their respective unions.

At Philadelphia I was elected one of the three members who, with the General Master Workman and the General Secretary-Treasurer, constituted the General Executive Board of the Knights. This was an honor, indeed, but an honor which carried with it many duties and serious responsibilities. Of course I was endowed with an authority calculated greatly to increase my prestige and power in the labor movement, but I am sure I thought less of these than of the benefits I might, through my office, be instrumental in conferring upon the workingmen in the territory under my care. I was the only member of the board residing west of Ohio, and was supposed to represent the order in all of

that vast country lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast.

Returning to Denver at the close of the General Assembly I at once entered upon my duties as chairman of the People's party state committee, but the organized workingmen were not disposed to allow a high official of the Knights of Labor in their midst to devote his time to politics altogether. It was soon made clear to me that, while my Colorado brothers appreciated the honor conferred upon them, through my election as a board member, they did not consider my new office entirely ornamental.

I had been home but two weeks and had hardly adjusted the buckles of my new harness, when I received a call from a committee of coal-miners, seeking the aid of my official prestige in an effort to secure an advance of wages and the adjustment of a score of grievances submitted by the coal-miners of Colorado and New Mexico. These miners had suffered for several years from the selfishness and cruelty of the mine-owners. Wages were low, and were still further lessened by the coarse-meshed screens used at

most of the mines, and the miners were, in many instances, cheated in the weighing of coal. The prices charged by the companies for powder and other supplies were outrageous, and the "pluck-me" stores, in many places, robbed the miners of what little they were allowed to earn under the skinning system.

The miners of Fremont County, in which is located the Coal Creek District, were first to rebel against the tyranny of the operators. The principal employers in that region were the Colorado Coal and Iron Company and the Canon City Coal Company. Both of these companies had engaged in all sorts of schemes to reduce the wages of the miners. The top wage earned by a miner in the summer of 1884 was $1.75 per day, and there was work only about two thirds of the time. Remembering that the cost of living in Colorado at that time was exceptionally high, one can understand that a coal-miner, especially if he had a family, found it a difficult task to make both ends meet.

Although the miners were unorganized, those employed by the Canon City Coal Com-

pany struck in June, 1884, against a reduction of 15 per cent. in wages. About the middle of July the Colorado Coal and Iron Company ordered a cut of 10 per cent., against which some of their men struck, making, with the Canon City Coal Company men, over 600 miners on strike in the Coal Creek region by the 1st of August. A meeting of representatives of the coal-miners of the state was held in Pueblo, on August 28, and "The Coal-Miners' Protective Association of Colorado" was organized. I was in Philadelphia at the time and, consequently, could not attend the meeting, but "The Enquirer" was represented by a trustworthy correspondent, and from his report, preserved in the files of the paper, I will quote one paragraph which shows that the methods of coal operators have been much the same, whether their mines were in Pennsylvania or in the far West: —

"Judging from information I have gathered from residents and others familiar with the conditions in the Coal Creek region, there can be no doubt that the coal company has

pursued a tyrannical and oppressive course towards its employees. The company has repeatedly shipped in gangs of Italians whom they have systematically used as screws to squeeze practical miners down to the lowest living wage. Not that the company has any more liking for Italian laborers than others, as witness the present destitution of that class, many of them being in a starving condition. The Italian is simply used as a means of forcing the practical miner down and obliging him to work for a bare subsistence, when the ignoble tool is discharged and allowed to shift for himself, or is shipped to another district to repeat the performance."

The northern part of the state, notably Weld, Boulder, and other counties, was also represented in the Pueblo meeting. The most interesting testimony furnished by the representatives from the north was to the effect that their employers were bitterly opposed to their men organizing. A delegate from Erie stated that some of the miners in his town were working under contracts that prohibited them from holding or participat-

ing in meetings of employees of the mines. Mr. Brown, of Louisville, stated that he and his fellow miners were working under a contract which provided that if any of them attended any meeting that contributed in any way to the ordering of a strike they would be discharged and forfeit all money due as wages at the time.

Notwithstanding these cruel conditions, only upon compliance with which could a coal-miner find employment in the mines — or most of them — in northern Colorado, the men determined to make an effort to secure their rights. Organizations were perfected at nearly every mining town; in most cases assemblies of the Knights of Labor were organized, and the committee which called upon me soon after my return from Philadelphia came from these new assemblies.

The committee gave me a full statement of the miners' grievances and placed before me a complete report of their organized strength. The report showed that slightly more than one half of all those employed in the mines of the northern part of the state were members of the organization. After

these matters were disposed of, I asked the committee: —

"Now, what can I do for you?"

"We want you to call a strike of all the coal-miners in the state," said one of the men.

"Why should I call the strike?" I asked, greatly surprised at the request.

"Because you are a member of the General Executive Board and because our people have confidence in you. Each of our locals has unanimously passed a resolution requesting you to order the strike."

"But I don't know anything about coal-mining," I said.

"You know as much as you do about railroading, I guess, and you got through the U. P. strikes all right. But you won't have to manage this strike for us; all you need to do is to send out the order to quit work. We 'll expect your sympathy and advice, of course, but the hard work we 'll do ourselves."

I smiled at the words "hard work," and said, "Give me a few minutes to think the matter over, and I 'll tell you what I 'll do," and I stepped out into the hall.

For five minutes I wrestled with the problem and then returned to the room. It is n't necessary to describe the workings of my mind during those five minutes. A fellow can do a large amount of thinking in a short time when he has something serious to think about. On re-entering the room I said: —

"Gentlemen, as I have already said, I don't know anything about coal-mining, but I do know something concerning the buying and selling of coal. You are producing almost exclusively for the Colorado market, and, as this is n't a manufacturing state, it follows that you are digging coal principally for domestic use. At this time of the year the demand for domestic consumption is lightest. Now, I have adopted two tests that I shall always apply when asked to sanction a proposed strike. The first test is: Is it just? The second is: Have we an even chance to win? There is no question about the justice of your cause; but I don't think you can win if you strike now. Wait until we are a little closer to the season when there is a strong market for your coal, and when the surplus on hand

will not last very long, and you can put up a good fight, and probably you can win. In the mean time you may be able to adjust some of your grievances with the operators, and, in any event, you can employ the interim in getting better prepared for a fight than you are at present."

We discussed my suggestions for more than an hour and the men were, at the end of that time, disposed to accept them. Finally one of the committee said: —

"We will have to report back to our people with some definite arrangement; they sent us to you, and they will want to know what you are going to do, or rather, when you are going to do it."

"Tell them," I said, "that on the first day that I look out of my window and see snow on the foothills I 'll order the strike, and they shall have just twenty-four hours' notice."

The rather novel plan of a three-cornered race between the mine-owners, the miners, and the clerk of the weather was agreed to, and with the admonition that our decision was not to be spoken of outside of the organization, my visitors withdrew.

On the morning of Saturday, October 25, four weeks after the conference between the miners' committee and myself, the foothills were covered with half an inch of snow, and, true to my promise, I sent out the order for all the organized coal-miners then working in Colorado to strike on Monday, October 27. There were already several hundred striking miners in the southern part of the state, and my order completed the shutting down of nearly every coal-mine in Colorado. Accompanying the order to strike was a call for a conference of representatives of the miners, to meet in Denver, on Monday afternoon — the day of the strike. In pursuance of that call delegates from thirty-five mines met in the parlor of the Brunswick Hotel, Denver, at the hour named. The object of the meeting was to perfect the state organization, to formulate demands, and to provide for official conferences with the mine-owners, looking toward an adjustment of the pending difficulty and providing for the settlement of future differences.

On Tuesday a conference was secured between representatives of the owners of all

the mines — excepting those of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, the Union Pacific Railway Company, and the Santa Fé Railway Company — and the miners' convention. Conferences were held every day during that week, and on Monday of the following week an agreement was reached. Operators and miners' representatives signed the agreement and the men in all of the mines, excepting those noted above, were ordered to return to work. The agreement provided that the question of wages should be left to the arbitration of a board of conciliation, composed of five operators and five miners, which board was at once selected. The articles of agreement abolished the "blacklist," the "truck" system, and the "iron-clad." The "iron-clad" was the contract some of the operators had required of their employees obligating them to refrain from any sort of connection with a labor organization.

The conciliation board selected Judge Moses P. Hallett, of the United States District Court, as umpire, who would decide all questions upon which the vote of the board was a tie. In a few days the board had set-

tled the questions of wages and other local conditions in all of the mines in the northern part of the state, with the exception of the Union Pacific mines, at Louisville. The operators then withdrew, subject to call, leaving the miners' half of the board to fight it out with the companies which had refused to take any part in the arbitration proceedings.

For nearly a year the contest between the miners and the three companies continued, with varying fortunes. It finally wore itself out; many of the miners leaving for other parts in the mean time, some returning to work as union men, under union conditions, and some "black-legging." The Colorado Coal and Iron Company made compromises three or four times with its men, but violated the agreements in a short time in every instance. The Santa Fé and the Union Pacific finally settled with the miners, and there was no more serious trouble in that quarter during my stay in Colorado. While I may thus sum up the general history of that strike, there were some special matters which I must relate more in detail, if I am true to my text, "The Story of a Labor Agitator."

While I was consulted by the miners' representatives upon all the important questions growing out of the strike, I refused to accept any official position in their state organization, though urged to do so. However, in compliance with the request of all the local organizations, backed up by a resolution unanimously adopted by the Denver convention, I consented to become the custodian of the fund collected for the relief of the men whose grievances were not adjusted. During the more than twenty weeks that this fund was in existence I handled thousands of dollars, collected by assessments upon the miners who were at work and contributed by other organized workingmen and sympathetic citizens generally, the amounts turned in to me frequently reaching the thousand dollar mark for one week.

I worked day and night that fall and winter. In addition to my labors on my paper and my services to the coal-miners, I organized more than a score of assemblies of the Knights of Labor in the Rocky Mountain region and in Kansas. Of course the rapid growth of organization among the workers

angered the opponents of unionism, and, as a penalty for my activity and popularity with workingmen, I was made the target for the fiercest attacks of the mouthpieces of the opposition. It was at this time that "The Rocky Mountain News" began a war upon me that broke out ever after at the least opportunity.

"The News" was owned and edited by the same men who had once given me passes to Kansas City because of their personal regard for me. I was not aware that I had ever done anything to forfeit their good opinion. The fact of the matter was that "The News" was the organ of the meanest element among the employers of Colorado, the arrogant, selfish, cruel despoilers of labor who denied the right of the workingman to be treated as a human being and a citizen. "The News" also hated me because of my prominence in the People's party movement. Two or three times each week during the coal-miners' strike it attacked me in the most outrageous manner, and, could it have had its way, the people of Denver would have treated me to a suit of tar and feathers and a ride out of the city on a rail; but it did n't have its

way that time, no more than it had it a year later, when it wanted me lynched.

I seldom gave space in "The Enquirer" to answering the attacks of "The News;" I did not deem such a course necessary. I had friends in plenty, who came to my defense, on the public platform, in the other papers of the city, and on the street corners, saying things in my praise too extravagant for me to quote.

"The News" refused to print these things, even when they were the formal resolutions of great bodies of workmen.

The laudation of my friends was deeply grateful to me because of the appreciation, gratitude, and love it expressed. Should I quote it it would answer the question why I worked so hard without accepting compensation. What I shall quote, however, is one of my own signed editorials — the most extended comment I made upon the cruel and vicious attacks of "The News" — which will make clear my position upon several important phases of the strike and show that I, as nearly every other influential man in the labor movement has always been, was more

conservative than the rank and file and was a peacemaker instead of a "fomenter of discord": —

". . . For nearly four weeks prior to the inauguration of the general strike I worked day and night to prevent it, and I believe I held it off that long. Since the strike began I have worked unceasingly to bring about a peaceable settlement of the difficulty, and I challenge any coal operator or manager to point to one instance where I did not stand solidly upon that platform. So devoted have I been to the object of accomplishing a settlement that I have been charged by my own people with being weak-kneed and too favorable to the capitalistic side of the controversy. As to inciting the miners, I am on record, in writings, telegrams, and speeches urging coolness and order. So far have I gone in this direction that I have been called a coward. The pair who have disgraced 'The Rocky Mountain News' know whether this charge is true or not. Now as to my enmity for the welfare of the community: Every delegate to the miners' con-

vention held in this city right after the general suspension will testify that for the better part of two days and nights I worked and talked to my utmost capacity to change the views of a majority of the convention upon the question as to whether all the men should be held out until every operator and company came to terms, or whether each mine should at once resume upon the recognition by its owner or manager of the principles laid down by the state board. A large majority were in favor of the unit principle, and I have about half come to the conclusion since that the adoption of that plan would have been better upon the whole for all concerned — the public included. But I then held that such an arbitrary rule would cause considerable suffering to the people of the state, especially the people of this city; and that, inasmuch as there was no absolute combination between the various operators, it would be unjust to any fair operator who was willing to do justice by his employees to make his business welfare subject to the unfairness or stubbornness of any other manager or managers. My ideas prevailed, and the people

of Denver know whether they have been an injury or a benefit to the community. I lay no claim to superior eloquence because of my success in the convention, but I am honest and try to be fair to everybody, as those who know the facts can testify."

With an illustration of one and an explanation of another reference in the foregoing I shall leave the coal-miners' strike and pass on to other matters. I mentioned telegrams as evidencing my efforts in the interest of peace. A case in point: One day as I was turning from the street into my office I was hailed by one Ed. Keith, superintendent of "Keith's Detective Agency." This "agency" had supplied a number of guards for the mines of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company. I will admit that there had been several conflicts between the strikers and the "blacklegs" employed by that company. I did n't like Keith, but I listened to what he had to say. He was very much excited. When he recovered his breath and was able to talk he told me that he had come to see me at the request of Mr. Jackson, receiver of

the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company, which company was, to all intents and purposes, the Colorado Coal and Iron Company. It may be of interest to state that this Mr. Jackson was the husband of Helen Hunt Jackson, the famous writer, now deceased.

Keith told me that Mr. Jackson had just received a telegram stating that about five hundred miners were assembling, many of them armed, at Blossburg, New Mexico, and that they intended to start at nightfall to march to El Moro — a distance of about thirty miles — for the purpose of cleaning out the "blacklegs" working at that place. There was n't sufficient legal force at Blossburg to stop the intended raid, and all efforts to dissuade the excited miners had failed. The Blossburg miners had that morning given an obnoxious mine boss a ride on a rail, and in other ways had shown that their blood was reaching fever-heat. Mr. Jackson wanted me, said Keith, to send a telegram to Blossburg and stop the intended raid.

"Don't you think you and Mr. Jackson, who have both aided and abetted 'The News' in its dastardly attacks upon me, have

considerable nerve to ask a favor of me?" I asked.

"We are not against you personally, Buchanan, and we want to be your friend," said Keith; and I knew he was lying.

"Let that pass," I replied. "But I am not the master of the Blossburg miners, and have no right to order them, one way or the other."

"You are a high official in the organization to which those men are attached, and we are sure the miners will do anything you ask them to do," pleaded Keith.

"Not always. However, I will write and sign a dispatch if Mr. Jackson will be responsible for its delivery in time. I will do this in an effort to prevent bloodshed, and not to oblige Mr. Jackson or yourself, for I tell you frankly I don't like either of you."

Keith promised that the telegram would be delivered in Blossburg within less than an hour, which would be in time, as the raiders were not to start until sundown, more than two hours off. I stepped into my office, wrote the following message, addressed to the master workman at Blossburg, and handed it to Keith, who rushed away at top

of his speed without stopping to read what I had written: —

"If you love the order to which you belong, want the miners of Colorado to be victorious, and have confidence in me, do not permit the miners of Blossburg to march upon El Moro."

The message was delivered in time. The Blossburg men did not go to El Moro.

The explanation I want to make relates to the declaration in my quoted editorial that "The pair who have disgraced 'The Rocky Mountain News' know whether this charge [cowardice] is true or not." One morning immediately following a meeting of the Board of Conciliation, at which I had worked my very hardest to secure the adoption of a peace measure — and failed — "The News" contained a particularly bitter and outrageously false attack upon me. When I read it I became violently angry; I lost my head for a time; the strain I was under tried me severely at times. I waited until the afternoon, when I thought the managing owner and the

managing editor would be at the office, when I visited "The Rocky Mountain News." The owner was there, and it is probable he remembered what I said to him the rest of that day. He protested his innocence. I called again an hour later, when the editor and I had a very lively interview. No shots were fired and no bones were broken, though there was a little display of fisticuffs. I did n't "lick the editor;" he was a large man; but he surely had no reason for calling me a "coward" after that meeting.

CHAPTER IV

A PARADE AND TWO STRIKES

IN the account of the coal-miners' strike, as given in the preceding chapter, I have not diverged from a straight and connected recital of the most important events connected with the strike to describe the effect those events had upon my views on questions of social reform and my ideas of the labor problem. Between the lines the reader may be able to discern a pathway whose every turn marks a stage more radical than has gone before. Certainly no one could expect that the experiences of those months, so full of the evidences of injustice, cruelty, treachery, and heartlessness, would increase the hopes and faith in his fellow men of one who had been a victim of all these different brands of persecution, especially when that one believed he was serving the best interests of his fellow men, and without any hope of personal reward.

Not only did I lose faith in the potency of the ballot to right the wrongs of the toilers; but before the first six weeks of the miners' strike had passed, as we were approaching the holiday season of the winter of 1884–85, I began to despair of a peaceable solution of the labor problem; but it must not be thought that I believed myself to be the storm center of the fierce struggle between the "Haves" and the "Have Nots."

The fall and winter of 1884 will long be remembered by men active in the labor movement at that time as a period of great stress. Strikes and lockouts were prevalent as never before in this country, and labor was often a heavy loser. Capitalism was beginning to look upon the militia as its natural ally, and labor was not sufficiently well organized to make the politicians who had charge of the state machinery respect or fear its power. It had come to pass that labor had not only to face hunger and homelessness in its demands for what it conceived to be its rights, but the rifles of the citizen soldiery as well. I was in a position to keep well informed on the inside details of the most important of

the struggles in which labor was engaged, and the knowledge which thus came to me, heightened by the experiences through which I was passing, made me pessimistic and fearful of the future. But, in justice to myself and to the thousands of workingmen in the West who supported me in my contests with capitalism, I must say that there was never a time when I advocated force as a means of settling the labor controversy. When I wrote or spoke of force it was to deplore what I believed to be the approaching necessity for its use; I warned, but never threatened. The views I held upon the subject were those of thousands of the thinking and sober-minded workingmen of the country, and of hundreds of prominent citizens who were not classified as workingmen. In the files of "The Labor Enquirer," under date of December 6, 1884, there is an editorial which fairly illustrates this point, and is probably as radical as anything I ever wrote.

Worse conditions never existed in any industry in this country than those of the Hocking Valley region of Ohio in 1884. Slavery was heaven compared to what the miners of

the Hocking Valley had to endure. They were paid a starvation rate for mining, were cheated in the screening and weighing of their coal, were robbed again at the "Pluck-me" stores, at which they were compelled to buy the necessaries of life, and, when the companies in the role of landlords got through with them, there were few who, though they existed upon short rations and went half clad, did not find the balance against them on the company's books. The wonder was that the poor fellows had spirit enough to strike; but they had. More of the sad story is told in the editorial to which I have referred. Here it is: —

"HELL IN HOCKING.

"The climax is almost reached in the Hocking Valley, and the storm which has been gathering since last June is lowering close now with threats of immediate bursting. It is impossible for men who have been nursed at Liberty's breast on the milk of American Independence, and who have been taught by our Fourth of July politicians that all men are equal in this free country, to

peaceably submit to the oppressions of the tyrants who are controlling the industries of the land. The deluded slave will rebel if you force him too far; the worm will sometimes turn. So it is in the Hocking; and if the brutal and cowardly plans of the bosses are carried out we may look for serious times. At this writing there is talk of calling out the state militia to quell the uneasy men and women whom privation and hunger have driven almost to desperation. But it will be an unwise step, which the governor had better carefully consider before taking. The Paris Commune is not yet forgotten, and the Pittsburg trouble of a few years ago left a dark spot that has not yet been erased from our country's records. If the state authorities will exercise some of the dormant powers on the avaricious, tyrannical managers of 'the syndicate' and other corporations in Ohio it will not be necessary to ease its burden upon the despoiled producers. But if Justice is dead and Reason dethroned, and the Ohio authorities want to precipitate the smoldering internecine war, let them fire away, and the curses of the God of Peace be

upon their heads. Workingmen of the world, stand ready to do your duty by your fellows, your country, and your posterity! There is hell in Hocking!"

My mind was in a chaotic condition as to the future. I was without a well-defined idea of what was coming. Convinced though I was that conditions could not remain as they were, I still could not believe that the people would permit the complete enslavement of the workers. What would they do? That was the question to which I never could find a satisfactory answer. Try as often as I might to think the matter out, I always wound up against that unanswered and unanswerable query. My closest associates were men and women who were all troubled by doubts and fears such as mine. We had our little groups of the I. W. A., and in them, as well as in some of the assemblies of the Knights of Labor, we talked and talked and continued to talk. And as we talked, we became more and more discouraged with the outlook. There may be those who, reading this now, will conclude that we were a lot of bilious

cranks. Please to remember that at the time of which I am writing, labor had few friends outside of its own ranks. The press was either antagonistic or indifferent. With a few exceptions the pulpit took no interest in the labor movement except to lecture it and abuse it, and the exceptions soon lost their charges or found their churches unpopular with those able to pay the minister's salary. While organization was extending in some directions, it was either standing still or retrograding in others. Strikes were frequent, and the constant demands for assistance prevented the accumulation of good-sized treasuries, and so the unions were poor in funds.

In Denver the labor movement was in better condition than in almost any other city of the country, and had we been influenced by our immediate surroundings alone, the future would not have appeared so forbidding to us; but we were internationalists, and kept our eyes upon the movement throughout the world. By this time our assemblies of Knights of Labor had increased to eight in Denver, and all were strong and growing, and the trades-unions were also in good con-

dition. We were having our share of strikes — several small strikes during the time of the miners' trouble — and were occasionally scoring a triumph. The labor movement was in the public eye of Denver, and the situation was ideal for the labor agitator, according to the popular idea of that gentleman. The popular idea is sometimes erroneous. One error common to a majority of the people at that time was the confounding of socialism with anarchism, and the popular understanding that both stood for violence. These blunders caused the progressive labor people of Denver no little trouble. Being thus misunderstood, they lost a great deal of friendship and support that would have otherwise come to them. The Chicago radicals were just beginning — in the winter of 1884–85 — the agitation which culminated in the Haymarket affair of May 4, 1886. They were called anarchists, and they never protested against the application of the name, though the teachers of anarchism generally were not advocates of a revolution by force. Anarchists, as well as socialists and communists, were supporters of the labor movement,

and their principal agitation was directed against the existing industrial system because of the injustice to the workingmen it embodied. It does n't require much thought to realize that, under such conditions, the labor enthusiast was surrounded by great temptations. There were no anarchists in Denver — at least there was no open advocacy of the theory of anarchism in or out of the labor organizations; but there was a strong socialistic element in the assemblies and unions and it was composed of the most active and influential members. There were those who credited me with the responsibility for the growth of the socialistic sentiment in the Rocky Mountain country; when opposition to me developed among the conservatives in the labor movement, it was charged that I had tried to turn the trades-union and Knights of Labor movements into the socialistic camp. I was not entitled to the credit, — or the charge, as you look at it, — for there were other workers just as earnest as I. I did my share, no more.

An interesting event in the labor history of Denver occurred in February, 1885. Wash-

ington's Birthday, the twenty-second day of the month, fell on Sunday that year, and when organized labor decided to observe the event by holding a parade and public meeting, there was considerable indignation expressed by those citizens who considered such a proceeding a desecration of the Sabbath day. Several of the clergymen of the city pronounced emphatically in their pulpits against the labor programme, and a number of articles of like tenor appeared in the daily press. On the Sunday just preceding the twenty-second, the preachers were especially strong in denouncing the intended parade and meeting. Organized labor's answer to all the criticism and denunciation heaped upon it was that, as employers would not grant a holiday on the Saturday preceding or the Monday following the twenty-second, and as it could not make a creditable showing unless work in the shops and factories was suspended, the programme would either have to be carried out on Sunday or abandoned altogether, and the latter alternative could not be entertained.

At the final meeting of the arrangements

committee, held in my office, on Saturday evening, the subject of the clergy's attitude was brought up. One of the committeemen remarked that, while we meant no disrespect to the Sabbath by having our parade on that day, we would probably never hear the last of it, and that the pulpits of the city the next day would ring with denunciations of our conduct. It was then I gave expression to a thought that had been in my mind for several days : "If the committee will give me permission to arrange the matter, I will have one of the most prominent ministers in the city open our mass-meeting with a prayer," I said.

The required permission was granted, and as soon as the committee adjourned, I hurried to the parsonage of the First Methodist Church, to see Dr. Gilbert De La Matyr.

"Doctor," I said, "I have come, in the name of the organized workingmen of Denver, to ask a favor of you. As you undoubtedly know, many of the clergymen of the city have denounced the labor parade which is to come off to-morrow, as a desecration of the Sabbath. I want to ask you to come to

our meeting, on the open lots out Laramie Street, and open the proceedings with prayer. Will you do it ?"

"At what hour will the meeting be held ?" he asked.

"About three o'clock. There will be several carriages in the parade, for the accommodation of the sisters of Hope Assembly, and at the proper moment to get you to the grounds in time, I will cut out one of the carriages, distributing the women in it through the other carriages, and drive here for you."

Those who knew Dr. De La Matyr recognized in him a noble and a brave Christian man. Although his church was one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic in Denver, the Doctor was an outspoken champion, in the pulpit and out of it, of the workingman. He loved the people, and in him the laborers knew they could always find a friend. That friendship finally cost him his Denver pulpit. I shall never forget the kindly look upon his face, which was always beautiful to me, though in the eyes of strangers he was an exceptionally homely man, as I explained

my plans that Saturday night. But there was a merry little twinkle in his eye as he said: —

"I will pray at your meeting, my boy. If half that my brothers of the clergy and the newspapers say of you fellows is true, you are a very sinful lot, and are sorely in need of prayer. I am not afraid to pray in the presence of sinners."

And so it was arranged and carried out. As the rear end of the procession marched on to the open lots the next afternoon, a carriage drove up to the speakers' platform. Dr. De La Matyr stepped from the carriage and mounted the platform just as the chairman raised his hand to call the assembled men and women, nearly five thousand in number, to order. Snow had begun to fall at a pretty brisk rate, and as the good man, with bared head, softly and tenderly pleaded for the blessing of Almighty God upon the hosts of the toilers who "eat bread in the sweat of their faces," the gently falling flakes seemed to murmur innumerable "Amens" in the soft, humming tone one may hear when all else is still, and which is called

"the voices of the snow." It was an impressive scene, and a truly religious sentiment pervaded the entire assemblage.

Dr. De La Matyr was not expected to stay during the meeting. I handed him into his carriage and told the coachman to drive to the parsonage. As I turned back toward the platform a member of the committee touched me on the shoulder, and remarked: —

"I think we have spiked the guns of the 'holier than thou' gentlemen."

He was right. There was never another word said, publicly, at any rate, in criticism of the Sunday parade of the organized workingmen of Denver.

Dr. De La Matyr further showed his sympathy with the demonstration of the workingmen by preaching "labor sermons" at both morning and evening services that day.

The success of the parade gave organization a great boom in Denver, in fact its influence was felt throughout the state. Within two weeks after the parade I had organized four new assemblies of Knights of Labor in Denver, which brought the number up to

twelve. It was simply impossible for me to respond promptly to calls for the organizer that came to me from all parts of the state and adjoining states and territories. I was on the jump all the time. The Rocky Mountain region was pouring a thousand men a month into the organized labor movement, and at the headquarters of the Knights, at Philadelphia, we were called the "Banner State." It was during that period that I organized an assembly at the highest point claimed by organized labor anywhere in the world. It was at Alma, Colorado, a little mining town that was situated 11,000 feet above sea level. The assembly was named "Lookout."

Tired, mentally and physically, I returned from one of my organizing tours one afternoon, to be told by my co-workers at "The Enquirer" office that all requests for my services that night had been "turned down;" that tickets had been secured for me, and that I was to go with my wife to the theater, for my first recreation in months. But I have n't seen the last two acts of that evening's play to this day. The curtain had just

gone down on the third act when an usher touched me on the shoulder, and said I was wanted in the lobby.

A committee from the local of the Union Pacific employees, L. A. 3218, had been sent to learn if I would go at once, with one of their own members, to the scene of the "Gould strike," in Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, as the representative of the Union Pacific men, and the assembly was in session, awaiting a personal answer from me. I did n't know how to say "No" to an appeal in the interest of organization, when left to decide by myself, and, leaving my wife in charge of one of the committee, I repaired to the meeting-room of 3218. There I was informed that the Union Pacific men wanted to assist the "Gould" strikers to organize and to win their strike. I was to be the agent to carry out the first part of that programme, and $30,000 I was to pledge from the Union Pacific men, if needed by the strikers, was to be the force in the second part. Of course I got what was called "a great send-off" when I appeared before the assembly and said I would accept the com-

mission. Those "send-offs" were the spurs that kept an enthusiast at the highest pitch of work all the time. A boilermaker, William Morely by name, was selected by 3218 to accompany me.

The three "Gould" roads affected by the strike were the Missouri Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and the Wabash. The strike was caused by reductions in wages. On the first of the preceding October—1884—there had been a cut of ten per cent. in the wages of the shopmen and other employees on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. The men had submitted; they were not thoroughly organized. On February 26, 1885, a cut of ten per cent. was ordered in the wages of the Wabash shopmen. There was a strike against the reduction at Moberly, Mo., on the following day; but through lack of organization and federation, the other points were slow to follow suit, and it was over a week before the men were out at all the important points. The Missouri Pacific men struck at all points where the line touched one of the other two "Gould" roads.

Mr. Morely and I got inside the line of battle on Friday, March 13 — a combination of day and date to make the superstitious shiver. Our first point was Kansas City, Mo. There were not many "Gould" employees at Kansas City, the whole number of strikers being but one hundred and forty, and these were hard to locate. After hustling around shops, yards, roundhouses, and boarding-houses for three or four hours, we were able to gather about thirty men into a roundhouse, just a little before midnight. The surroundings were not calculated to inspire an after-dinner orator, but they furnished a very proper atmosphere for a labor agitator. The speech I made on that occasion was one of the most eloquent ever made to a band of unorganized strikers — it had $30,000 behind it. Arrangements were made for a meeting at nine o'clock on the following morning, at Armourdale, a suburb of Kansas City. At that meeting an assembly of the Knights of Labor was organized, with seventy-one charter members — a majority of the strikers at the first jump. All of the other strikers in Kansas City and its

environs were taken into the assembly on that night and the night following, after Morely and I had left for other fields.

From Kansas City I went to Sedalia, Moberly, Hannibal, and other points where there were company shops, making St. Louis at the end of the second week after entering the strike territory. At every point I organized an assembly of the Knights of Labor, and expected to take a trip from St. Louis into Texas, but the strike came to an end suddenly, by the company withdrawing the orders of wage reductions.

In duration, and in the way it ended, this strike was very like the first Union Pacific strike, related in another chapter, and, as in that affair, the "Gould" strike was simply an advance skirmish of the great battle to come later on the Wabash. The "Gould" strike, however, was not so quiet an affair as the Union Pacific strike. The methods which in after years characterized the course of the companies controlled by the elder Gould in times of strikes were first introduced in the strike I have been writing about: Although no serious attempt was made to fill the places

of the strikers, gangs of private detectives and guards swarmed at every point where there were bodies of strikers. Some of these fellows were employees of regular detective agencies, and some were loafers and idlers that were picked up and sworn in as deputy sheriffs and deputy constables; but all were interested in provoking trouble, so that it might appear that their services were necessary to protect the company's property. Wherever we went, Morely and I were dogged by the "spotters" of the company, and it took all my powers of persuasion on several occasions to prevent clashes between my companion and the spotters. The big boilermaker was n't much on diplomacy, but he could strike a blow that made one think of a pile-driver; and the dogging of his footsteps by the hired thugs of the railway company did n't just fit in with his ideas of the respect due to an honest and peaceable American workingman.

There were several slight skirmishes between the strikers and the guards at Sedalia and other points in Missouri, but no serious damage was done. The governor of the State

thought, however, that he was justified in complying with the request of the company that the national guard of the state be ordered out to protect the company's property and to maintain the peace. I never attached any importance to the fact that the militia was ordered out on the second day after I reached Missouri; but I was interested to learn that the adjutant-general of the militia was General J. C. Jamison, formerly proprietor of "The Riverside Press," of Louisiana, Mo., the office in which I had learned the printer's trade. The General arrived in Sedalia while I was there, and I am sure he was greatly pleased to learn that I had not returned to my native state with the intention of wiping it from the map. Like many another good man he had, up to that time, known only one side of the labor controversy, and could n't believe that the strikers were other than lawless ignoramuses, controlled by unprincipled demagogues. A little investigation showed him the error of such a belief, and it is a pleasure to record that the railway men did not suffer at the hands of General Jamison during that strike, though he performed his

duties to the entire satisfaction of the governor. I never heard how the "Goulders" liked it.

A remarkable feature of the "Gould" strike was the support it received from the "runners" — engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen. To this fact, more than to any other, was due the victory of the men. That was a year before Grand Chief Arthur publicly declared that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was not a labor organization, and would not co-operate with any other branch of railway employment to secure an improvement of conditions; but even at that time the feeling of exclusiveness was taking root among the engineers, and that they stood up so nobly on the side of the striking shopmen occasioned surprise. Never again, to my knowledge, did they show the same spirit; and their delegates to national conventions of the Brotherhood have been riding on passes or in special trains ever since.

With the strike so quickly settled, and in favor of the men, the Texas trip was abandoned, and I went from St. Louis to Indiana, to attend a meeting of the General Executive

Board of the Knights of Labor, of which I was a member.

The Union Pacific assemblies were not called upon for any part of the $30,000 by the "Gould" strikers.

After spending about two weeks with the General Executive Board, I returned to Denver, where my friends hailed me as the mascot of railway strikes. I had performed prominent and important services in three such strikes, and in each case the workingmen had been victorious. I was now about to take part in one of the hardest fights between a railway and its employees that the history of the American labor movement records; a struggle that for fierceness, bitterness, and danger outstripped by far any other of my experiences in the field of labor agitation.

The shopmen and trackmen of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway were pretty well organized as Knights of Labor. I had assisted in the work of organization, and this fact, added to the prestige of my position as a member of the General Executive Board, put me upon an exceptionally strong footing with the men. And my luck in railway affairs was also a

recommendation; but even mascots sometimes bump up against insurmountable barriers.

The Denver and Rio Grande was in the hands of the United States Court, and was being operated under a receiver. This receiver was Mr. W. S. Jackson, referred to before in these pages, in the account of the coal-miners' strike.

The principal organization of the men, International Assembly No. 3217, was located in Denver, but there were assemblies at all of the important points on the system. The largest shops of the company were located at Burnham, a suburb of Denver. It was in these shops that the trouble began, though the employees of the whole system were dissatisfied with their condition. The two most important departments in the Burnham shops were presided over by two brothers, McLellan by name. The McLellans were petty despots, or so said most of the men who worked under them; and their hatred for organized labor was intense. They were identified with the local machinery of one of the leading political parties, and were wont

to "influence" the voting of the men under them before organization cultivated in the latter a spirit of independence. It was this growing independence of the men that drove the McLellans to acts of petty tyranny that caused a revolt. At last the men decided that they could no longer stand the disagreeable bossism of Dan, the worst of the two McLellans. A committee, appointed for the purpose, called upon Mr. Jackson and asked for the removal of the obnoxious foreman. Mr. Jackson refused to consider the request, and the matter was apparently dropped. Two weeks after this incident, McLellan discharged ten men, selecting those who had been most prominent in asking for his removal. The reason he assigned for the discharge of the men was that there was a shortage of work in the shops. Another committee was sent to Mr. Jackson, requesting him to order a reduction of hours, if there was a scarcity of work, instead of allowing the discharge of some of the men. Again the receiver refused to listen to the appeal of the workmen. Then a committee, armed with a petition signed by every em-

ployee in the Burnham shops, waited upon Judge Moses Hallett of the United States Court, and asked him to investigate the grievances of the men, and consider their proposal that the hours of labor be reduced. After taking several days to consider the matter, Judge Hallett refused to interfere. Nothing remained for the men but a back-down or a strike. Local assemblies at all other points on the road were asked to send delegates to meet with 3217 to consider the question, and I was requested to attend the meeting. Because of what is to follow in the recital of the Rio Grande strike, I feel that I am justified in telling something about that meeting, though it was held under the veil of the order of the Knights of Labor.

The meeting-room was packed full that night, for every member of 3217 was present, as well as something like sixty representatives from other locals on the Rio Grande. The windows were tightly closed and curtained, and the atmosphere became almost stifling before we got out of it. In a few words the proper officers stated the condition of what by courtesy was called "negotiations with

the company." The report of the officers was followed by fully a minute of perfect silence; then a brother of 3217, noted for his conservatism in all matters concerning labor and its employers, arose and said: —

"It is evident that we have reached a point where we must either surrender absolutely, thereby admitting that our organization is only a pretense, or must fight. Therefore, I make a motion that the executive board be instructed to call a strike on the entire system of the Denver and Rio Grande, to take effect on Monday next, May 4!"

That this motion voiced the sentiments of a large majority of those present was beyond question; it was greeted by prolonged applause, something very unusual in an assembly, and as I looked over that meeting I was compelled to the conclusion that nine tenths of those present were in favor of a strike — and I was opposed to the motion. I sat quietly by the side of the master workman and listened to the speeches that were made on both sides of the question. There were several who did not favor a strike, and they made earnest pleas for delay; but all the

enthusiasm of the meeting went to the support of those who spoke in favor of the motion. I was called for several times, but I shook my head, and waited until I thought everything that could be said in favor of a strike had been said over and over many times. It was close to 12 o'clock when I at last arose to speak, but from that time until 4 o'clock in the morning I was on my feet more than half of the time. Piece by piece, I removed my coat, waistcoat, collar and necktie, and the clothing left on me was soaked with perspiration by my exertions to defeat that motion. I pleaded, warned, and even threatened. I told those who were so anxious to strike that they were unwise, foolish; that they had no show to win.

"You have n't all the men in your own departments organized," I said. "The trainmen will not assist you; you have no funds to carry on a prolonged strike, and I speak with authority when I say that the General Executive Board is not in a position to give you financial help. Add to these unanswerable objections to a strike at this time the fact that the Rio Grande is being operated

by an agent of the United States Court, who can bring unusual powers to bear against you, and you must see how hopeless is the outlook for a successful strike. Your wrongs are hard to bear, I know, and you are entitled to all you ask of the company; but you may have greater ills to bear if you strike and lose. You know my tests, boys: 'Is your cause just? Have you an even chance to win?' The answer to the second question in this case, in my opinion, is 'No,' and, therefore, I must oppose the pending motion."

The reply made to these arguments, which several of us presented in every conceivable shape many times, was that we failed to properly understand the situation. It was asserted, over and over again, that there was not the slightest doubt about every man in the shops, roundhouses, and upon the track quitting when ordered to do so; that the engineers had promised to leave their engines individually when requested after the strike began; and that there would be no need for funds, as the strike would be won by the men within forty-eight hours of its inception.

I lost. The motion to order the strike was adopted by a three-fourths vote. It was the first and only time that 3217 disregarded my advice in a serious matter. I was disappointed, but I realized the provocation. They, not I, were the victims of the petty tyranny of bosses; they simply could not stand it any longer, no matter what their friends thought and said. Under the circumstances I will be pardoned for saying here that the members of that assembly had a high regard for me, and that I did not lose one friend in the organization by my pronounced opposition to the strike motion.

If the reader will recall this account of the meeting at which the decision to strike was made as he peruses the story of the treatment I received from a portion of the community of Denver during the three months that followed, I believe he will agree with me that some of the charges made against me were, to say the least, unfair and unjust. It is true that I gave the strike all the support within my power, after it began, and worked day and night to make it successful. Why not? I was an officer in the organiza-

tion to which the strikers were attached; I had been allowed every privilege, and shown the utmost courtesy as I opposed the proposal for a strike, but had been outvoted three to one. By all the rules that govern in such matters, I was in honor bound to abide by the will of the majority; besides, the latter half of my test no longer applied after the strike was ordered, and in answer to the first part of the test I had to say, without reservation, "It is just."

I took my place with the others upon whom devolved the responsibility of conducting the strike, and began the hardest fight of my life, in or out of the labor movement. But I must not anticipate.

At nine o'clock on the morning of Monday, May 4, 1885, the Rio Grande shopmen and trackmen struck, all but about ten per cent. of the employees in those departments "coming out" at the order of the executive committee. Although there was no real federation of the assemblies at the different points, by mutual agreement headquarters for the management of the strike were established at Denver; but at two or three of the other

important points the local organizations ran things, for the first few days, about as they pleased. Before the strike was a week old, however, the "go as you please" way of doing things gave place to system, and thereafter the strike was managed by the executive committee at Denver.

The business of railroads is running trains for the transportation of passengers and freight. Therefore, a strike that does n't stop the trains — or a considerable proportion of them — on a road against which it is aimed, does n't get ahead very fast. Of course if shopmen and others whose business it is to keep up the rolling-stock and track can stay out and prevent the filling of their places until the line and equipment begin to go to pieces for lack of repairs, they can seriously embarrass the company, even if they have not the support of the trainmen. But, as was contended by some of us at the meeting which ordered the strike, the Rio Grande men were not prepared for a long siege. Consequently it was necessary to secure at once, if possible, the co-operation of the "runners." Realizing this necessity,

and relying upon promises, previously made, a committee of strikers at Salida, a division-point, approached engineers who were "pulling" trains, and asked them to leave their engines. The engineers' promises proved to be of the "pie-crust" variety; they refused to leave their engines; and the committeemen were arrested by deputy United States marshals for "attempting to intimidate men working under the jurisdiction of the United States Court." The five men arrested were taken from Salida to Denver and arraigned before Judge Hallett on a charge of "contempt of court," and were sentenced to terms in prison varying from one month to six months, notwithstanding the fact that the alleged "contempt" was committed one hundred and fifty miles from the presence of the court. The testimony given in court showed that the entire offense of the accused men consisted of nine words spoken by two men to an engineer. One of the men said, "Don't turn a wheel." The other said, "Be a man among men." The deputy, standing by, then asked the engineer if he was afraid to move his engine, and he replied that he was;

whereupon the deputy arrested the whole committee of strikers, five in number.

Mr. C. Edgar Smith, one of Denver's leading lawyers, sent a communication to the daily press, in which he tore the proceedings before Judge Hallett and the decision to shreds, the burden of his argument being that "The right of free speech cannot be circumscribed by a circuit judge of the United States." Mr. Smith also expressed the opinion that "We are threading a dangerous web when such a precedent is settled!" The gentleman had to wait only a few years to see the precedent "settled" and the "settlers" felling every piece of constitutional timber that stood in the way of injunction-seeking corporations.

A few of the engineers, firemen and brakemen were members of the Knights of Labor, as well as of their respective brotherhoods, but they were deterred from striking in sympathy with the shopmen because the brotherhoods had not indorsed the strike. For the purpose of attempting to harmonize the fealty to two distinct organizations of these men, the Knights of Labor engineers solicited

a hearing of the strikers' cause before the Brotherhood of Engineers, and it was arranged for me to appear before the division of the brotherhood in Denver. Care was taken to inform me that I was the recipient of a great honor, as non-members were rarely admitted to the sanctuary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. I went alone, at the appointed hour, and, after waiting half an hour in the ante-room, was conducted by a silent guide into the inner of inners. Silently and solemnly I was led to the station of the presiding officer. Without a word of greeting or a hand-clasp the presiding officer stepped forward and, addressing the meeting, said: "Brothers, this is Mr. Buchanan, who has something to say to you."

A police judge whose court I used to "cover" for a daily newspaper had a stereotyped manner of sentencing "disorderlies" to jail. With expressionless face, and in a voice that neither went up nor down, he, after calmly looking the prisoner over, would say, "Here, officer, cell this wretch." I never think of that judge but what I recall my introduction to the Denver Divi-

sion of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The auspices were not encouraging, and there was no inspiration in the atmosphere, but I did my best, under the circumstances. When I had concluded my remarks I turned to take a chair, expecting some sort of expression from those present. The judge — I mean the presiding officer — stepped to my side and said in low tones: "We will consider the matter and let you know the result.

The solemn-visaged guide escorted me down the long room, lined on each side by members of the division, at whose faces I glanced as I passed along, hoping to catch a smile of encouragement; but they had evidently been coached or had taken their cue from the man at the head of the room. And I had gone there with a heart full of hope to plead, in the name of brother workmen who were in sore need, for sympathy and encouragement. I knew what the answer to my appeal would be before the door of that room closed behind me, and made my impressions known to the executive committee of the strikers; but we waited, and said

nothing publicly. In a few days we received a communication from the engineers to the effect that their laws prohibited them from taking any part in, or in any way aiding or abetting the strike.

When Grand Chief Arthur, some months later, declared that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was not a labor organization, the announcement was not a surprise to me. I had taken a cold bath at a brotherhood meeting, and my nerves were prepared for the worst.

The refusal of the engineers to give any sort of assistance was a terrible disappointment to the rank and file of the men on strike; but they only set their jaws the tighter, and settled down to the hard fight before them.

CHAPTER V

ALMOST A TRAGEDY

AS has already been said, during the first few days of the strike there was lack of concentration of power and direction. As a natural consequence of such a state of affairs, with no responsible leadership, and the men at each point left to direct affairs as they saw fit, some mistakes were made; but, with the exception of the so-called "contempt of court" at Salida, nothing of a "lawless" character was brought home to the members of the order. It is true several attempts were made to ditch trains, but they did n't succeed, and no one was caught in the act or sufficiently suspected to justify arrest.

But these trifling and amateurish attempts were sufficient to furnish the enemies of the labor movement an excuse to begin a campaign of abuse against the strikers. Chief among these enemies was "The Rocky

Mountain News." The strike was not forty-eight hours old before "The News" had in full swing its hatred of the "leaders," chief among whom was, of course, myself. I had thought the editor of that paper had reached the extreme in his unfair treatment of me at the time of the coal-miners' strike, but I was yet to learn how unjust and cruel a man, who has it in his nature to be unjust and cruel, can be when he is actuated by prejudice or revenge, or when he is under the control of the other side. I do not, to this day, know what was the real motive that controlled the editor of "The News." Of one thing, however, I am sure in that connection, and that is that he knew he misrepresented the "leaders" in the Rio Grande strike in his paper every day for three months.

"The Times," an afternoon paper, weakly imitated "The News," but that paper caused us little annoyance. "The Tribune-Republican," the other morning paper, with probably the largest circulation of any paper in the city, was neutral — disgustingly neutral. Its managers knew the attacks upon the pro-

minent men in the strike were not justifiable — they told me so themselves — but they had not the courage to stand up for what they believed to be the right, because they feared to offend the Rio Grande Railway Company.

With such as the attitude of the leading journals of the city it can easily be understood that the strikers, and especially the men so bitterly assailed, were placed in a very disadvantageous position before the public. In the hope of partially counteracting the influence of the one-sided newspaper situation I began, on the fourth day of the strike, the publication of a "Daily Enquirer Extra," which was distributed gratis throughout the business section of the city; but my funds ran so low by the end of the second week that I had to discontinue the "Extra." The strike committee tried to stem the tide by holding public meetings, at which the men's side of the difficulty was presented, not only by strikers, but by prominent citizens who had investigated matters for themselves and were willing to take the chances of espousing the cause of truth, not-

withstanding the threats of "The News" and its kind. Among the speakers at the first meeting of this kind, held in the skating-rink, and attended by fully five thousand persons, was Hon. James B. Belford, formerly representative in Congress from Colorado and known all over the land as the "Red-headed Rooster of the Rockies." He was one of the most eloquent and convincing speakers I have ever heard, and his powerful address on the occasion referred to was of invaluable assistance in placing the strikers, and especially the men in charge of the strike, in a proper light before the people of Denver. But public meetings were expensive, money was not plentiful at strike headquarters, and there were necessary expenses which had to be met, so we were soon left with only the weekly editions of "The Enquirer" and the personal support of individuals, strikers, and their friends, to defend us against the assaults of our enemies. Despite the superior equipment of the latter, and their ability to make a great deal of noise, I never had a doubt that a poll of the city would have shown a

majority favorable to the cause of the strikers.

The first day of the strike Manager Jackson called in his trusted agent, Detective Ed. Keith, and arranged with him to place a number of guards about the shops and in the yards at all important points. This Keith will be remembered as the man sent by Mr. Jackson to me at the time the Blossburg miners threatened to march to El Moro to oust the "scab" miners. With few exceptions the men under Keith were good-for-nothings, bar-room loafers, "tin-horn" gamblers, and "all around toughs." The company paid Keith $5 per day for each man; he gave his "detectives" $2 per day each. Not a bad speculation for Mr. Keith; and thereby hangs a tale which will unfold itself later.

There was little worth recording that occurred outside of Denver; there were fully as many strikers from the shops at Burnham and the yards about Denver as from all other points combined, and the interest naturally centered where the fight, on both sides, was the hardest.

With this general outline of the conditions, which I have made at the beginning of this chapter to obviate the necessity of frequently stopping to make explanations hereafter, I may now proceed to recite in detail the incidents which made the Denver and Rio Grande strike the most trying period of my career in the labor movement.

First let me tell of the only occasions when there were suggestions of violence on the part of the strikers or their friends, which were known to or heard of by me. One evening two men, one of whom was a striking machinist from the Burnham shops, came into my office carrying a small bag. They found me alone, and opening the bag they took out two things which looked like lumps of coal. They explained that these were rough pieces of wood, burned so as to resemble coal; that they had large holes bored in their centers, and that these holes could be filled with giant powder and then sealed up. The idea was to place the supposed lumps of coal, when charged, on the coal-piles from which the engines "coaled up." I had used giant powder when prospecting and it was

not necessary to tell me what would happen if one of the bogus lumps was shoveled into the fire-box of an engine. I talked to those two boys "like a Dutch uncle," and their "infernal" shells went under the axe and soon became a part of my pile of kindling-wood. I know nothing of that kind was employed, because not one engine was blown up through the fire-box during the trouble.

Adjoining my den in "The Enquirer" office was a room which was set apart as a free reading-room for laboring men. I had fitted this room with some cheap chairs and tables. Materials for writing were on the tables, and when I was done with my exchanges they were placed in the reading-room. There were also some shelves upon which reposed several books on labor subjects and a number of reports of labor bureaus. One afternoon I was sitting in this room engaged in conversation with John Lennon and the master workman of the assembly at Golden, Colorado, William Carroll, who had called to see me about business of the Knights of Labor, just before taking the train for his home.

There were also in the room two men whom I had never seen before. They looked like workingmen, and as it was quite a common thing for workingmen who had just come to town in search of work — union men, I mean — to drop into the reading-room to write letters or look over the papers, no particular attention was paid to these two. Just as Carroll arose to go, John Lennon quickly wrote a few words on the margin of a paper he held in his hand and, tearing the part on which he had written from the paper, passed it to me. Glancing at the slip of paper I read these words: —

"There is dynamite concealed somewhere in this room."

Jumping quickly to my feet I placed my hand on Carroll's shoulder, saying, —

"Wait a minute, Billy."

It at once occurred to me that there was but one place in the room where anything could be concealed — the top of the book-shelves. Climbing to the first shelf, which was about a yard above the floor, I held on with one hand, while with the other hand I felt along the top of the shelves, behind the

molding that stuck up two or three inches above the top board. Presently my hand came in contact with a small package wrapped in paper which had a greasy "feel." That was what I was looking for. Grasping the package firmly I jumped to the floor, at the same moment turning my eyes toward the two strangers. They were looking straight at me. Their manner reassured me to some extent. Had only one of them been noticing my rather unusual movements, or had they been covertly watching me, I should have been alarmed; but as it was, I was not going to take chances. Stepping up to Carroll, I handed him the package, without disturbing the wrapper, and said: —

"Billy, drop this into Clear Creek as your train goes over. You need not open it."

"All right," was all the comment Carroll made. He was a mountain man and knew what was in the package; and what was better still, he was a true knight and my trusting friend.

As Carroll withdrew I stepped near to the door and Lennon came and stood beside me. We talked of other things, but each of us

knew what was in the other's mind — the strangers were not going to leave that room until after the time for the departure of the train for Golden. If there was a job afoot, it would not be carried out that day. Half an hour after Carroll's departure Lennon and I stepped into my den for a few minutes, and when we returned to the reading-room the strangers were gone, and I never saw either of them again.

John Lennon told me afterward that he had been told by one of our fellows — one of the two who had shown me the bogus lumps of coal — that he had left the giant powder in the reading-room and had n't had a chance to remove it. Lennon realized that the finding of the stuff on my premises would put me in an embarrassing position, and came to tell me about it. The presence of the two strangers in the room very naturally made the danger imminent in his eyes, and he took the bull by the horns.

Several of the strikers and strike sympathizers were assembled in the reading-room one morning, talking the situation over, when one of the men suggested that the road "be

treated to a soap diet." One way of employing soap is to spread it thickly on the rails, so that the driving wheels of the engine will not hold, but will slip. If the soapy stretch of track is long enough the train will come to a standstill, after slipping some distance. The other method is to place a lot of soap in the water-tank of the engine-tender. It is not possible to make steam from soap-suds, and soap-suds is what the boilers of a locomotive would contain after shaking up the soap and water in her tank. Nothing really serious could result from the application of "the soap diet." The suggestion brought an element of humor into the consideration of a subject that was, in its general aspects, tragic; but the soap thought was discouraged by the committee. It was funny to think of and talk about, but the practical application of the idea, the wiser heads held, would do the strike no good and might do harm.

I do not mean that the Rio Grande strike was a milk and water affair or that the men in charge were meek and humble suppliants at the feet of the public and the company. We did all we could to em-

barrass the management by means not forbidden by law, and many were guilty of "contempt of court," and glad of it. We did our best to keep men from performing service on the trains, and we never ceased for a moment from the agitation of creating an atmosphere unsuited for "scabs." We neglected to pass resolutions denouncing the band of women who threw a pair of "scabs," on their way to work in the Burnham shops, into the irrigating ditch, and not one striker whipped his wife for participating in the affair. But no member of the committee, or one who was in any way responsible for the management of the strike, advised violent measures or knew of any attempts to take life or destroy property.

But dynamite was used, in small ways, on several occasions, and the enemies of the strikers, under the leadership of "The News," seized upon every opportunity of this kind to inflame the mind of the public against the "leaders." According to "The News" the three men responsible for the strike and who were the cause of all of the disorder

were John B. Lennon, C. J. Driscoll, and myself; I, of course, being the chief conspirator and king devil.

Some dynamite was placed under an engine, and the engine was blown from the track; the damage was slight. How it was possible for strikers to perform that trick while the yard in which the engine stood swarmed with Keith's "detectives" was never explained, but "The News" said "it was some of Buchanan's work." Two days later one corner of the machine-shop at Burnham was blown up. "More of that fiend Buchanan's work," cried "The News." Things were getting warm and, when my enemy suggested that a lynching-bee, "with Buchanan as the central figure," would be the proper thing, the temperature was about at the boiling point. Here is a specimen editorial paragraph from "The News": —

"As the sun rises some of these fine mornings its glinting rays will fall upon the stiffened corse of Joe Buchanan hanging to one of the cottonwoods in the Platte bottom."

Such little pleasantries were not entirely to my liking, but I thought the dog's bark was worse than his bite, and the threats did n't annoy me so much as the studied and continued misrepresentation of my attitude prior to the calling of the strike — the charge that I was responsible for the ordering of the strike. But when "The News" boldly announced, on its editorial page, that a committee had been organized to lynch me "immediately following the next explosion of dynamite in connection with the strike," I agreed with my friends that it was time to prepare for trouble.

The explosions that occurred, though they caused but slight damage to the property of the company, were injuring the cause of the men on strike and the order to which they belonged, for it was natural that the public should charge all acts in opposition to the company, or against its property, to the strikers. The committee deplored every act of violence that might appear to be perpetrated or inspired by the strikers or their friends, and we were more desirous than any other section of the com-

munity of preventing all such demonstrations.

I sent a telegram to Frederick Turner, General Secretary-Treasurer of the Knights of Labor, with headquarters at Philadelphia, Penn., stating that I was sorely in need of funds to save the reputation of the order, and to protect myself from threatening dangers. I received a reply assuring me that my draft for any amount would be honored.

Immediately I inserted in the papers which were not openly antagonistic to the strikers a notice to the effect that the Knights of Labor would "pay a reward of $500 for the apprehension of the person or persons who attempted to derail the Rio Grande train on Saturday evening," the then most recent act of the dynamiters; and the offer was afterward raised to $1000 and extended to cover subsequent similar acts.

Armed with Mr. Turner's telegram I called upon General David J. Cook, chief of the Rocky Mountain Detective Agency, an old and reputable association, which employed a corps of real detectives — not a lot

of bums to carry guns in times of strikes at $2 a day. General Cook himself was a pioneer of Denver; he had been a resident of Colorado since the days before civil law was established in the territory, and was said to have done service in the court of Judge Lynch on more than one occasion during those early days. The general was accounted one of the most skillful men in his line in the Great West, and his standing was high with the peace officers of the state, from the highest to the lowest. He will be remembered as the man, spoken of in the first chapter, sent by Governor Pitkin to take charge at the time martial law was installed at Leadville. Showing the telegram to General Cook, and satisfying him as to the reliability of Frederick Turner, I asked: —

"Will you undertake a commission for me?"

"What is its nature?" inquired the general.

"I want to find out who is responsible for the dynamite outrages on the Rio Grande road and to look up several other matters in connection with the strike. You will not

be asked to do anything that will conflict with your sense of duty as a good citizen. And we want you to find the dynamiters, whether they are our friends or our foes."

"How long will you want the services of the association?" he asked.

"We don't want the association, General; we want you to personally take this job—that is, we want you to work on the case yourself," I replied.

"That will be expensive, my boy."

"How expensive?" I asked.

"Well," said the general, "suppose we put it this way: I will make a thorough investigation of the dynamite business, and do any other little turns that you want, and hold myself in readiness to carry out any instructions you may give for a period of three weeks, the price for which will be $500."

"When can you go to work?" I asked.

"This minute," was the prompt reply.

"Come with me to the bank," I then said.

On the way to the bank I called upon a merchant friend, explained matters, and asked him to go over and indorse for me.

He complied with my request, and in ten minutes I had drawn upon Frederick Turner to the amount of five hundred dollars and had placed that sum in the hands of General Cook. The general and I withdrew to a quiet corner of the bank's lobby and I said to him: —

"General, you know of the assertion that a committee has been organized to lynch me, if the dynamiting does not cease. I want you to learn if there is any truth in the assertion."

"I can answer that question now. Such a committee has been organized, or so I was told by a man who claimed to be a member of it, and who wanted me to join; but I know only that one member. I can get the names of the active movers in the affair in an hour," continued the general. "My man will think I am reconsidering my refusal to go in with them."

"All right," I said. "Meet me at Zimmerman's cigar counter in one hour."

Of course I kept the appointment to the minute. I saw General Cook passing into Zimmerman's while I was half a dozen rods

away. As I entered the place he turned around and saluted me with: —

"Hello, you dynamiter! Come and have a cigar."

We stepped to the cigar-lighter together, and General Cook, making a sweeping glance around the room to assure himself that no one was looking toward us, handed me a piece of light brown wrapping-paper that he had crushed into a little ball in his hand. I did not wait a second, but, saluting the general with a wave of the hand, hurried out and made a straight plunge for my office, half a block away. Closing the door of my den behind me I untwisted the little piece of paper and read thereon the names of six men, all of whom were well known to me.

As I write now that scrap of manila paper is before me, and I can still read the names on it without straining my eyes.

What I am about to relate will read to many, no doubt, like a scene from a border melodrama, and I have learned to smile as my friends and I talk of it; but to the two actors in the scene in my den that day there

was no gleam of humor; all was as serious as anything had ever been in either of our lives.

In Denver there was a semi-military society — a sort of shooting-club, composed of about forty radical socialists. The members of this club were friendly to me, the captain being one of those who had made heavy sacrifices to keep "The Enquirer" from perishing. When I had read the names on the piece of paper given to me by the detective, and had spent a few minutes in thought, I called the "cub" from the composing-room and directed him to go to the place of business of the captain of the shooting-club, and to tell that gentleman I wanted to see him as soon as he could come to the office. While the boy was gone I made a careful copy of the six names on the manila paper, and placed the copy in an envelope, which I sealed. In less than ten minutes after the boy left the office the captain was alone with me in my den. I closed and bolted the door, and, turning to the captain, asked: —

"How many men are there in your shooting-club?"

"Forty and odd," he replied.

"What is their club equipment?" was my next question.

"Each man has a repeating Winchester rifle, and many of them also have revolvers," the captain answered with a look that showed he was puzzled at my manner and questions.

"I know you are my friend; of what proportion of your company can I say the same thing?" I asked.

"Every man of us is your friend and will stand by you through thick and thin," replied the captain warmly.

"Should the men who threaten to lynch me carry out their threat, and you and the company knew who those men were, what would you do?" I asked, as quietly as the nature of the question would permit.

"We would get every one of them that we could find, and they would have to move fast if they got away," he replied in a quiet tone that meant much to me, who knew him well.

I was satisfied. I knew the vernacular, and "'get" was enough to make me under-

stand what would become of the lynch talkers if anything came of their talk.

Taking the envelope from my desk, where I had placed it as the captain entered, I laid it in his hand, saying: —

"In this envelope are the names of the six men who are trying to work up a sentiment in favor of lynching me. Of course they will not do anything themselves, further than to fan the prejudice that has been manufactured against me, and, when they think the moment is propitious, incite the mob on the streets and in the bar-rooms to make a raid upon this office, and to get away with me if possible. Of course I shall be very careful, and I am going to withdraw my objections to the placing of a guard in the office every night. But I want you to come here every morning at about seven o'clock, and every evening at the same hour, and if I am not here or satisfactory explanation of my whereabouts cannot be given you, then I want you to call your company together at once and read to it the names on the piece of paper you will find in that envelope. You will then know what to do.

Will you promise to carry out my wishes in full?"

"I promise, upon my honor! I 'll swear it, if you want me to do so!" cried my friend, without hesitation.

"No, your promise is enough for me." I knew he would keep the promise to the letter, if the occasion arose.

"One thing more," I said. "I am going to put your confidence in me to a further test. If the present trouble blows over and no harm comes to me, I want you to bring that envelope back to me with the seal unbroken. It might not be wise to make the names known to many unless there were extreme provocation. Will you make that promise also?"

"As willingly and as sincerely as I made the other promise," said the captain, as he put the envelope in his pocket.

It may be well to close this matter here by stating that the captain either came to the office himself or sent some one twice each day during the troublous times that followed, but always found me in or received satisfactory information; and when, on the

day just six weeks after I gave it to him, he brought the envelope back to me, it was still sealed. Tearing off the end I took out the piece of paper and, asking him to keep the names to himself, passed it to the captain. He read the names over two or three times and handed the paper back to me, remarking: —

"I had four out of the six spotted, but I never suspected the other two."

Then I struck a match and burned the paper to ashes, but, as I have said, the original is still in my possession.

The six men may only have intended to frighten me by their threats to lynch, but when one realizes what a simple matter it would have been for a mob, encouraged by threats, and under the excitement of a dynamite explosion, to make the attempt — possibly successful — to enforce the threats; I say when one thinks of that, and remembers my arrangement with the captain of the shooting-club, one is likely to believe that there were six men in a rather dangerous position in Denver for a time. Once and once only I made a statement in "The En-

quirer" that was intended as a warning to the six gentlemen. I printed a small editorial in which I said that the men active in the lynching agitation were all known to me, and I felt it only fair to let them know that they were proposing a game at which others could play as well as themselves.

In my talk with the captain of the shooting-club I spoke of a proposal to place a guard at night in "The Enquirer" office. This proposition had been made and urged by some of my friends, but I had opposed the idea. On the day I learned from Cook that there was really something to the threat of lynching — the day I gave the sealed envelope to the captain — I informed my friends that I was willing that they should establish the guard as suggested. That night twelve men, armed with rifles and revolvers, were stationed in and upon the building. The building was two stories in height, with a one-storied extension running almost back to the alley in the rear; the main building had a flat roof. The surrounding structures were much more pretentious, as the location was in the heart of what was then the

business part of the city. "The News" office was on the opposite side of the street, at the other end of the block.

"The Enquirer" and a job printer, to whom I sub-let, occupied all of the second floor but two rear rooms; in these two rooms I lived with my family; that is, my wife was with me there until the third night after the guard was established. That night one of the men was examining a new Marlin rifle when it was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through a thin partition and lodging in the bedding at my wife's feet. The next day my wife went to her mother's home, in another part of the city, where our little boy had been since the beginning of the strike. I then removed the bed and other household effects to the kitchen and, transferring my desk, made of the room which had been the peaceful, though humble, altar of my domestic life, the literary bureau, war department, and arsenal of the strike. For three weeks what sleep I got was taken on the floor of that room — the floor was carpeted, and we managed to find something to go under our heads.

There were usually a dozen men on the premises from seven o'clock at night until six o'clock in the morning; six would sleep in that room while the other six patrolled the hall, the roof, and the rear extension of the building. As an extra precaution, on several occasions when the signs were particularly threatening, the front stairway, leading from the sidewalk to the office floor, was webbed with heavy wire, stretched in a sort of criss-cross manner. Those in charge of the defense of the office thought that only a small percentage of a mob making an assault would be able to get up those stairs, threaded with wire, especially if twelve men armed with repeating-rifles were properly disposed at the top of the stairs. The wire was so arranged that it could be easily taken down and put up again when the commandant thought it necessary. So far as I know, only one man got tangled in that wire, and he was one of our fellows who forgot instructions and tried to come up the front way after 7 P. M., instead of entering through the alley at the back.

Every night at about ten o'clock a man,

with hat pulled down over his face and coat collar turned up around his ears, crept through the alley, up across the roof of the one-story extension and through the window into my kitchen. He was commander of one of the squads of "special detectives" who were guarding the railway yards. He came to tell me what were the orders issued by his chief for that night and the next day. A spy? Most assuredly, and why not? The enemy were continually boasting that they were kept fully posted on everything said and done by the labor men; we were fighting the devil with fire.

The company had made several futile attempts to open the shops at Burnham; on one occasion a few "scabs" were induced to go to work, but they worked only one day. That was the time the women threw several "scabs" into the irrigating ditch. After these failures Receiver Jackson and his satellites decided that quiet resumptions were not the line in which they excelled, so they thought to try the more demonstrative plan of announcing to the world, the "scabs," strikers, and public generally, that the shops

were going to open and proceed with work. The date selected for this extensively advertised "opening" was Monday, May 18, the hour 7 A. M. On Sunday evening, May 17, an immense meeting under the auspices of the strikers, was held in the skating-rink. On this occasion all the speakers were labor men. One of the questions discussed at the meeting was the proposed opening of the Burnham shops on the following morning. At the conclusion of the meeting an invitation was extended, from the platform, to all who could spare the time to attend the "opening." The hour was a bit too early for me, as I was up late at night and did not sleep well on the floor of the office until after daylight, anyway, so I did not go over to the Burnham shops that Monday morning.

The events of that morning, including the gathering at the shops and what the strikers ever after delighted to call the "Grand Parade," made one of the interesting and amusing episodes of the strike, and, therefore, I think the affair worthy of more than a passing reference. About fifteen hundred men and one hundred women were

gathered on the lots adjoining the shops at the hour announced for the "opening;" they had been assembling since six o'clock. Nearly every one of the Union Pacific shopmen, over 600, were in the crowd. The whistle blew as usual, at seven o'clock, in the Union Pacific shops that morning, but the workmen were at Burnham and did not hear it. They all "showed up" at ten o'clock, however, and nothing was ever said by their superiors about their tardiness. From the accounts furnished by a reporter for "The Enquirer Extra" and from others who were present I received a full report of all that happened that morning. The scene around the shops was quite lively, and interesting incidents moved swiftly. A sentence in "The Extra's" report reads: —

"It is reported that three or four 'scabs' got pretty badly thumped this morning."

A "scab" tried to get through the line of strike sympathizers to the shop entrance; half a dozen women gave him the "ditch degree." Those housewives of labor were fervent believers in the virtues of water. The "scab" scrambled out of the ditch and,

supported by an ex-sheriff and another representative of Judge Hallett's court, made the attempt again to get through the line. This time the women, temporarily abandoning the "water-cure," threw dirt in the faces of the advancing trio. The deputies, with the "scab" between them, and their hands on their pistols, were driven back. Presently four more deputies arrived, and the six tried to get the ambitious "scab" through the line. Again defeated, all further efforts in that direction were abandoned, and the "grand opening" was postponed to a more convenient season.

At half-past seven the great crowd rolled and tumbled itself into a sort of hit or miss column, and, with nearly two thousand voices loudly singing the then battle hymn of organized labor in the West, "Hold the Fort, ye Knights of Labor!" marched to the rink in the city, two miles away. The parade halted several times en route. The first stop was at the county jail, in which were incarcerated the five men convicted of "contempt of court." Sheriff Graham was at the jail, and when the spokesmen of the

paraders told him they wanted to see "the boys," he brought out his five prisoners, who visited among their army of friends and then returned to be locked up, while the crowd sang "Hold the Fort!"

A few blocks farther and the parade came to a flouring-mill that was boycotted by organized labor. Here the song had a rest for a few minutes, while cat-calls, groans, and hisses had an inning; then the march and the song again.

I was sleeping soundly on my hard bed when there came a heavy pounding on my chamber door, and then I heard the voice of Charlie Johnson, the foreman of my printing-office, crying, "Get up, Joe! Get up in a hurry!"

I sprang to my feet and grasping a revolver, asked what was the matter. Of course I thought the lynchers were after me sure enough, and in broad daylight, after my body-guard had gone away for the day. There was the sound of many voices in the street, and that a mob was after me I was positive; but Johnson quickly dispelled my fears by saying: —

"Come into the front room at once. You are wanted; everything is all right."

Pulling on my shoes and grabbing up my hat — otherwise I was fully dressed already — I hurried into the composing-room in front. Johnson had thrown open the window and as I entered he motioned for me to come to his side. I stepped to the window, and, with Johnson's assistance, out upon the heavy cornice. Massed in the street below were the paraders from the Burnham "opening." As I came into view some one proposed "Three cheers for 'The Enquirer' and its editor!" Of course the cheers were given; they were heard ten blocks away; then the crowd sang the chorus of "Hold the Fort!" as I stood on the cornice, smiling and happy. It was worth the scare I'd had.

When the singing stopped, the parade moved to the other end of the block and stopped in front of "The News" office. There was not any singing there, but groans and hisses instead; and also a little bonfire, fed by copies of "The News." I was told the doors of "The News" building were

rudely closed and locked in the faces of the callers.

The last stop before the rink was reached was at Shed's "Cheap Store." It was being boycotted because of a trouble with organized labor over a question of seats for clerks. The usual demonstration, from which only the jail and "The Enquirer" were exempted that morning, was made at Shed's, and then the crowd marched to the rink and disbanded, after singing, for the fortieth time that day, "Hold the Fort, ye Knights of Labor!"

While the strikers continued to show a bold front there was some complaining before the end of the third week, and there were some who had to have financial assistance. The General Assembly was not able to advance money for relief. It will be remembered that I announced the state of the general funds at the meeting which ordered the strike. True, my call for help as a member of the General Executive Board to meet an emergency had been honored, but I knew the state of the funds, and it was not expected that I would go beyond reasonable limits. As a matter of fact I never called for

anything beyond the five hundred dollars that I gave to David Cook. To provide assistance for those who were in need an appeal was made, first to the local labor organizations, then to the movement throughout the country. "The Enquirer" had subscribers in every state of the Union—in fact, its "outside" circulation, including Colorado towns, was larger than that at home; and through the paper considerable money was sent to the strike committee. There were expenses connected with the strike, in addition to the relief of members who were needy, and it was pretty hard scratching sometimes to make both ends meet; but there was never a thought of surrender. The Western labor man has always been a "stayer" and a hard fighter.

The women were a great support, always ready with encouragement when it was most needed, and they were not afraid to allow the public to know just where they stood, especially on the question of "scabs." But their especial charges were the "boys" in jail. Twice during each week a committee from Hope Assembly — the women's as-

sembly — would go to the home of Kate Dwyer, who kept a working-girls' boarding-house, and there would be a cooking-bee that produced all kinds of good things to eat. After a big hamper was filled with the good things the committee would carry it over to the jail. Flowers were sent to the jail almost every day by the women folks. At the conclusion of their three months in the "Bastile" the "boys" said they had never lived so well in their lives as during their imprisonment.

The wives of the imprisoned men were loyal and courageous and never one of them complained. An extract from a letter written by one of these, which I find in "The Enquirer Extra," will show just how they felt: —

"My Dear Husband, — . . . I am glad to know that you are so cheerful. I have not felt at all discouraged or downhearted. Some say we are disgraced for all time; but I tell them that I feel proud and honored that you were among those chosen to be persecuted in such a grand and noble cause.

The boys are holding out faithfully here. Be courageous; the end is not yet. Try to keep well, so as to have strength to fight the good fight to the end. . . .

"Your loving wife,

———."

To return to the would-be lynchers and their influence over my movements: During the three weeks that the guard was maintained in my office I went out at night three times. Once I went to the home of my mother-in-law, to meet my "spy," who sent word to me that he was being watched, and was afraid to come to the office, as usual. I was, of course, "spotted" and followed; but the "spy" was awaiting me at my mother-in-law's, and he got away without being detected, though he hid for an hour in the ash-pit at the rear of the premises.

Another time I went to the theater, at the urgent request of my friends, who thought I should have a little recreation. On the way to and from the opera-house I walked between eight men, four in front and four behind. They thought the precaution necessary

in case of an attempt to "slug" me. Nothing happened.

My third nocturnal trip is, I think, worthy of a fuller recital than the two already mentioned.

It will be remembered that General U. S. Grant died in the summer of 1885. Denver, as did many other cities in the country, held a memorial parade. Judge William Felker, then State Railway Commissioner, was selected by the Citizens' Committee as grand marshal of the Denver parade. Organized labor was invited, through the Trades Assembly, — which body I had assisted in organizing, and of which I had served three terms as president, — to participate in the parade, and to select a representative for appointment as an aide upon the staff of the grand marshal. The invitation was accepted by the assembly, and I was named as the choice of the body for the position of aide. Of course "The News" set up a howl at the choice made by the Trades Assembly and managed to work up some opposition to my appointment. Judge Felker was urged by my enemies not to appoint me. He placed the protest before

the officers of the Trades Assembly, but assured them that he personally had no objection to my serving on his staff. The representatives of the assembly said that labor had made its choice and that he would be accepted and shown as much consideration as any other aide or organized labor would not march. That settled it. Our four thousand men were wanted in the parade; it turned out that fully half of those in the parade came with the protested aide.

I did n't attend any of the meetings of the grand marshal and his aides until the last one, held the night before the parade was to take place. The judge was anxious that we should all be present at that last meeting and, guided by the advice of those closest to me in strike affairs, I went to the judge's office. There were twelve men, not counting the grand marshal, present; but I never was superstitious about the number 13. It was about ten o'clock when the judge had delivered what appeared to be his final instructions and we were listening to a little talk from one of the aides, when a dull, heavy sound as if an explosion had occurred at some

distance from where we sat, greeted our ears. The aide stopped his remarks in the middle of a sentence and, instinctively, it seemed, every man in the room looked at me. They all evidently remembered the notice given by "The News" that I was to be lynched "immediately following the next explosion." There was perfect silence for half a minute, then Halsey Rhoades, editor of "The Rocky Mountain Herald," a weekly newspaper, said:—

"That sounded like dynamite, Buchanan."

"It did, indeed," I replied.

Within two minutes the meeting had been dismissed by the grand marshal and the room was empty. I was in no particular hurry, and so was the last one down the two flights of stairs to the street. The street was well lighted, and as I stood in the outer door of the building I noticed that the sidewalks were unusually filled with people. I calmly surveyed the scene for a moment and then started toward my office, three blocks away. I walked leisurely along, but not stopping, though I occasionally nodded to an acquaintance.

The greater part of those on the street were going in the same direction that I took, and many of them were moving very quickly. Several men turned and looked at me after they had passed me by, and the policemen simply stood and stared. My way took me in front of "The News" office, though I might have crossed the street and not gone directly by the door of my enemy; I did n't cross the street, however. Gathered in front of "The News" building was a crowd of two hundred or more, and the editor-in-chief, talking loudly, sprang into a buggy just before I reached the spot and drove rapidly away. Had he looked behind him he would probably have seen me — and there might have been trouble right there; but he was headed for the Rio Grande yards, where the explosion had occurred. I walked on by the crowd; no one made a move, whether or not I was recognized, and it was n't my move. While many, in their haste, were rushing by me, it must not be understood that the companions of my stroll were continually changing completely. There were many who seemed to be in no greater hurry than I

myself was. When I reached a point just opposite my office, I turned into a tobacco-store. The proprietor was a friend of mine, and as he handed me out the cigar I called for, he asked: —

"Is n't it a little risky for you to be out?"

"Why should it be 'risky'?" said I.

"Did n't you know there was an explosion?" asked my friend.

"Yes. What was it?" I inquired as I lighted my cigar.

"They think it was over at the Burnham shops, but no sure word has come from there yet. But I think you had better keep out of sight for a while, Mr. Buchanan;" and it was evident he was very apprehensive for my safety.

"I 'm going, don't worry. I 'm all right," and I passed out of the store into the throng on the sidewalk. Instead of going directly across the street to my office, as I might have done, I walked on to the corner, crossed, and came down on the other side. There were fully fifty men in my office and in the hall of the building when I reached there.

When they saw me they gave a shout, though few of them had felt any particular concern about my safety.

Among the uninitiated I received credit for displaying a sort of reckless courage that night. They were mistaken, and here is the explanation: —

When I stepped onto the sidewalk in front of the building in which the meeting of the grand marshal and his aides had been held, I gave a quick but careful glance all about me. That glance revealed so many of my friends in the crowd that it would have been a difficult task to count them. It is easy to understand, when you have the explanation, that my friends, knowing where I was, would hasten, in as large numbers as possible, to join me when they heard the explosion. Those who passed without haste down the street were my friends, and a goodly bunch of them kept close about me all the time, though not a word passed between us. Probably there was greater danger on the street than in the office, but it was a positive relief to me to be out in the open air during one short period of excitement; and one does n't

have so much trouble with his nerves in a time like that if he can see all that is going on around him.

About half an hour after I reached my office the report was brought in that the explosion had taken place at the Burnham shops. A considerable charge of giant powder had been placed near one corner of the main shop. Little damage had been done to the building, though a large hole had been made in the ground. No arrests were made, and there was no lynching-bee that night. I began to think that our preparations were known to the enemy and they feared even to attempt to carry out their threats. But there was no letting up in the war upon and efforts to frighten the "leaders."

A day or so after the incidents just related I received a call from a gentleman who held a high and important position in the city government. He was also a member of the Knights of Labor, and we had been intimate friends for several years. His especial object in paying me that visit was to inform me that it had come to his knowledge that certain parties had made an arrangement with

the mayor and the chief of the fire department to employ the big bell on the central fire-station to call the lynchers together when the time came to string me up. It is unnecessary to explain fully why and how the gentleman who came to see me obtained his information, but that he knew the entire programme there was not the slightest doubt in my mind. He said that the bell was to be tapped in a certain peculiar way to call the mob together at the fire-house, which was less than two blocks from my office.

Of course I quietly spread the information my friend gave me, including the fire-bell code of the would-be lynchers, among the leaders of the various labor organizations, not omitting the captain of the shooting-club, and told them to inform as many of their men as they could trust to keep their mouths closed. This move meant that the taps that called the would-be lynchers together at the fire-house would also bring several hundred of my friends to my office. We thought we had the best of that game, and I guess we had, though the question was never tested.

I had three other callers, not listed among my active supporters, that same day. These gentlemen were prominent in Denver's business circles and were all members of the Board of Trade. I am not now positive that they said they represented officially the Board of Trade, but they used the name of the organization freely in their talk to me. The spokesman of the party was Mr. Phillip Trounstine, member of one of the city's leading clothing firms. He said that he and his associates had called to see if they could induce me to leave the city and remain away until the excitement, particularly the "lynch talk," quieted down. I remember quite well the substance, if not the actual language, of my reply.

"Mr. Trounstine," I said, "you have known me ever since I have been in Colorado, about seven years. You have transacted business with me, and for the greater part of those seven years our places of business have been in the same block. Did you ever know me to commit a dishonest or unmanly act?"

"I never did," was Mr. Trounstine's reply.

"Then what do you mean by coming here and asking me to leave the city?"

"We are fearful that this agitation against you will lead to rash action by those who do not know the truth about you; they will be aided by the lawless element," said Trounstine.

"If it's my personal safety you are concerned about," I replied, "you may dismiss your fears. My friends will take care of me."

"That's what troubles us, Buchanan," said the merchant. "That is, we are afraid that the threat to lynch you will be carried out sometime when you can be caught off your guard, in a moment of excitement, and that your friends will take a terrible revenge upon the city."

"You don't believe I am at all responsible for the dynamiting that has been going on, do you?" I asked.

"No, we do not, but our belief on that question does not allay our fears in the other direction," said Mr. Trounstine.

After talking for half an hour in this way, the discussion traveling round and round a

circle, I closed the meeting by saying, as positively as I knew how to say it: —

" Gentlemen, you have come to the wrong shop. If you wish to restore peace in this community call upon the gentleman whose office is at the other end of the block, on the opposite side of the street. Otherwise take my advice and increase the amount of your insurance, for I don't think you have made a bad guess in the latter half of your prognostication. As for me, I stay right here, unless my duties call me elsewhere temporarily. All I have in this world is my good name among those who know me well, and the respect and confidence of the laboring people of this city, state, and country. The workingmen of Denver trust me and are standing by me ; they, as well as I, are taking chances in this fight. I am not seeking martyrdom, and hanging is not the way I want to die ; but I would rather be hanged forty times, if that were possible, than to show the white flag of fear to the men who are battling by my side, or repay the trust and confidence reposed in me by an act of cowardice. Much as I sympathize with you,

as innocent sufferers in a war not of your own making, I cannot for a moment entertain your suggestion."

The three gentlemen withdrew and I, hurrying away so as to get back before dark, turned my steps toward the Methodist parsonage, to see the good man who above all others I relied upon in the darkest hours for counsel and advice as to my personal movements.

When I had told Dr. De La Matyr of the interview that had just taken place in my office and repeated as nearly as I could what I had said in conclusion to the gentlemen, he placed his hand on my shoulder and said: —

"You did precisely right, my boy. You will, no doubt, make many mistakes in life, but I sincerely hope you will never be a coward in the cause of truth and justice."

How I loved that good man for those words. It would have broken my heart had he disapproved of my course in what was, all things considered, the severest test I had ever to face in the labor movement.

I did leave Denver, however, a few days

later; and to preserve the chronological sequence of my story, I must defer the telling of the closing incidents of the Rio Grande strike until I have related the reasons for my going away and what occurred while I was on that mission.

CHAPTER VI

DISAPPOINTING MY FRIENDS

ON Wednesday, August 12, 1885, I departed from Denver to attend a meeting of the General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor at St. Louis. I traveled by a train which left Denver between the hours of 9 and 10 P. M. In my first letter to "The Enquirer" from St. Louis I wrote: "Notwithstanding the outlines of scaffolds and half-inch rope which my excited imagination painted vividly before my eyes at every turn in the streets, I reached in safety the Union Depot a few minutes before the Limited Express left for the East, over the Kansas Pacific." "The News" paid me the compliment of noting — without "regrets" — my departure from the city in its issue of the following morning; but, hornet-like, the sting of the announcement was in its tail. The concluding sentence of the "personal" was to the effect that the city being well rid

of me, the people should not allow me to return.

The meeting of the Executive Board at St. Louis was for the purpose of considering a matter placed before the board by the Wabash men. It will be recalled that a few months before, — in April, to be exact, — I had been "on the Wabash," and had assisted in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion a strike of the Knights of Labor shopmen. Within eight weeks after the settlement of that strike the company began to ignore the terms of the agreement upon which peace had been restored. Before the first of August every important clause of the agreement had been violated by the company's officials. The men at Springfield and Decatur, Illinois, and Fort Wayne, Indiana, made the first practical protest; they went on strike, their chief grievance being the failure of the company to pay wages once in each month, as required by the laws of the states of Illinois and Indiana. Strikes quickly followed at other points in the states mentioned, and in Missouri, for divers reasons; and when the superintendents and foremen

posted notices to the effect that members of the order of Knights of Labor would not be employed on the system, there was a general strike, embracing the whole force of shopmen on the system. About this time District Assembly No. 93, composed of all the local assemblies on the Wabash, was organized.

The Wabash was being operated under a receiver, as were the lines which comprised the "Gould Southwestern System," among which were the Missouri Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the Iron Mountain, and the Texas Pacific. The men on these other lines — that is, the Knights of Labor men — were very much exercised over the condition of affairs on the Wabash, and to this feeling of sympathy, more than anything else, was due the calling together of the members of the General Executive Board.

I had received not only the official notice of the meeting from General Secretary Turner, but also urgent appeals from the Executive Board of the Wabash and from two individuals, members of that board, to be present at the meeting. One brother, Rev.

A. C. Caughlin, sent me a lengthy telegram, in which he urged me, "if you love your fellow men," to be at the meeting without fail. He said, "We want you, though all the others stay away." My reason for reciting these evidences of my popularity with the Wabash men will be apparent to the reader later. Of course it is evident that their regard for me was due to the service I had rendered their cause in the April strike.

Well, as I have said, I went to St. Louis. Mr. Powderly was ill at his home in Scranton, and did not join the board until the third day of the meeting, or just on the eve of our departure for the East. All of the other members, Frederick Turner, secretary, William H. Bailey, John W. Hayes, and myself were present when the board was called to order, in Lightfoot's Hall, St. Louis, Friday morning, August 14. In the absence of Mr. Powderly I was selected to act as chairman. There were also present at that first day's meeting eleven members of the executive board of District No. 93, the Wabash, and seventeen delegates representing the roads of the "Gould Southwestern System."

That first day's session lasted from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening without intermission, and it was about the hardest "eight-hour day" that one member of the committee ever experienced. Far be it from my wish to disparage, at this late day, the actions of the other members of the Executive Board on that occasion; and naturally it was to be expected that they would allow the burden to rest upon the shoulders where it had been placed by the confiding and zealous Wabash men. At any rate, the facts are that Turner simply kept the records of the meeting, Hayes looked on and said nothing, Bailey put in most of the time at a window, trying to get on friendly terms with the elusive zephyrs that occasionally stole through Washington Avenue that hot day, while to the man who had traveled a thousand miles, leaving grave responsibilities behind him, was left the task which was sure, temporarily, at least, to work his own undoing.

The joint session of the two boards and the committees from the "Southwestern System" had lasted but a short time when

it became apparent that the principal object of the Wabash men in asking for the meeting was to induce a sympathetic strike upon the part of the Knights employed by the other companies. The reason why my presence was so earnestly desired was also made plain: I was accounted "a fighter" by the Wabash men, and they also believed it was my especial delight to fight railway companies. Observe upon what false premises reputations sometimes rest. I had been prominent in several strikes, four of them against railway companies. With one exception the railway strikes had been ordered without consultation with me, I being called in after the fights were on, and in the case of the exception I had opposed the calling of the strike to the utmost of my ability. Yet the Wabash men had said among themselves, "If Buchanan can be induced to leave the Rio Grande trouble and come to the meeting, the Southwestern men will be called out in our support."

Members of the executive board of the Wabash made clear and full statements of their condition and the status of their strike,

and, pointing out the traffic and other relations existing between the Wabash and the roads of the Southwest, expressed, with the utmost confidence, the belief that the proposed sympathetic strike would hasten to a successful issue their contest. It was also shown that the Southwestern men, especially the employees of the Missouri Pacific, had grievances of their own, which could be righted at the same time. Several of the representatives of the other roads declared that their people were ready and willing to strike to help the Wabash men and, incidentally, to secure adjustments of their own grievances. Then came "the tug of war."

"If the Wabash men want you to strike and your people are as willing as you say to comply with the request, why are we here wasting valuable time?" I asked.

"We want the General Executive Board to call us out," replied one of the Texas delegates.

"Which it will not do with my consent," I said; and there was consternation in the midst of the Wabash men. Surprise, dis-

appointment, anger, disgust, in turn, seized them as they took in the full meaning of my remark. Their "fighter" had turned coward; some were even ready, upon the impulse of the moment, to say he was a traitor. Slightly guarded these charges were thrown at me in the speeches that for a full hour followed my declaration. Then the excited men cooled down somewhat and began to plead, and in this they were assisted by the Southwestern men. Some of the speeches made, aimed at me, were truly eloquent. They were filled with the inspiring tone of courage — though mistaken that time — and breathed a spirit of brotherhood that brought tears to my eyes; and yet I had to oppose the wishes of those brave fellows.

The four members of the General Executive Board withdrew to a small room in the same building, and after five minutes' discussion decided that we could not grant the request to call out the Knights of Labor on the Southwestern System. When we returned to the hall I announced our decision. Then I was compelled to battle against those twenty-eight men, with whose troubles I

keenly sympathized, for several hours. I made but one "long talk" during the discussion. As I was told later by Mr. Caughlin that it was that talk which "destroyed our last hope," I will give the substance of my remarks: —

"You men of the Southwest," I said, "come here and tell us that you are prepared and willing to strike for the purpose of aiding the Wabash men. Why then, I ask you, have you not done so? You have the power, through your district assemblies, to order the strike. You are brave men, but you ask the General Executive Board, one member of it, in fact, — for you see how matters stand here, — to assume a responsibility you dare not take upon yourselves. I tell you I will not do it. I do not believe you have an even chance to win in a contest with the companies. The happiness — ay, the very lives — of thousands of women and little children would be placed in jeopardy by such a strike as you advocate. Am I to be responsible for them? You are not as well prepared for contests on your roads as the Wabash men are on theirs, and I do not believe you would

or could carry through successfully such a war as you propose, and"—

"We 'll fight it out to the bitter end!" cried one of the delegates, breaking in on my remarks.

"You think so now," I said; "but I do not believe you realize fully what the 'bitter end' might be. I have left a strike where the conditions are very much like those on the roads of the Gould System, to come here. We have had a terrible fight, with the odds all against us, and the end is not yet. Just as you are, the Rio Grande men were before their strike began. Now they understand the handicap they carried into the contest. They represented practically nothing outside of the shops, and these were not thoroughly organized; they could not count for a certainty upon the support of the trainmen; they were scantily supplied with funds, and the General Assembly was not in a position to give them assistance to any considerable extent. On the other side was a road in the hands of a receiver, supported by the federal court, with all its power and prestige. We will lose the Rio

Grande strike. This admission, which only the seriousness of the present situation here impels me to make, causes me pain and sorrow; but I want to warn you of what you may expect if you take the step you propose, and at the same time show you why I am so determined that the General Executive Board shall not be held responsible for a strike at this time on the Southwestern System.

"I see by your faces that some of you are not impressed by what I have said; you think I have turned coward and am looking for excuses to run away from danger. Listen while I paint for you a picture of such a strike as you would have the board order, and hear what I am willing to do if you will do as much: Let us say the strike is ordered and the shops closed, though the trains are running. You know as well as I do that you cannot defeat a railway company if the trains continue to run; therefore you will attempt to stop the trains. The police, deputy United States marshals, deputy sheriffs, and constables will swarm in the yards and on the tracks; you must drive

them off. You are husky fellows and full of fight, so I'll admit that you can whip the police and deputies. Then the militia of the various states through which the roads run will be called out to oppose you. Who are the militiamen? Only a lot of spindle-legged counter-jumpers, but they are well trained and armed for business. Still, guns are plentiful in your part of the country and most of you are pretty good shooters yourselves; besides, you will be battling for a principle and the welfare of 'Betty and the babies.' If you are brave men and have intelligent leadership, you can clean out the militia. Now what happens? The federal judges, under whom the roads are being operated, appeal to the President of the United States for assistance, and the regulars are sent to put down what has by this time become an armed revolution — rebellion, in fact. The picture is not overdrawn; we would have had just such terrible experiences in Colorado had we made serious efforts to stop the running of trains on the Rio Grande, and followed them up.

"Now here is my offer to you: If you

seventeen men who represent the Southwestern roads will make a solemn pledge here that you will carry through to 'the bitter end,' as one of your number expresses it, the programme as I have outlined it, or so much of it as is necessary, will fight until you are victorious or dead, I will no longer oppose the ordering of the strike by the General Executive Board, and when it is ordered, I will take any place in your ranks that may be assigned me, no matter what the danger may be, and will fight while there is a foe to assail or a cause to defend!"

I took my seat and waited, but not a man in the room moved. Presently I asked, "What do you say?"

A tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man, whose seat was just in front of mine, sprang to his feet, and, folding his arms across his chest, said, "I am ready to give the pledge."

It is not necessary that I should give this man's name; it is enough to state that he was from Fort Worth, Texas. He was a brave fellow; but in my eyes, not braver than the others who, when they realized what harm they might do to innocent per-

sons and to their country, conquered their own pride and fear of ridicule and sat silently under the challenge I had presented to them. It was simply two examples of courage from different points of view. The Fort Worth man alone stood for a moment, without uttering another word, and then resumed his seat.

The meeting soon thereafter adjourned. There was no Southwestern strike that year; it came about twelve months later, under the leadership of poor Martin Irons, but as I had nothing to do with that affair directly, it has no place in my "story."

Some of the members of the Wabash executive board were very angry at me, and I believe I lost friends that day whom I never regained; but others, seeing the point I had made against the position of the Southwestern men, who were not willing to take the responsibility of their own actions, but expected the General Executive Board to shoulder it, exonerated me from all blame. At a meeting of the General Executive Board, some months after the incidents just related, Rev. Mr. Caughlin, who was pre-

sent upon some business for his committee, coolly stated that he had been tempted at the meeting in Lightfoot's Hall, St. Louis, to go out and get a rope to hang me. "But," he added, "I soon became convinced that Buchanan's position that day was right in every particular." And thus it appeared that I was in danger of being lynched whether I stayed in Denver and supported a strike or went to another part of the country and opposed one.

Before adjourning, the General Executive Board indorsed the action of District Assembly 93 in passing resolutions calling for the impeachment of three judges of the United States courts. As this action by the highest officials of the order created considerable comment at the time, and as the charges made in the resolutions and the comments in an "Enquirer" editorial are applicable to several subsequent acts of the courts in labor troubles, it may be worth while to reproduce the resolutions and parts of the editorial. The resolutions were as follows: —

"Whereas, the Wabash, St. Louis and

Pacific Railway Company has declared war upon the Knights of Labor, first, by refusing them work in the shops of said company, unless they sign away their rights, and locking them out of said shops; and, second, by instituting a series of outrages upon members of the order by United States marshals, causing them to be arrested at the muzzles of revolvers, manacled as felons and incarcerated in filthy dungeons so loathsome as to impair the health of the imprisoned brothers, all for the purpose of creating the impression that they are felons, outlaws and dynamiters; and

"Whereas, The United States court has allowed itself to be used as a tool of said company to deprive American citizens of the right of free speech, thus violating a fundamental principle of our republican government; therefore, be it

"Resolved, By this body of Knights of Labor, representing the entire order in North America, that we request Major William Warner, of Kansas City, Missouri, and General John M. Palmer, of Springfield, Illinois, to defend our persecuted brothers in their

respective states, and to bring action for conspiracy against their persecutors in the railway company; also to prepare articles of impeachment against Judges Treat, Krekel and Brewer for malfeasance in office and for high treason to the American people.

"Resolved, That we heartily commend Major William Warner and General John M. Palmer for their manly and gratuitous defense of our distressed brothers; and

"Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be transmitted to the gentlemen named and to the public press."

The "Enquirer's" answer to the press and public men who severely criticised the foregoing resolutions expressed the sentiments of the order generally, and of nearly the entire labor movement. As I read it now, however, I am filled with wonder that I was not hauled up for "contempt of court." This was the editorial:—

"Every word of the preamble to the resolutions is absolutely true, and not one of the judges will attempt to make a denial. The

statements also apply with full force to the actions of Brewer during the early stages of the Rio Grande strike. Then why should there be anything so 'unparalleled' in the action of the Knights in passing the resolutions and in pushing the efforts to impeach the guilty parties? These judges sit upon their benches wielding a power before which that of the czar of Russia pales to nothingness. A job is put up in the stock of some railway, and to help carry it out a receiver is appointed by Treat, Krekel, or Brewer. The receiver, to pull the wool over the eyes of the public, makes a show of economy by slashing right and left at the workingmen on the road, and when the men protest, Mr. Receiver rushes into court and tells a string of infernal lies; whereupon the court arrests wholesale innocent men and throws them into prison. Justice cuts no figure, and there is no appeal to another court. The court complains of 'contempt,' has the victim brought before the bar, and the man on the bench is both prosecutor and judge. Of course the defendant (?) is found guilty, and there is no appeal from the sentence which

the irate 'contempted' judge may impose. Such power in the hands of a judge is certainly dangerous to the well-being of a people; but, as an old lawyer said to me during the trial of the Rio Grande men, 'It is only within the year that the power has ever been abused in such manner.' But there is a place to which an appeal against the whims and spitefulness of these imperial autocrats can be taken — the Congress of the United States — and there Messrs. Palmer and Warner, backed by the Knights of Labor, will take the cases of Treat, Krekel, and Brewer, and we will then learn if there is a tribunal in this country where the workingman can secure justice. The capitalistic press may be sarcastic and pooh-pooh as much as it likes, but so sure as there is a sky above us, the inhuman fiends who have their heels upon the necks of the poor will have to take them off pretty soon or face the music."

Notwithstanding the belligerent tone of the resolutions adopted by the Knights, no real effort to impeach the judges at whom

they were aimed was ever made; the whole thing went up in smoke.

The matter of a sympathetic strike being disposed of, the General Executive Board turned its attention toward the pending difficulty. We made an effort to see General Manager Tallmage of the Wabash, to try to arrange a settlement of the strike on his road. When, on the day following the meeting with the Southwestern men, we called at Mr. Tallmage's office, we were informed that he had "gone East," although he had been informed that we were going to call upon him. We remained one more day in St. Louis and were joined by Mr. Powderly, the General Master Workman. We then began a chase of Mr. Tallmage, which took us to Cincinnati, Richmond, Washington, and New York, in the order named.

I have thought of that experience when hearing well-meaning men say: "The thing for labor to do is to go directly to the head of a concern against which it has a grievance and talk the matter over." We were doing our best to have "a little talk" with the gen-

eral manager of the Wabash, but he was too fleetfooted for us; besides he was making the itinerary — and keeping it to himself, too. He was riding on passes, while we were paying full fares for five.

Even the longest chase must have an ending sometime. We finally ran our quarry into the office of Jay Gould, in the Western Union Building, corner of Broadway and Dey Street, New York. That we secured the interview with Mr. Tallmage was due to the influence of Mr. Gould and other railway chiefs. There were present at that interview in Mr. Gould's office, besides the five members of the General Executive Board, Jay Gould, H. M. Hoxie, of the Missouri Pacific, A. A. Tallmage, and his secretary, Charles M. Hays. It was, of course, understood that Gould's and Hoxie's interest in the conference and the trouble leading up to it was due to the possibility of a sympathetic strike by the Southwestern men. Those gentlemen were anxious to have Mr. Tallmage settle the Wabash trouble before it extended to their lines, and the little they said in the conference was in the nature of

oil upon the troubled waters. Mr. Powderly did most of the talking for the executive board. After Powderly and Tallmage had threshed the subject over for nearly two hours, the whole matter was simmered down to the question of whether or not Knights of Labor were barred from employment on the Wabash. Mr. Tallmage declared that there was no discrimination upon the part of his company against members of the order. We produced written and printed testimony showing that there was such discrimination. Then Mr. Tallmage said that if any notices were posted in the company's shops to the effect that members of the Knights of Labor would not be employed, as we claimed, such notices had been posted without his authority or knowledge. I listened, with varying degrees of impatience, to several repetitions of Mr. Tallmage's declaration of innocence, when I thought it was about time to bring matters to a focus — although I disliked very much to break into the discussion over my chief's head. To myself I excused my apparent boldness by the thought that I was a long ways from home and that I was sadly

needed there. Well, I got my chance to go home that night.

"Mr. Tallmage," I remarked, "if, as you say, the discrimination against members of our order as practiced upon your road is without your sanction, it seems to me that our whole controversy can be easily settled and this conference be brought quickly to an end. My proposal is that you indite a telegram, which can be put upon the wire right here in this building, instructing the superintendent of your road to order the withdrawal of notices of refusal to employ Knights of Labor, where such exist, and to forbid discriminations against our members by division superintendents, foremen, and bosses."

Surely the reader will say that was a temperate and reasonable proposition; but it was a bombshell in that conference, all the same. Mr. Tallmage became very angry — he seemed to take my suggestion as an insinuation that he was trying to deceive us by his professions of innocence. It may be he was correct in his conclusion; the incident happened so long ago that I will not attempt

to say now just what was my opinion at that time of the jockeying tactics of Mr. Tallmage. Mr. Gould made a remark, in his quiet way, approving my suggestion, but the others were in favor of adjourning the conference to the following day.

I never have understood just why my brother members of the executive board received my proposal so coldly that day. Still, they may have thought my actions were "positively rude." At any rate, I went home fully convinced that our practical way of doing things in the Rocky Mountain country was not appreciated by the "captains of industry" and "labor leaders" of the East.

Most of my readers are aware that recognition of the right of labor to organize and of its wisdom in so doing are growths of recent years, and were almost unknown at the time of which I write. To all such, something Mr. Gould said to me will be of interest, as I do not think he ever gave expression publicly to such sentiments. We stood together talking a few minutes after the conference had closed so abruptly. In answer

to a question I had asked him Mr. Gould replied: —

"Yes, I believe the organization of labor is good for the employees, the employers, and the public. I would be pleased if all the employees of the roads in which I am interested were members of organizations of their respective branches of the business. I can meet and treat with the authorized representatives of the men, and thus frequently avoid serious trouble; but it is not possible to always be sure of the grievances and wishes of thousands who are distributed through several states, and who do not themselves know and understand each other's wishes."

I recalled these words of the railway king when, a year later, he employed armed guards to defeat the efforts of the organized men on his roads to secure what they believed to be their rights; but I did n't discover any conflict between his professions and his practices. In his talk with me he had simply omitted mentioning that it was easier to shoot men in bunches than to pick them off singly.

General Master Workman Powderly and Secretary-Treasurer Turner were empowered by the General Executive Board to continue the conferences with the railway officials; the rest of us went about our other work. Within the ensuing ten days Powderly and Turner made a settlement with Mr. Tallmage, and the strike was declared off; but the company's agents paid slight respect to the terms of settlement, violating from the first and at every opportunity the most important clause — the re-employment of members of the order. Some of the men never regained their positions; many were "black-listed" throughout the Western railway world, among them the Rev. A. C. Caughlin, a man whose only crimes were love for his fellow man and a courage to contend, by peaceable means, for his rights. He probably never but once thought "violence;" that was when he saw visions of a half-inch rope during my opposition to the Southwestern strike, at the meeting in Lightfoot's Hall.

Having succeeded in breaking down a sympathetic strike movement in St. Louis

and breaking up a capitalist-labor confab in New York, I concluded it was about time for me to return to Denver as a place of comparative safety; for I had become so accustomed there to threats of death and destruction that an unnatural and uneasy feeling came over me when away.

When the train on which I was going home pulled up at a little station a few miles out of Denver, several of my friends got aboard. In response to my exclamations of surprise at seeing them there, they explained that they had been out on Sand Creek gathering snowballs. You see the threat had been made that I would not be allowed to re-enter the city, and I suppose the fellows wanted the snowballs to use on the lynchers should they meet us at the Denver station. They did n't meet us, however, but my wife and a young lady friend were there when I alighted from the train. The ladies had secured a cab, in which we three took seats, lowering the curtains. As we drove off, my wife placed a small hand-bag in my lap, saying, "You 'd better open that."

I complied with her suggestion, and, dear

reader, I know you will believe me when I say that what I saw in that bag almost took my breath. Two at each end, with their muzzles overlapping midway of the little bag, reposed a quartette of six-shooters, and every chamber held its loaded shell. Was n't that enough to take my breath ? There was a woman who was as quiet, gentle, and peace-loving as any creature on earth, and yet she had come down to that station with a small arsenal on her arm. Did I smile ? Did I break forth in loud laughter ? No; I felt more like crying. I had no fear of being molested; but she believed I was surrounded by danger, and had done her best to protect me. This was the explanation: On the night I had left for the East, an hour after the train had pulled out of Denver, an explosion occurred in the Rio Grande yards in West Denver. A crowd at once collected and there was considerable excitement for an hour or so. Accompanied by her father, my wife went out to learn what had happened. They stood for a few minutes on the outskirts of a mob that had gathered in front of "The News" office and listened to the tall talk of

some "distinguished citizens." My name, coupled with unparliamentary language, was mentioned several times, accompanied by the statement that I was not to be allowed to "land" when I returned to the city. Poor girl, she could n't get that mob and its threats out of her mind for one minute during all the time I was away, and when she received my telegram announcing my return by a certain train, she made a requisition on "The Enquirer" arsenal and met me at the station, as I have stated. She did n't know that snowballs were ripe, and that a lot of the boys had gone out to pick a mess. Of course we reached home in safety. I remained at my father-in-law's house that night, but the next morning early I was at "The Enquirer" office, and was soon in the thick of the fight again.

An extract from an editorial printed in "The Enquirer" on the second day after my return home will give an idea of how matters stood at that time. Following a brief reference to the trip I had taken and its results, I said: —

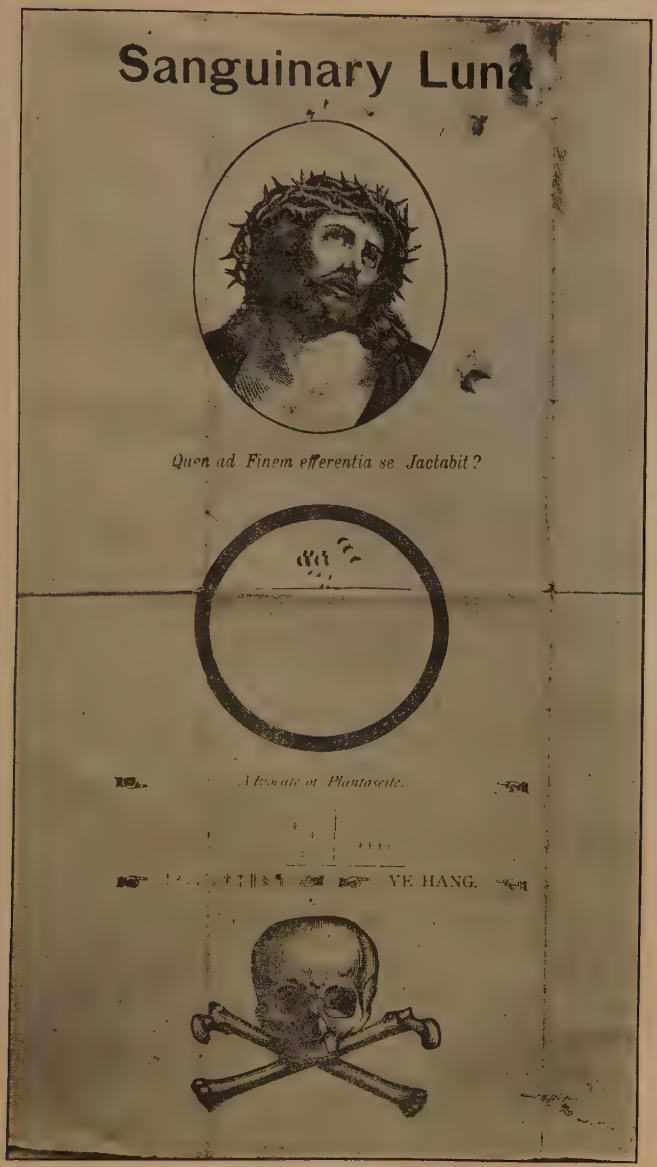
"I want to reiterate for the benefit of the

cowards who tried to create the impression that I had been frightened away 'for good,' that I am a resident of Denver — have business here — and here I intend to make my home until it is my sweet pleasure to change. I do not court the notoriety given me by the attacks of a scurrilous newspaper, but I can't avoid it, and men who never knew me before this trouble began now assure me that they are my friends. The public is certainly very weary, but I do not think it makes any mistake in fixing the blame. That which has occasioned my enemies a serious loss has been my gain, and 'I ain't sayin' a word.' I shall continue to do what I consider to be my duty, and shall always invite the closest scrutiny of my every act. I should like to be let alone to perform my duty to my fellow men, as I see it, but if I have to fight, all right; I'm standing up to the rack. I ask all true friends of the producers to stand with me; the others I can very well get along without."

In the mail which had accumulated during my absence from home was an envelope con-

taining a "warning." It was a hodge-podge affair, made up of pictures of skull and cross-bones, a circle intended to represent the moon covered with spots of blood, and the head of Christ, wearing a crown of thorns — which the coward who sent me the thing should have been ashamed to put to such use. The text on the disgusting thing contained the words, "Ye Die!" and branded me as an "Advocate of *plancastite*" — evidently meaning panclastite, a high explosive equal to dynamite in strength. I did n't attach much importance to the warning, but I have preserved it with the other mementos of those stirring times.

As there had been a dozen or more dynamite explosions after the threat was made to lynch me, and as I had gone away from the city and returned without being molested, my friends concluded that it was unnecessary longer to continue the guard, especially as I slept at the house of my father-in-law for some time after my return from the East. We did not, however, become overconfident, but "kept our eyes peeled," and were ready for trouble should it be forced upon us. It



BLOOD-SPOTS ON THE MOON.

is a pleasure to record that no one, foe or friend, was injured by the guard during its term of service. The closest approach to anything serious in that quarter ended in the only hearty laugh heard within the walls of "The Enquirer" building during a period of more than three weeks. I think the incident is worthy of a place in these pages.

One night about nine o'clock the captain of the watch sent Charlie Machette up on "the hurricane deck," as the roof of the main building was called by the boys, to reconnoiter. As he was climbing down to the roof of the rear extension, after carrying out his instructions, his clothing caught on the leader that ran along the eaves, which caused a rattling noise that was heard all through the second floor, where we all were. Chris. Dorwartz, a robust German, was marching up and down the hall with a Winchester on his shoulder. Hearing the noise and not being aware of Charlie's mission, Chris. stepped quickly to the rear hall door and, looking up in the darkness, demanded : —

"Who 's dere ?"

No answer.

"Who 's dere ? I want to know or I shoot ! " cried Chris., now thoroughly excited, as he brought his gun to his shoulder.

"It 's Machette, executing an order of the captain," replied easy-going Charlie, as he dropped to the lower roof, not in the least frightened by the excited manner and threatening challenge of Dorwartz.

The two men stepped into the hall together. Chris. carefully stood his rifle up in the corner and, grabbing both of Charlie's hands, said, puffing and panting between his words : —

"By chiminey, Sharlie, you vas near a dead goner dat time. I 'm awful glad you tole me aboud id quick enough ! "

There were no more dynamite explosions after my return from the East, and, although "The News" kept up its fight on me, the propaganda of lynching gradually faded away, until it became the general opinion that I was to be allowed to live out my natural life. The old, senseless cry that I was a sham labor advocate and was deceiving the workingmen, took the place of threats to lynch in the columns of "The News." I say senseless

because the apparent object of such a charge was to weaken my influence with the workingmen, and only a foolish man would think that could be done by a paper which was known to every laborer in the West as an uncompromising and unprincipled foe to organized labor. After a little while "The News" ceased its personal war and, very rarely mentioning Lennon, myself, or any of the other men in the front rank of the Knights of Labor locally, aimed its poisoned arrows at the order generally. However, the order seemed to stand its onslaughts as well as the individuals had stood them. During the Rio Grande strike there was a great boom in organization throughout the region ; in Denver we had, in the fall of that year, twelve assemblies, with an aggregate membership of over four thousand.

In dismissing from further consideration "The News," which has been the villain of the "Story" up to this point, it will be but an act of fairness for me to state that the paper in later years, under different management, became one of organized labor's ablest and firmest supporters in the West.

In the end the Rio Grande strike was a failure. It never was officially declared "off;" but by October, or within a month after my return from the Wabash trouble, the strikers realized that they were defeated. The trainmen refused to assist us, and enough "scabs" to keep the rolling-stock in repair were secured by the company. There was no chance for us to win, and so the men were told to get their places back if they could. Most of the strikers regained their positions in time, but some of them were not re-employed, and had to find work elsewhere.

What about the dynamiters? How about the discoveries of General Cook, to whom $500 were paid by the Knights? Several arrests of alleged dynamiters were made by the police and "deputies," but all save one were discharged at their preliminary examinations. The exception was a man by the name of Smith, who was not a member of the Knights or any other labor organization. At this man's trial it was clearly proven that he, a friendless stranger in the city, had been used as a "stool-pigeon" by a pair of the

company's guards — "detectives" — in an effort to secure the rewards that were offered by the railway company, the state, and the Knights, for the apprehension of any one guilty of attempting to destroy railway property. Smith was acquitted, but nothing was done with the conspirators, who had tried to fasten upon him the crime of placing upon the railway track a package of dynamite which one of the "detectives" had dropped as he walked the track with Smith, and the whole matter was hushed up. General Cook had procured sufficient evidence to prove that most of the explosions that had taken place were the work of "detectives" whose object it was to keep alive the feeling that their services were necessary to protect the property of the company; but there was no desire upon the part of the authorities to investigate that phase of the matter. Cook did not succeed in "running down" all of the explosions, but he assured me that he did not, in all his investigations, discover a scrap of evidence that pointed to a member of organized labor as a participant in any of the outrages. This informa-

tion was for me alone; it was not made public, and there was no reason why Cook should tell me anything but the truth.

The Rio Grande strike and its failure confirmed in me the belief that labor, if it relied solely upon the justice of its cause, was doomed to defeat in contests with the employers — at any rate, when the employer was a corporation. To secure the loyal and enthusiastic support of labor itself a just cause was, I felt, necessary, but for this purpose only. To win concessions asked of the employer labor must possess the power to compel. The people of Colorado knew that the grievances of the Rio Grande shopmen were genuine and that they were entitled to all they asked of the company, and Receiver Jackson said in an interview that "the points at issue are of no special importance to the company;" and yet, because the strikers were not strong enough seriously to cripple the operations of the company, Jackson refused to grant their demands or even to treat with them for a settlement of the trouble. It was pretty well understood that the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Company

wanted to secure control of the Rio Grande as an extension of its line between Denver and Ogden; from the latter point it would go on to the Pacific coast. The grievances of the employees, aggravated until a strike resulted, the strike prolonged until the stock of the Rio Grande was greatly depreciated, would present the opportunity the "Q." people wanted. By just such methods the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy obtained control of the Burlington and Missouri River road and made their connection between the Missouri River and Denver.

But while the programme was carried out, so far as making of labor a scapegoat and victim was concerned, the main scheme did n't go through. The Santa Fé road was not kindly disposed toward the Pacific coast hankerings of the "Q.," and the game was blocked.

Though the strike was lost, the order of Knights was not disrupted on the Rio Grande, as its enemies hoped it would be, by defeat in its first important contest with the company. As a matter of fact, membership in the order increased during the strike

as it never did at any other period of its history in Colorado. District Assembly No. 89, embracing all of the assemblies in the state, excepting those of the Union Pacific men, had become a recognized power in the state, not only in industrial matters, but also in other affairs. Some of the trades-unionists who were not Knights looked with disfavor upon the increasing strength of the order, because they believed it foretold the decline of trades-unionism and the ascendency of the organization which held less in reverence the lines that divided trade from trade. I was a member of the General Executive Board of the Knights, an organizer, and Master Workman of District Assembly 89; but I was also a member of the Typographical Union. It was on account of this dual position I occupied in the labor world that I had my most serious troubles on "the inside," though my socialistic views got me into some hot water also; but I have n't come to that part of my story yet.

I was elected the representative of District Assembly 89 in the General Assembly, which met at Hamilton, Ontario, in October, 1885.

My term as a member of the board expired at this session, and I was not a candidate for re-election.

The year 1885, which was, I think, the stormiest in my career, closed in comparative quiet. It is true that there were three or four strikes on hand at Christmas time in which I was bearing a part; but they were small affairs, compared with the Rio Grande trouble, and I was enabled to give more of my time to the work of organization than I had done for several months.

CHAPTER VII

UNDER THE RED FLAG

IN January, 1886, there was organized in Denver a society for the dissemination of radical ideas on social and economic questions. The preliminary meeting was held on Sunday afternoon. I was not present at the opening of the meeting, though I had been invited to attend. My reason for remaining away from the meeting was that there had been a previous attempt in the same direction which had been blasted while very young by jealousy, bickering, and talebearing, and I felt that life was too short for the work of labor emancipation to waste any of it in quarrels among ourselves. I was at my office, engaged upon some work for the paper, when two of my friends came in. They stated that there was a considerable gathering of the faithful at the appointed place, but that they wanted me present before they took steps toward the organization

of a society. I was informed that if the effort to "get together" failed, the fault would be mine.

"If the case stands thus," I said, "I will go with you, but before I connect myself with any more organizations I have something to say."

"That 's all right," replied one of the gentlemen; "we want your 'say,' as we are all giving our 'says.'"

We went together to the place of meeting, and I had my "say." Here is what it was: —

"I will go into this movement if every one who becomes a part of it will obligate himself never to speak ill of another member, under any circumstances whatever, and if you will adopt a rule to expel any member who utters a word derogatory of the character or conduct of another member, even though what is said be the absolute truth. Such a movement as you propose, to be successful, must leave every individual the master of his personal conduct and the sole custodian of his own reputation. I have no desire to be a dictator, but I am sick of

scandal and backbiting, and I have no time to waste in quarters where these disagreeable things are to be tolerated for a moment."

It seemed that I had expressed a thought that was in the minds of all present, and upon that unique basis we that day organized the Rocky Mountain Social League, a society which, I do not hesitate to say, did more to enlighten the community in which it existed, made more influential converts, and equipped a greater number of intelligent propagandists of the doctrines of modern socialism during the twelve months of its active existence than may be claimed by any similar organization in the same length of time.

The meetings of the League were held on Sunday evenings, and, although the daily press ignored them at the start, they began at once to attract attention. We employed hand-bills to announce our meetings; "The Enquirer," of course, boomed the new educational movement; the members were so many missionaries during the week, drumming up the crowd for Sunday evening, and our singing — and we did sing — drew in

many of those who were passing along the popular thoroughfare upon which our meeting hall was situated. With all these agencies assisting us, and with an attractive programme, that made those who came once want to come again, it was not long until the large hall in which the meetings were held was taxed to its capacity. The daily press could not continue to keep its columns closed to a weekly assemblage of hundreds of citizens, especially when public questions, municipal questions, moral, social, aye and religious questions were discussed in those assemblages, discussed with the bars down, so to speak. So it soon came to pass that the Monday morning papers contained lengthy reports of the meetings, and editorial writers gave frequent evidence of the fact that they knew something new and interesting was going on. It goes without saying that the editors rarely said anything good about us.

But ere long the Rocky Mountain Social League won attention from another and more important quarter. The clergymen of the city began to wonder what was the attraction that drew so much larger audiences

to the League than attended any of the churches. Some of them traced missing members to the League hall, and then the Ministers' Association, which met every Monday morning, made a move to investigate. A communication was sent to the chairman of the League asking that representatives be sent to the meeting of the Ministers' Association, to explain the purposes of the League, and especially to elucidate the oft-repeated declaration from the League's platform that ours was the only genuine Christian society in the city. The executive committee selected John B. Lennon and myself to attend the ministers' meeting, and that was the most pleasing bit of missionary work that ever fell to my lot.

I need not give a detailed report of the meeting — the two meetings, in fact, for we were requested to come again on the following Monday, after using up all of the morning hour in expounding our doctrine. Those of my readers who are familiar with the teachings of Christian Socialism will know what was the tenor of our remarks at those meetings. Those who do not understand

the tenets of Christian Socialism may not care to be preached at in these pages. It is sufficient proof that our mission was not in vain to state that several members of the Ministers' Association afterward, at different times, occupied the platform and made addresses at the League. This they did after holding their regular services in their respective churches. Among the ministers who appeared on the League's platform were Gilbert De La Matyr, Myron W. Reed, Bayard Craig, Thomas Van Ness, and Henry Stauffer. De La Matyr and Reed were of course friendly to the reform movement before the event I have just related ; but the others had up to that time been either hostile or indifferent.

I shall never forget the night that Bayard Craig spoke at the League. Ex-Governor John L. Routt was one of the principal men in Mr. Craig's church, and was also the reverend gentleman's uncle. The Sunday evening that Mr. Craig spoke to the League he came to the hall accompanied by the ex-governor, but the latter slipped quietly into a seat in the rear, while the clergyman came

straight up to the platform, of course. I had known Mr. Routt ever since I had been in Colorado; he was governor of the state when I went there, in 1878, and I had made his acquaintance soon after my arrival. Probably few present knew him by sight, and as he was sitting behind them the few who may have known him were unaware of his presence. From my elevated position in the presiding officer's chair, I had seen the ex-governor enter, and I kept him in sight all during the address of Mr. Craig, for before he was well seated in his chair I had hatched a little surprise for Mr. Routt and everybody else present.

Owing to the fact that he had to preach his evening sermon before coming to our meeting, Mr. Craig's address was the last number on the programme, excepting the closing song. When the address was concluded and the speaker had seated himself, I arose and said: —

"Comrades, we are now about to enjoy an unusual treat. Before calling for the closing song I desire to announce that we have with us this evening, unexpected by

all of you, I know, one of Colorado's most distinguished citizens. The League has been honored during its career by addresses from the leading clergymen of the city, among whom is the gentleman who has just taken his seat, from leading jurists and politicians, but so far we have not had the pleasure of listening to the governor of the state. To-night we are to do even better than that : we are to have a few remarks from an ex-governor. It affords me great pleasure to call upon Ex-Governor John L. Routt."

All during my remarks Mr. Routt was crouching, squirming, and twisting, but I kept an eye on him to see that he did n't bolt for the stairs before I could get his name out. He made no effort to get out, however. The members of the League had listened to me with puzzled looks on their faces, and the Reverend Craig, who scented the game early, got up and sat down again two or three times before I had concluded my introduction of his distinguished uncle. As soon as the audience realized what was up, the men began to call for "Governor

Routt! Governor Routt! Governor Routt!" and the women clapped their hands. Finally the governor got upon his feet and began to excuse himself ; but the Leaguers would have none of his excuses. They did n't catch a real live ex-governor and mining prince every Sunday night.

"Platform! Take the platform, Governor!" cried the Leaguers. Well, the governor did n't take the platform; but he walked up to a place in front of the audience, and during profound silence and closest attention on the part of the assemblage made a nice little talk. He did n't, of course, know anything about the principles of the League, but he realized that we were championing the cause of the workingman, and he made the regulation speech — five minutes size — about the dignity of labor that the average rich man was making years before that Sunday night and is still making. But the Leaguers were too well behaved to show any disapproval of their visitor's remarks, and the vote of thanks tendered the governor was unanimous and hearty.

The closing song was never sung with

more spirit than on that occasion. It was to the tune of "Glory, Glory, Halleluiah!" and the governor made a brave effort to "come in on the chorus," though he did n't know the words we used, and his voice stood little show in that assemblage of five hundred enthusiastic Socialists. The next morning's papers had something to say about the incident, some taking it seriously, while others thought the whole thing a good joke; the governor, be it said to his credit, never offered any public explanation, but held his peace.

Among other prominent men who addressed the Social League during the year that I remained in Denver were Congressman James B. Belford, Speaker of the State Assembly Thomas B. Stuart, and Judge Frank Tilford; but these came willingly, as friends of the movement we had inaugurated, and were not trapped as ex-Governor Routt had been.

The reader probably thinks he detects an especial fondness upon my part for the Rocky Mountain Social League. I plead guilty to the charge. Why not? I believed then that

the League was doing a good work in bringing the earnest men and women of what seems to be opposing interests together on the platform of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and I believe it yet. Though we were opposed to the existing order, we realized that we had to live under it until it could be changed, and we thought the way to accomplish the change was to get all good people to agree, with us, that the change was needed. Ours was a crusade of peace, and we were fast winning the respect and support of many good men and women who by environment were, or supposed they were, against our ideas. I found it hard to give up the League when the time came for me to leave Denver.

When my opponents in the Knights of Labor used to accuse me of attempting to make the order socialistic, one of my favorite replies was, "Well, I have n't devoted all of my time to that field. I have given some of it to the preachers and politicians."

I have in preceding chapters referred several times to the International Workmen's

Association, and promised, in the proper place, to tell something about the organization. The time has now come for me to redeem that promise.

The International Workmen's Association was organized in the Tavern des Frans-Macons, London, England, August 5, 1862. Delegates were present from nearly every country in Europe, representing, in most cases, constituencies comprising a large percentage of the intelligent workers of their respective states. Karl Marx was a central figure at this meeting, and his doctrines were principally the basis upon which the organization was founded. At a later convention there was a division of the organization, at which time the distinctive titles "Red" and "Black" came into use. The radical element, under the leadership of Bakounine, refused to submit to what it deemed the too conservative methods of Marx and his followers — the majority — and left the convention in a body. From that time the disciples of Marx (Socialists) were known as the "Red," and those of Bakounine (Anarchists) as the "Black." It was Prince Bis-

marck who said, "When the Red and the Black are again united, thrones may well tremble!"

Previous to 1881 the International Movement in the United States was almost confined to the German population, chiefly because there were no available text-books in the English language, and also because those in charge of the movement were Germans and did not know how to reach the American public. A few tracts in English had been printed, but they were not of a style calculated to make an impression upon Americans. In 1881 a little band of men in San Francisco, one of whom had been connected with the International in England, formed themselves into a nucleus of a distinctively American branch of the organization. The leader of this group, all of whom were men of education and experience in the commercial and professional worlds, was Burnette G. Haskell, a young lawyer of brilliant parts but erratic temperament and habits. Haskell, though naturally gifted and thoroughly trained, was never a success as a lawyer, principally because he conceived a strong

COMMISSION AS ORGANIZER OF I. W. A.

dislike for the profession before he had hardly entered upon its practice. He was an omnivorous reader, and when I first met him I believe he knew more of the revolutionary, reform, and labor movements of the whole world than any other man in this country. But, as I have said, he was erratic, — others said he was unbalanced, — and he failed all along the line.

Under the leadership of Haskell the International spread up and down the coast from San Francisco. In 1883 it crossed the "Great Divide;" headquarters of the Rocky Mountain Division were established in Denver, and I was constituted the division executive. My paper, "The Labor Enquirer," was made the national official organ, Haskell's paper, "Truth," having suspended a short time before my election as division executive.

The International was a secret organization, and never, to my knowledge, did it do violence to its professions in this regard. But it was not, as many thought and some openly charged, a conspiracy for the purpose of inaugurating a revolution by force. It did, however, declare that revolution was

inevitable, and that it was the duty and the part of wisdom for the intelligent friends of the common people to be prepared to substitute the Co-operative Commonwealth for the overthrown competitive system. Ambitious? Admitted.

Among the objects of the International, to the support of which those becoming members had to pledge their fortunes, their honor, their lives, were these: To protect members from wrongs; to protect all other producers from wrongs; to assist all labor organizations, and to aid the establishment of unity between all labor organizations; to assist an alliance between the industrial and agricultural producers; to encourage the spirit of brotherhood and interdependence among all producers of every state and land; to ascertain, segregate, classify, and study our enemies, their habits and acts; to prepare the way for the direction of the coming social revolution by an enlightened and intelligent public thought, educated into a knowledge of the wrongs perpetrated against the producers of the world, and knowing the way to secure their death beyond resurrection; to obliterate

national boundary lines and sectional prejudices, with a view to the international unification of the producers of all lands; to eradicate the false impression of the people that redress could be obtained by the ballot.

A "Declaration of the Rights of Man," of which the preamble was a paraphrase of the American Declaration of Independence, was published and distributed all over the Western part of the country. Our membership, however, extended to the Atlantic coast. I myself issued many of the once famous "red" cards to prominent and progressive labor men and reformers in New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other cities of the East and the middle West. But the main strength of the organization was in the West. What the total membership was at its highest notch — in 1886 — only the national executive, the nine holders of "blue" cards, knew; and we never told.

Inasmuch as the "red" card occasioned quite a flurry in the Knights of Labor in 1886 and 1887, and was frequently referred to in the newspapers at that time, but was never published, it may be of interest to

quote some of the sentiments it contained. Among these was the exhortation of the organization: "Educate, agitate, organize, unite!" The magic words, whose initials were incorporated in the seal, were: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Solidarity!" "Our Motto: War to the palace. Peace to the cottage. Death to luxurious idleness." "Our Object: The reorganization of society independent of Priest, King, Capitalist, or Loafer." "Our Principles: Every man is entitled to the full product of his own labor, and to his proportionate share of all the natural advantages of earth."

The system of organization of the International was unlike that of any society or association of which I have any knowledge. The initiation ceremony consisted simply of an obligation administered by the organizer in each particular case and at any place. This apparently loose method of admitting members will appear all-sufficient when one realizes that no one was asked to attach himself to the organization until he had been watched and studied for a long time and thoroughly sounded by the head of the group

to which he became afterward attached. There were no lodges, assemblies, or local unions requiring halls for meeting purposes; groups were the only form of organization. These groups consisted of nine members, and they met, as often as they themselves elected, at the homes of the members of the respective groups. There was no central organization outside of the division executives, who constituted the national executive, and who met only when occasion required. There was no initiation fee, and the monthly dues were but ten cents. An entire absence of expense in the actual administration of the organization's affairs was one of its peculiarities. All of the moneys collected were devoted to the publication and circulation of literature, each division having absolute control over its own funds. Under the group system it was impossible for any member, excepting the division executive, to know more than sixteen members besides himself, unless members of different groups disclosed themselves to each other through a system of signaling and testing. Each member was expected to organize a

group of nine, including himself; but his work of organizing ceased with the completion of that one group. Thus it will be seen that, with the eight members who were associated with him in the group he first became a member of, and the eight he secured for the group he organized himself, his knowledge of the personnel of the movement was, as has been said, limited to sixteen. The division executive issued the "red" cards to all members of groups, and he had a complete record of members in his territory. The name of the division executive was not signed to the card, the signature consisting of the hyphenated combination of a letter and a number. In fact, names were not used, except in the original record, each member being designated by a letter and a number. The letter indicated the parent group, and the number the subordinate group. By this method the division executive could trace a member through all the groups between the one of which he was a member and the original group of that letter. This system may seem intricate to some; in the eyes of some holders of "red" cards

it helped to surround the organization with an air of mystery; but it was very comprehensive and simple to those who were at the head of the organization.

It goes without saying that such an organization as the International depended for success entirely upon faith and confidence by the members in each other and especially in the leaders, which explains why the I. W. A. lasted less than ten years in the United States — the two qualities named were never very strong in the American reformers.

Early in April, 1886, I received a call from California. Some trouble had arisen among the different divisions of the radical movement on the Pacific coast, and after trying to settle it among themselves, and failing, the conflicting factions agreed upon me as arbitrator. I could not resist the appeal which came to me from the Pacific coast comrades, and, although it necessitated a long journey and took me away from matters which required my attention nearer home, I packed my grip, and, leaving my paper in charge of James J. Callahan, who had come to my aid on several similar occa-

sions, boarded a train for San Francisco. Just to show the company's regard for me, a detective in the employ of the Rio Grande railway went along on the same train and kept his eye on me until I left that road at Ogden. I probably would never have known of this bit of tender watchfulness on the part of my friend Jackson had I not made the acquaintance of a lady from Iowa, who was also en route to the coast. The porter of our car had pointed me out to her and told her about the detective; the lady told me. She knew something of the labor movement, and had read my name in the papers, and, strange to relate, did n't think I was a dangerous character, though my steps were dogged by a minion of plutocracy.

My coast trip was in every way satisfactory. I was away from home about a month. Harmony was restored between the quarreling factions of the movement on the coast, and plans for pushing the work of organization and education were perfected. After the organization work was completed, I yielded to the requests of the workingmen in several California cities and made a short

lecturing tour. The Coast Seamen's Union, one of the best organized and strongest labor unions in the country, was my host in general during my stay on the coast. I was for years a member of the advisory board of this union, although I lived nearly two thousand miles away from the organization's nearest branch. The Coast Seamen paid all the expenses of my trip, and it was at that organization's earnest request that I visited the several cities and made addresses.

California at that time was in the throes of its second great anti-Chinese agitation, and to that fact I attributed the large audiences which assembled to hear me speak at all of the places I visited. At San Jose I spoke in the Baptist Tabernacle, which was packed as full of people as its exceptionally large capacity would permit, and the "solid" citizens, with their wives, were present. I shall never forget that meeting, because it was there that I was presented to eight of the city's clergymen at the conclusion of my address. Clergymen were not strangers to me before that time, but it was an unusual experience to be taken by the hand and

thanked for my address by nearly every clergyman in a town.

Another thing that impressed me on that trip was the fair and courteous manner in which I was treated by the press of California. I was accustomed to misrepresentation and vilification at the hands of my brother editors at home, and I was so pleased at the honest reports of my speeches and interviews while on the coast that I put my modesty in my pocket when I got back to Denver and reprinted two columns of extracts from the California papers in "The Enquirer."

One little incident that occurred in the meeting at Stockton made an impression upon my memory that it still retains. Only a part of my address was devoted to the Chinese question, but as that was the all-absorbing question on the coast at the time, no address, such as a man with my credentials was expected to make, would have been complete without some reference to the agitation against the Chinese. As a matter of fact, I was in hearty sympathy with the opposition to the admission of Chinese to the country. That was the attitude of every one

who knew the situation excepting the few employers — mostly large employers — who were reaping a profit from the cheap coolie labor which was swarming on the Pacific coast and spreading rapidly out towards the East. At Stockton, near the close of the speech, I expressed myself very radically on the subject of the Chinese. As I paused before beginning my peroration, a large, prosperous-looking gentleman arose about the middle of the hall and said: —

"I understood you to say, sir, that you were a believer in the international brotherhood of man. If that is so, how is it possible for you to harmonize with that theory your hatred of the Chinese?"

"I do not hate the Chinese," I replied, "and I do believe in the brotherhood of man. But when the progress, ay, the very existence, of the most advanced people on earth is in danger from the hordes of a race that, because of apparently insurmountable obstacles that have been centuries building, cannot be assimilated, I must refuse to do the 'brotherhooding' for both of us."

The answer apparently pleased the au-

dience, and the gentleman who had asked the question subsided; but I afterward frequently found that question bobbing up before me. However, I never altered my views on the question of the free admission of the Chinese to the country; I preferred to alter the larger question to read, "The Brotherhood of Man, Limited."

At the conclusion of the Stockton meeting I learned that the gentleman who had been so much concerned over what he deemed my inconsistency was the owner of several large fruit-farms, on which he used the cheap labor of nearly a hundred Chinese.

My work on the coast terminated with what the San Francisco "Examiner" described as "one of the largest labor demonstrations ever held in the city." Platt's Hall, one of the largest assembly rooms in the city, with galleries and boxes, was packed from pit to dome, and thousands stood in the street, unable to gain an entrance. The meeting was a three-cornered arrangement. The San Francisco Typographical Union had just won a fight that had been on for many years against "The Call and Bulletin," that

office being thoroughly unionized a few days before the meeting; the union cigarmakers had during the week received fifty members of their organization from the East to take the places of Chinese cigarmakers in San Francisco factories, and my friends, headed by the Coast Seamen's Union, desired to give me a farewell "send-off." The three issues were pooled and the big demonstration was the result. One hundred members of the Coast Seamen, in uniforms and with rifles, attended as a guard of honor. How I did wish some of those Denver lynchers might have witnessed the sights of that night.

The speakers were James H. Barry, editor of "The Star," for the printers; a prominent member of the Cigarmakers' Union, and myself, in the order named. I came nearer being carried off my feet by enthusiasm and excitement that night than at any other time in all my years of labor agitation. That audience was ready for anything, and the stronger the talk the better they liked it. There were hundreds of women present, and at times during my speech it seemed

to me that each of them was provided with a red handkerchief. I spoke for an hour and twenty-five minutes; then responded to an "encore" for fifty minutes more, and remained and addressed the trades-unionists for three-quarters of an hour after the general meeting was dismissed. It was after 1 A. M. when I was permitted to leave the hall.

There were reasons for that remarkable demonstration, and I did not flatter myself with the belief that my personality was one of them. Let me explain: In addition to the local questions, including the anti-Chinese movement, that agitated the San Francisco working people, there were other matters which were pressing hard upon the laborers of the whole country. There were over a million of idle men seeking work, and the highways and byways were filled with tramps — honest tramps — looking for employment and finding it not. The great strike on the Southwestern Railway system had reached an acute stage, and the Missouri Pacific Railway was advertising for men to serve as special deputies, "men who will shoot to kill!" Congress was in

session, and the workingmen's organizations had appealed to that body to come to the relief of the suffering country, but the appeals had fallen upon deaf ears. It was known that I was familiar with the railway situation in the Southwest; besides I lived on the eastern slope, and was consequently in closer touch with the national labor movement than were my auditors. All these circumstances contributed to the making of an unusual occasion and to the selection of myself as one peculiarly fitted to discuss it from the workingman's view-point.

Resolutions were introduced by P. Ross Martin, secretary of the Federated Trades of San Francisco, charging Jay Gould with the murder of strikers who had been shot by deputies at East St. Louis, and I prefaced my first speech by offering the following amendment to the resolutions: —

"Resolved, That this mass meeting convicts the Congress of the United States as accessory to the murders before the fact."

It was during my "encore" speech, when

I was discussing the amendment to the resolutions, that the meeting, and I with it, almost reached the point of frenzy. After denouncing Congress for its neglect of the people's interests and for its cold indifference toward the brutal murders committed by the railways' minions at East St. Louis, and after charging that a majority of the congressmen were the tools of Jay Gould and other railway barons, I appealed to the workingmen to get together and elect congressmen who would serve the people loyally and honestly. Right there I was interrupted by a man who arose about the middle of the lower floor of the hall. I knew the man. He was a carpenter, with whom I had held a conversation the previous day at the headquarters of the International. As he held up his hand, I paused to hear what he had to say. I was accustomed to interruptions, and rather liked them; but I did not realize what a poser the San Francisco carpenter had ready to fire at me.

"Your advice as to voting for the right kind of men for Congress may be all right," he said, "and I am willing to act upon

it when the time comes; but it will be a long time before that course, even if successful, can bring us the relief we so sadly need. The question is: What will we do now? I am one of the million who are hunting for work; begging for the opportunity to earn the food my wife and children must have if they are not to starve. I agree with you that Congress should do something for us in this awful emergency, but it is blind to our sufferings and deaf to our appeals. How will we arouse it? What will we do now — to-night — this very hour?"

By movements of my head and hands I stayed those who essayed to stop the carpenter, at the beginning of his remarks, and indicated that I wanted him to have his say. The trend of his remarks was soon apparent, and all the time he was talking I was thinking, thinking faster than I had ever thought before in my life. It seemed that I entered that man's mind; that I saw the despair that confronted him; his hungry children, his heart-broken wife, the empty larder, the black and dismal prospect. I knew from actual contact what were the sufferings and

sorrows of the poor. I knew with what patience the giant of labor had borne its burdens that the idle rich might bask in the golden sunshine of more than plenty; the cry for work had reached my ears, as it had reached the ears of every thoughtful, earnest man in the land. The man before me became a million, his little family a million families, and the cry that issued from the lips of that vast host was, "Give us work; give us bread; help us or we perish!" As these thoughts flashed through my excited brain I knew what I should say to the carpenter when he had finished his appeal for advice; just how it would be said I did not know.

As the man ceased speaking he resumed his seat, and there was death-like stillness in the crowded hall. So quiet was it that I could distinctly hear the deep breathing of Frank Roney, the chairman of the meeting, though he was twenty feet away from where I stood. It seems to me that I can hear that breathing now, as I recall the scene. Taking two steps toward the edge of the stage upon which I stood, I extended my hand and said, beginning in as quiet a tone as the

intense emotion under which I was laboring would permit: —

"Stand up, comrade. I am going to answer your question to the best of my ability. You did not ask it to corner me or to cause annoyance; I know that cry; it came from your bursting heart. First let me say that I never give advice that I am not willing to act upon myself; but it is for you to lead in this matter; I promise to follow you and to aid in your support.

"You are a carpenter. Go out from here and build a banner or transparency. I will give the little money required to purchase the sticks, nails, and muslin. Find a painter who, like yourself, is asking, 'What shall we do now?' and have him paint upon the sides of your banner the words, 'ON TO WASHINGTON!' At sunrise to-morrow morning, with your painter comrade meet me on the Sand-Lots and bring the banner with you. We will open a recruiting office on the Lots, and when we have a score of marchers in line we will start down Market Street, gathering the unemployed, the hungry, the wretched as we go. We 'll

cross the bay and in Oakland will confiscate a train, if that is thought desirable, or tramp along on foot, but with our faces ever turned toward the East. Then across the Sacramento Valley, over the Sierra Nevadas, through the Great American Desert, beyond the Great Continental Divide, the great plain on the eastern slope, the fertile fields of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, across the Alleghanies, nor cease our journeying until we camp on the Capitol grounds at Washington. We will gather the disinherited as we march and the millions of betrayed and plundered will cry with us, 'ON TO WASHINGTON!' We will take the food we require for our actual needs, leaving vouchers to be cashed at Washington when the people once more regain their government.

"When we have massed our great host of Industrial Crusaders about the Capitol, and packed Pennsylvania Avenue from Capitol to White House, we will demand of our servant, Congress, that it give us at once the justice that has been so long delayed. If it heeds not our commands, if it still defies us,

we will hurl the whole treacherous swarm into the Potomac!"

As I ceased and sank, almost breathless, into a chair, the vast audience broke into a cheer that shook the building from cellar to garret and lasted for several minutes. Men and women sprang to their feet and shouted at the top of their voices; handkerchiefs, many of them red in color, were waved, and hats were tossed in the air. The people were wild, as I was; the safety-valve, that had been enduring a tremendous pressure for several months, was, for the moment, blown from its fastenings. But the applause wore itself out, the reaction came, and the thoughtful realized that they had been cheering a fiery oratorical comet, that began and ended nowhere. I meant all I had said, but, in a cooler moment, I would have remembered that the oppressed were long-suffering and not given to resistance to authority.

When order was once more restored, my carpenter friend arose and, in a pained manner, said: "But, my dear sir, what you propose might come to mean revolution."

Without arising from my chair I gazed at

the carpenter for half a minute and then remarked: "So it might. I had n't thought of that."

In a few words, ignoring what had just transpired, the chairman put the resolutions that were pending to a vote. They were carried without a dissenting voice, and the public meeting adjourned.

In another place, reader, I have given you what I think was the most radical thing I ever wrote and published; here I have recorded the most radical utterance I ever made on the public platform. In passing judgment I would have you realize, if you can, the experiences which had been mine for the several years preceding the deliverance of that speech. Remember that my heart was full of sorrow for the wrongs that I knew were put upon the toilers of the land; that the story of want endured by those who deserved a better fate was the story I knew by heart; that few men had, at that time, seen more of the heartlessness of plutocracy and the treachery of trusted representatives than I, and also consider the surroundings of that hour in Platt's Hall. Think of all

these things, and then, uninfluenced by the fact that I afterwards became convinced that there were better ways of righting wrongs than the way I suggested that night, pass judgment.

The next morning I left San Francisco for Denver.

Some years later "Coxey's Army" of unemployed workingmen marched from Ohio to the national capital. Its rallying cry was "On to Washington!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIGHT FOR SUPREMACY

WHEN I arrived home from California, on Saturday, May 1, I was in poor condition physically; that is, I was not "in good voice," as singers and actors sometimes say. The exertion and excitement, in conjunction with the perspiration and night air of that last night in San Francisco, had deprived me of the most important attribute of the agitator; I was unable to speak above a whisper. An old catarrhal trouble had taken advantage of the situation and had tied up my talking machinery. My condition was especially embarrassing because of the fact that I was advertised to speak at a mass meeting in the Academy of Music on the day following my return home. The object of the meeting was to make a public protest against awarding the contract for the construction of the State Capitol to a firm which employed the convicts in the penitentiaries of Nebraska

and Illinois. The meeting was under the auspices of the Trades Assembly, and, although the day was Sunday, several clergymen and other "leading" citizens were upon the list of speakers. The state of affairs was unusual; capitalists, business men, professional men, and the newspapers were almost unanimous in their support of organized labor's protest against the employment of convicts upon the capitol. When I saw the list of speakers provided for the meeting I at once decided that I could not afford to miss that affair; I wanted to take a peep behind the woodpile, to see if there was not a colored gentleman hidden somewhere. So I went to my doctor Saturday night. He used the knife a little and fixed me up otherwise and then told me I might attend the meeting on the following day, if I would talk only a few minutes "and not get excited."

At the appointed hour I took my seat in the Academy with the others who were to make addresses. The speakers provided for the occasion were two ex-governors of Colorado, the president of a national bank, the chairman of the Board of Trade, one of

the city's leading merchants, and three clergymen — oh, yes, and two labor men. The presiding officer was the president of the Trades Assembly.

Short speeches were made by the two ex-governors and the chairman of the Board of Trade, all running over with sympathy for the honest Colorado workingman, who was about to have the bread taken out of his mouth by the heartless employers of cheap contract convict labor. Then one of the clergymen — Rev. Dr. Moore, of the Evans Memorial Chapel (Methodist) — delivered a long address that he had written for the occasion. All the time these gentlemen were talking I was searching for the colored gentleman behind the woodpile, and I found him. And I dragged him out and exposed him to the audience, which recognized him at once. That was about all there was to my speech; but, judging by the row it made, that was enough. The truth of the matter was that the ex-governors and other capitalists, who were so deeply interested in the welfare of the Colorado workingmen, owned the rock quarries, the iron mines and mills, and the

railroads which operated between these sources of building material supplies and Denver, where the capitol was to be erected. While the lips of these gentlemen were singing the praises of "free" labor and "our own honest workingmen at home," and depicting the horrors of erecting a capitol building for the great state of Colorado with the labor of slaves in striped apparel, their minds were busy figuring on the profits that would get away from them if the contract went to the outsiders. At any rate so the case appeared to me, and so I described it to that audience. It was positively rude to say those things in the presence of the gentlemen, especially in such blunt fashion, but I was not feeling well enough that day to soar aloft and take in the situation at long range or to sugar-coat unpleasant words; besides, by my doctor's orders, my time was short, so I just spoke the truth as I saw it.

I don't know how many enemies I made that day, but I certainly found one new friend. As I was hurrying from the stage at the conclusion of my short speech, a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I turned, and

there stood the Rev. Dr. Moore, with both hands extended. Dr. Moore and I had been at outs for two or three years, due to a series of sermons he had preached on the labor question — which he did not then understand — and to my review of the sermons in "The Enquirer." As I placed my hands in his the doctor said: —

"I understand you better now than I did two years ago. We should be friends hereafter. I like a man who has the courage of his convictions; besides, what you said was a revelation to me."

In my short address I had found time to say something also about the hypocritical attitude of the city press on the question of the contract for building the capitol. As a matter of course I was lampooned thoroughly by the papers the next day. But I was accustomed to that sort of thing when at home, and, in that case, the editors certainly had a grievance against me.

May, 1886, will long be remembered by those who were then interested in the labor movement, and by many others the events of that month will never be forgotten. It was

then that the first extensive effort was made to inaugurate the eight-hour workday in the United States. A great many employers opposed the demand for the shorter day, and strikes followed. There were serious conflicts between the strikers and their sympathizers on the one hand and the authorities on the other hand in several industrial centers, the disturbances at Chicago and Milwaukee being especially noteworthy. On the night of the 4th of May the tragedy of the Chicago Haymarket occurred. The events of that night have their place in the history of the country, and it is not incumbent upon the present writer to recount them here. It is enough if I recall to the reader's mind the connection between that meeting and the eight-hour movement of organized labor. In consequence of an eight-hour strike at the McCormick Reaper Works, in Chicago, there was a clash between the police and a crowd of workingmen — some of them being strikers — and several persons were seriously injured by the bullets and clubs of the policemen. A meeting was called for the following night, in the Haymarket Square, to "protest

against the brutality of the police." The speakers at the meeting were all members of the Anarchist groups, though some of them were also identified with the more conservative branches of the labor movement. The speeches at this meeting were not nearly so violent in tone as had been numerous previous speeches, made by the same men, on the Lake Front and in other parts of Chicago. Carter Harrison the First was mayor of the city at the time. He was present at the meeting for nearly an hour — leaving for home a short time before the hour at which it was intended to close the meeting ; and he declared, on the witness stand, that he heard nothing that presaged lawless acts. But within a few minutes after he had taken his departure several hundred policemen marched out of the Desplaines Street Station, half a block away, and headed for the crowd assembled around the truck, from which Sam Fielden was then making an address. The captain of the police ordered the meeting to disperse. Fielden said, "Captain, this is an orderly assemblage." The captain repeated his order, and some person — neither court proceedings nor

any other record tells us who — threw a bomb into the midst of the policemen. Sixty-six policemen were prostrated by the explosion, seven never to rise again and an eighth to die soon after. It was reported that one man in the crowd was killed by the bullets of the policemen and several wounded, but there never was an authentic report of the casualties on that side made public. Many arrests were made of men charged with complicity in the bomb-throwing; eight were indicted. After a long trial, seven were found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged, and one was sentenced to fifteen years in the state penitentiary for distributing the handbills announcing the Haymarket meeting. In the attempt to secure executive clemency for the condemned men I took part; the story is told in another chapter.

As was to be expected The Rocky Mountain Social League and the members of the I. W. A. in Denver were very much exercised over the Chicago affair. The League passed resolutions which, while they declared that we had no sympathy with the "propaganda of deed," denounced the au-

thorities of Chicago for infringing upon the constitutional right of the American citizen to free speech. Yet we realized that the agitation of the revolutionary Anarchists put the whole movement at the mercy of a few reckless or crazy individuals. We did not disguise our belief that force might eventually have to be employed to settle the issue between labor and capital, but we also believed that the revolution when it came would be instigated by the capitalist class; besides, we knew that the people were not then sufficiently educated to direct the complicated forms of our economic system — to socialize industry and establish the Co-operative Commonwealth. We looked upon the Haymarket affair as an impediment to our progress along educational lines, inasmuch as a majority of the people of the country then were unable to distinguish between anarchism and socialism. In Denver we had our share of the denunciation that was heaped by the press upon the "murderous Anarchists and Socialists." But we lived through it, and the League never missed a meeting nor modified a single sentence of its programme be-

cause of the war made upon it by ignorance and malice.

A special session of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor was held in Cleveland, Ohio, in May, 1886. The two reasons for the calling of this special meeting were the phenomenal growth of the order since the previous regular session, at Hamilton, Ontario, in the preceding autumn, and the growing friction between the Knights and the trades-unionists in certain sections. As the delegate of District Assembly No. 89, at the Hamilton session, I was eligible to a seat at the special session. I went by the way of Chicago, and stopped over in that city long enough to pay a visit to the scene of the Haymarket meeting of a few days before, though my friend, William Fornhof, who piloted me around the famous ground, informed me that the police were still watching and "spotting" every one who showed any interest in the scene where the bomb had been thrown.

The Cleveland session of the Knights was the liveliest held by the order up to that time. It was there that the serpent, whose

poisonous fangs were soon to sting the great labor organization almost to death, first showed its head.

During the six months following the Hamilton session of the General Assembly, the order had increased in membership at a wonderful rate, — it had doubled itself, — and when we met at Cleveland there were over half a million enrolled in the local assemblies. It was believed by many that such rapid growth was not for the best interests of the order, — that too many were becoming members before they thoroughly understood the principles of the order. It was thought that organizers, in their zeal to make great records, were failing to exercise proper care; so the commissions of all organizers were called in by the General Master Workman. This matter created considerable interest in the special session, and to meet the increasing responsibilities of the order, it was decided to elect six additional members of the General Executive Board, to be known as "auxiliary members," whose acts would be subject to revision by the regular board.

But the trouble with the trades-unions was the most important question before the General Assembly. A committee from the Federated Trades and Labor Unions (the predecessor of the American Federation of Labor) had come to Cleveland to confer with the Knights for a settlement of the controversies that had arisen between the two organizations. This committee consisted of Adolph Strasser, Dave Boyer, P. F. Fitzpatrick, P. J. McGuire, and William Weihe, and President Samuel Gompers, *ex officio*. One third of the representatives in the General Assembly were trades-unionists. These were, of course, desirous of keeping the two wings of the labor movement on a friendly footing, and they had sufficient support from among the other members to give the peace policy a clear majority. But the union-haters, led by half a dozen members of the notorious "Home Club," of New York, labored so diligently and with such concert that it required four days of the session to secure the passage of an address to "Brothers in the Cause of Labor," avowing the friendship of the order for all other or-

ganizations having the welfare of the workers as their object.

The union-haters were defeated for the time, but they were not conquered. Deceived by the phenomenal growth of the order, those men thought the time had come when the trade-unions could be "wiped out," as they expressed it, and, while they were compelled to give apparent acquiescence to the action of the majority at Cleveland, they never for a moment relinquished their hope nor ceased from the employment of every means at their command to accomplish its fulfillment. That was the serpent's head.

Among those who made such a gallant fight for harmony in the American labor movement, and who had the wisdom to foresee the result of the contrary course, were George E. McNeill, Frank K. Foster, George F. Murray, and Albert A. Carlton; and among those who were misled by the union-haters was the representative of the Union Pacific District Assembly, which had received invaluable aid from trades-unionists when it most needed aid. General Master

Workman Powderly was apparently neutral on the main fight, though he seemed to favor the address that was finally adopted.

I was elected one of the new members of the General Executive Board, notwithstanding the fierce opposition of the union-haters. This was the first time I had encountered real enmity in a labor organization. I withdrew my name once during the contest, because of the disgust I felt for the methods of the opposition, but later on my friends forced me into the running again, and when my election was secured they had a high old time in that General Assembly for a few minutes. There were rows galore in that special session, and though we closed under the wings of what many thought was the dove of peace, it turned out to be a buzzard. The war between the Knights of Labor and the trades-unions was on, and it was to be fought to a finish, despite the efforts of the men in the order who would bend every energy to secure peace, believing, as they did, that a satisfactory and salutary amalgamation between the two forces could eventually be accomplished.

By again accepting a position on the General Executive Board of the Knights I once more took upon myself the responsibility of looking after the interests of the order in the great West. All through the summer of 1886 I was kept on the run. The organization continued its wonderful growth, notwithstanding the mutterings of a battle royal soon to begin between the order and the trades-unions. In the latter part of the summer I organized Denver's sixteenth assembly, bringing the total membership in the city close to four thousand. This, with the trades-union strength, made Denver one of the best organized cities in the Union. In addition to my duties as a member of the board I was Master Workman of District Assembly No. 89, embracing nearly all of the assemblies in the state, Division Executive of the I. W. A., chairman of the Social League, and editor of "The Enquirer." During the summer there were several small strikes in my territory, the most important of these being a strike of Knights of Labor coal-miners at Blossburg, New Mexico. After trying to settle the trouble with the local managers, at

Blossburg, and failing, I went to Topeka, Kansas, and finally effected a compromise with the general manager of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway Company, owner of the Blossburg mines.

Shortly after my return from the Cleveland special session of the Knights of Labor I had a little quarrel with Grand Chief Peter M. Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which attracted some attention from the labor world and occasioned newspaper comment, especially in the West, though hostilities never got beyond the stage of printer's ink. Mr. Arthur, during a session in Denver of the organization of which he was the head, made an address one evening in the Tabor Opera House. In the course of his speech he repeated a declaration he had made on several previous occasions, to the effect that the Brotherhood would have nothing to do with other labor organizations. He made use of pretty strong language in expressing his disapprobation of the Knights of Labor, and said some things calculated to injure the order with those not familiar with its principles and policies. I at once

published in the daily papers a card challenging Mr. Arthur to a joint discussion on the respective merits of the Brotherhood and the Knights. He left the city on the day my challenge appeared, going to Colorado Springs. An Associated Press correspondent interviewed the Grand Chief at Colorado Springs on the subject of the challenge. When asked what he was going to do about it, Mr. Arthur told the correspondent that he considered the challenge and the challenger beneath his notice. I replied to the insult through the Denver papers ; but I did not completely square matters with the Grand Chief until nearly two years later.

I shall suspend the chronological sequence of my story long enough to allow me to tell the sequel to the challenge and snub incidents, as it was after I had removed to Chicago that I had my revenge, which was a sort of "coals of fire" proceeding, or so I considered it at the time. I afterwards looked upon it as a waste of good fuel.

There was a strike of engineers and firemen on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy

in 1888. Men were taken from the East, by the Burlington officials, to fill the strikers' places, most of the strike-breakers being former employees of the Reading Railway. The Reading engineers had gone upon strike some months before and Brotherhood men had "scabbed" on their jobs. The Burlington strike presented an opportunity for the Reading men to "get hunk." The Reading men were members of the Knights of Labor. They belonged to what was known at that time as the anti-administration wing of the order, and their leaders were in touch with the anti-administrationists' "provisional committee," of which I was the chairman.

The chief officers of the Brotherhoods had established headquarters at the Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, for the purpose of managing the Burlington strike. When the men formerly employed on the Reading began to arrive in Chicago the officials of the Brotherhoods appealed to me to aid them in persuading the Eastern Knights to stay away from the Burlington. Eugene V. Debs, then secretary of the Brotherhood of

Locomotive Firemen, came to my office in Chicago, and presented the request of the joint committee, of which he was also secretary. I reminded Debs of the attitude of Mr. Arthur to other labor organizations, the Knights of Labor in particular, and of his insult to me in Colorado. Debs withdrew, but returned shortly, accompanied by Frank P. Sargent, who was, at that time, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. I was assured that Mr. Arthur expressed great sorrow for the past and hoped that I would be willing to let by-gones be by-gones, come down to the Grand Pacific and meet the members of their joint committee, and give them what help I could in their fight with the Burlington.

"You are too true a friend of the cause of labor to allow another man's errors or your own personal grievances to govern your course, Buchanan," said Debs. "No matter how 'leaders' may err, it is your duty and mine to exert what influence we may possess to prevent organized workingmen from cutting each other's throats."

I liked Debs; he was loyal and frank;

besides, I saw the truth and good sense in his remark. I went to the Grand Pacific Hotel and met Mr. Arthur and his associates. I told the Grand Chief of the Engineers that I detested his public utterances on the labor question and the methods he advocated for the government of his organization; but that I was willing to put my prejudices out of the way until the war on the Burlington was over, if I could be of any service to the strikers.

During the two weeks that followed my meeting with Mr. Arthur, several delegations of old Reading men arrived in Chicago. With the help of the chairman of the executive committee of the Reading District Assembly I was enabled to meet these delegations soon after they reached the city, and, in one of the parlors of the Briggs House, I talked to them. As a result of our efforts most of the Knights who had come to Chicago as strike-breakers refused to go to work on the Burlington. Nevertheless the Brotherhoods lost the strike.

I never saw Mr. Arthur after the Burlington strike, but, in common with every

one who has watched the comings and goings in the labor world, I know that he never deviated by the breadth of a hair from his course of unfriendliness for all branches of organized labor excepting the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. It would be foolish for me to deny a truth so apparent as the growth and prosperity of the Brotherhood under his leadership; but that Mr. Arthur won his success by inculcating selfishness and exclusiveness in his organization and by alliances with railway magnates, which sacrificed, when deemed advantageous, all workmen save Brotherhood engineers, was, is, and will ever remain the belief of his contemporaries in the field of labor organization.

[I should have cut out of these chronicles all reference to Mr. Arthur had it not been for the fact that, in an encomium printed a few days after his death, great stress was laid upon his policy of non-affiliation with other labor organizations, and the late Grand Chief himself was quoted as saying *he had never asked any other organization for assistance.*]

Picking up the thread which was broken that I might complete the account of my experiences with Mr. Arthur, I find myself once again interested in politics. This situation may need some explanation if the reader remembers that, two years before, I had abandoned all hope of ever accomplishing anything through the use of the ballot. Several things had contributed to the influences which had worked the change of heart in me. The phenomenal growth of labor organizations and the prominence of the organizations as influential factors in almost all sections of the country, coupled with the increasing intelligence of the workingmen, inspired the hope that labor would soon be wise enough to use its great strength for its own benefit at the polls. The Chicago bomb aroused me to a realization of the possible consequences of the non-voting agitation, and I believed that until a majority had learned to vote right — and had been cheated of the results of victory won at the polls — a revolution could not be justified and would, besides, be a failure. In expressing my thoughts to the

few revolutionists I knew, I got into the habit of saying: "Men who will not vote right will not shoot right."

There was also a local and personal reason why "The Enquirer" took part in the campaign of 1886: One of the leading political parties nominated for governor of the state a gentleman who was known to be especially favorable to the interests of labor, and there were several candidates for other offices whose records in labor matters appealed to me. But, though I reversed the position I had held for two years, I did not "flop" all at once. When a committee of workingmen called upon me to ask for "The Enquirer's" support of the men known to be favorable to labor, I at first made this proposal: —

"Formulate your demands; present them to the candidates and support those who pledge themselves to carry out your wishes, if elected. Then, if your professed friends win at the polls, follow them to the scenes of their official duties, taking with you a half-inch rope; use your rope upon every man who betrays you!"

My suggestion did not meet with general approval among the workingmen, although there were some who thought it was not a bad one, and, had it been adopted, there would not have been a noticeable panic in the rope market; our candidates were defeated. There have been times since when I thought the rope policy might have kept a legislator, here and there, straight.

The main reasons for my return to politics still holding good, I never again backed out of the game, — though I have never been on the winning side, — and immediately after the elections of 1886 I hoisted to the head of "The Enquirer's" editorial page "For President in 1888," the name of Henry George, who had but recently been credited with 68,000 votes for mayor of New York, and who many believed was elected, but counted out.

The greatest session in its history was held by the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor in Richmond, Virginia, in October, 1886. Once more honored by District Assembly 89, I was a representative at that session. There were more than twice

as many representatives present at the Richmond session — over eight hundred — as attended any previous or subsequent General Assembly of the order. The session was important also because of the measures adopted. It was at Richmond that the seal of approval was placed upon the acts of those members who had been bending every energy since the Cleveland special session to bring on open warfare between the order and the trades-unions. The contest between the exclusivists and the bi-organization representatives was fierce, and it never waned for one moment during the two weeks of the session. The bitterness of feeling engendered by the strife between these two elements entered into every matter of any consequence which came before the body. Seeds of discord which are still bearing fruit — seventeen years after — were sown in that meeting.

While the question at issue was the Knights against the whole trades-union movement, the discussions covering every possible phase of the subject, one trade only was named in the action taken by the Gen-

eral Assembly — the cigarmakers. A resolution was adopted ordering all members of the order who were also members of the Cigarmakers' International Union to withdraw from the latter organization; failure to comply with said order meaning forfeiture of membership in the order of Knights of Labor. The majority by which the resolution was adopted was not, comparatively, large, but it was enough; and the greatest labor organization up to that time known in this country received its mortal wound at Richmond. The anti-unionists were jubilant over the victory and would not believe that they had done the order irreparable injury; but within a year they realized their error, though their fanatical leaders would not then sheathe their knives.

Many of my readers will remember the time when the Knights of Labor was the leading labor organization of this country, and there may be among them some who will recall the fact that a rapid decline in the order's strength and influence began during the year following the Richmond session of the General Assembly. These

may ask, What was the position taken by General Master Workman T. V. Powderly on the vital question you have been telling us about? It will be remembered that I have stated that when the subject first came before the General Assembly, at the Cleveland session, Mr. Powderly appeared to occupy a neutral position. At Richmond he was unequivocally with the anti-unionists. This was Mr. Powderly's first serious mistake as General Master Workman, though he had been criticised because of his course in the Southwestern strike and during the eight-hour movement of May 1, 1886; he made other mistakes afterward, and some of them were children of the parent error committed at Richmond. The General Master Workman desired harmony in the order, and he permitted himself to be deceived into the belief that harmony could only be secured by killing the influence of the trades-unionists who were Knights. He lacked the penetrative power that enabled many others to see through the thin veil behind which was hidden the selfishness and the ambition of the anti-unionists. He

did not see that the unionists who were members of the order were so because they loved its principles and not because they needed its protection; they had all the protection in trade matters that they required in their unions. The trades-unionists at Richmond did not coddle Powderly nor attempt to win his support by dickering. The anti-unionists extended his term of office from one year to two years and increased his salary from $2000 a year to $5000.

When the General Assembly convened at Richmond, T. V. Powderly enjoyed popularity and wielded influence which were unique. Nearly a million of men believed in him, and were willing to lay down their lives for him, should occasion require in the contest with the common enemy. I remember saying to him, some years later, that had I occupied his position at Richmond I would not have exchanged it for a quit-claim deed to the United States of America. And he traded it for a pretense of "harmony in the order," with incidental increase of salary and extension of official term.

Returning to Denver from Richmond, my first act — before I went to my home to see my family — was to write and hand to the printer a circular, addressed to the locals in District Assembly No. 89, and signed by myself as District Master Workman, instructing all local assemblies in the district to ignore entirely the action of the General Assembly with reference to the expulsion of union cigarmakers until I could make my report to the district. This was the first of my revolts against the administration and the powers that controlled the General Assembly, which eventually put me out of the order and into the street, during the Minneapolis session, in 1888. My "cigarmakers' circular" had the desired effect; not one union man was forced out of the order in Colorado, and not one gave up his union because of the action of the General Assembly. But union men soon began voluntarily to withdraw from the Knights; inside of two years the exodus was almost complete, and — was it only a coincidence? — the order went down almost as rapidly as it had arisen.

While the General Assembly was in ses-

sion at Richmond the employees of the Union Stock Yards at Chicago went on strike, for the eight-hour day. Thomas B. Barry, member of the General Executive Board, was sent at once, by the board, to take charge of the strike. The twenty-five thousand strikers had the stock yards completely tied up, and it was known that the bosses were on the point of yielding, when a telegram from the General Master Workman dumped the fat into the fire. This telegram ordered the men to abandon their demands for an eight-hour day and to return to work. The strikers were dumfounded by what they considered the ill-advised and inopportune act of the General Master Workman, and, when assured that there was no mistake about the order, refused to obey it. Mr. Powderly then sent a message — open, instead of in cipher — to Mr. Barry, directing him, if the men refused to obey the order to return to work, to take their charters from them. Barry was almost heart-broken. He withheld the Master Workman's telegram for two days, but it turned out that the bosses knew of Powderly's order before Barry had

read the message, and, realizing that the General Master Workman was playing their game, they adopted a resolution which said to the strikers, "You can return to work only on condition that you renounce your allegiance to the Knights of Labor." Such a predicament as the men found themselves in is not recorded in any other chapter of the whole labor movement. George A. Schilling, one of Chicago's most prominent labor men, who had been closely associated with the stock yards men, writing to me about the affair, said it reminded him of the colored preacher who, in a sermon, said: "Bredern and sisters, dar am two roads in dis world; one leads to hell, and de udder to damnation!"

The only explanation ever offered of the General Master Workman's conduct in the Chicago stock yards strike was scarce an explanation at all, as it also needed explaining. Here it is: A Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. P. M. Flannigan, of St. Anne's Church, Town of Lake, Cook County, had written to Mr. Powderly, urging him to call the strike off. Father Flannigan, claiming to know

the sentiments of the packers, declared that they were fully determined not to work their plants on the eight-hour plan. He further declared that great hardships — perhaps destitution — threatened the families of thousands of the strikers, and, urging Mr. Powderly to put a stop to the strike, said, "In your whole life I do not think you will ever again have an opportunity of doing such a service to so vast a number as in this instance." At the time that letter was written, the shut-down in the yards and packing-houses was complete, and not an appeal for assistance had been received by the managers of the strike.

The strike was lost. The men returned to work — without being asked to renounce their allegiance to the order, as the bosses, glad to resume operations under the old conditions, receded from the position they had taken but a few days before. But the influence of the order was sadly weakened, not only in the eyes of the stock yards' bosses and the general public, but also with the men who had been so cruelly sacrificed in what they considered the house of their friends. Nor did the discouraging effect

of the General Master Workman's blunder stop with the victims in the Chicago stock yards; it spread throughout the order, and became one of the causes of the order's tremendous losses in membership and influence among the workingmen that marked the next two or three years of its life.

As has been before stated, I had many friends in Chicago and I kept in pretty close touch with the movement in that city. I had begun to lose confidence in the high officials of the order before the stock yards affair, and when, after a thorough investigation, I realized the wrong that had been done to the Chicago men, I turned the editorial page of "The Enquirer" loose against Mr. Powderly and his advisers. I did not charge the General Master Workman with dishonesty; I never believed him guilty to that extent. His error in the stock yards strike, as in the trades-union controversy, was in listening to the wrong advisers. He should have taken the word of Barry and of A. A. Carlton, another member of the General Executive Board, who joined Barry in Chicago as soon as the General Assembly

at Richmond closed its session. At least he should have been guided by these men until he could have made a personal investigation of the situation. By ruthlessly overriding these two men, who were his brother members of the board, he lost their support and drove them into the camp of the anti-administrationists, where they remained as long as they were in the order.

General Master Workman Powderly seemed entirely to lose his head immediately following the Richmond session. The daily press, of course, applauded his course in the stock yards strike. Then he began a bombardment of the local assemblies throughout the country with circulars on all sorts of questions, and invariably he took the side that pleased the opponents of organized labor and won for his circulars the plaudits of the capitalist press. One circular forbade the collection of financial aid in the assemblies for the defense of the men arrested on account of the Chicago Haymarket trouble. Another tabooed the eight-hour movement. Still another forbade the order to enter politics. And there were

others which were either at wide variance with what the majority of the members believed to be the province of the order, or were attempts to infringe upon the rights of free men.

A rule that has long been recognized by thoughtful workingmen as having few exceptions is that, When the daily press and the employing class begin to praise a labor "leader," it is time for the workingmen to keep an eye upon him. About two years before the time of which I have been writing, Mr. Powderly had said to me, in the Planters' Hotel, in St. Louis : "Joe, the labor 'leader' whose acts are praised by the daily press of this country will bear watching." I remembered this remark when the General Master Workman's praises were being sung by the big newspapers of the country ; but, I repeat, the time never came when I believed Mr. Powderly to be dishonest. He made many mistakes, but he received from plutocracy no greater reward than a little cheap flattery, temporarily bestowed, and this shortly turned to ashes in his hands. Mr. Powderly was an

able agitator and leader of sentiment in a large and general way, but, like nearly all men possessing those qualities, he was unable to specialize and was almost worthless when it came to following a definite policy. Therefore, he was weak, as an executive officer, at critical moments. As was said to me by one of my friends in those days, a thorough analyst of men and measures: "An honest man, a good leader of sentiment, but a worthless leader of men, must be the verdict of history upon Mr. Powderly."

In December, 1887, the Federated Trades and Labor-Unions of the United States and Canada met in Columbus, Ohio. The principal matter considered by that convention was the quarrel with the Knights of Labor. Instead of a conciliatory policy the convention adopted radical retaliatory measures. The mistakes of the administration party of the Knights, at Richmond and during the subsequent sixty days, presented the opportunity the strict trades-unionists wanted, and they entered the field for a fight to the finish. I was in "hot water" about that time. I did not want the two organizations

to combat each other; I pleaded for peace between them until the fires of the conflict became too hot for the white flag; then I said things about the belligerent leaders on each side. As a result, I was branded a traitor by the administration Knights at headquarters, and denounced as a renegade by some of the members of the trades-unions at home. Oh, it was a delightful situation for a man who thought he had been making sacrifices for the cause of labor, and who was willing to suffer even more for that cause. My trade-union friends said to me some years after that all that misrepresentation and abuse were parts of my sacrificial offering on the altar of organized labor. It may be they were right; I confess I do not know.

The reader must not take the impression from the foregoing that I was deserted by the friends and the thousands of organized workmen who had trusted me before that trouble came. Such was not the case; but, on the contrary, a majority of the rank and file held to the views that were mine in the quarrel between the two great wings of the

movement. But the "leaders" were much displeased with me. It must have been because of the popularity of my expressed views upon the course pursued by Mr. Powderly in the stock yards strike that I was asked to go to Chicago to assume editorial charge of a daily newspaper to be published by workingmen and their friends, as an advocate of organized labor. This proposal reached me along about Christmas, 1887. I at first declined the offer, when extra inducements were placed before me, together with the flattering assurance that I was the only man who could fill the bill at that time. I called the "Old Guard" together and laid the matter before the men who had stood by me in the dark hours when "The Enquirer" was struggling for a foothold. It was like severing family ties, and there were tears in all our eyes, but, to a man, they said, "Go; it's a broader field, and your duty lies there. We will back up the paper here, when necessary, as we have done before." And so it was decided. I could not be starved out of Denver, and I could not be frightened away; but "molasses catches

more flies than vinegar," which trite saying will be explained as we proceed.

I left the business department of "The Enquirer" in my wife's charge, and my associate, James J. Callahan, took my seat in the editorial chair. I left for Chicago on Thursday, January 13, 1887. In "The Enquirer" which appeared on the day after my departure my farewell to my Denver associates was printed. I quote a few sentences from my "Words at Parting:" —

"I leave this city for Chicago, where I go to assume the position of editor-in-chief of the Chicago 'Daily Star,' a paper to be issued by a stock company composed of the labor organizations of that city. I have received several offers of positions similar to this during the past year; but in this case I found it impossible to refuse the hands held out to me, and the encouragement extended for me to enter a larger field. I hope I shall not be disappointed, and that our Chicago comrades will not have cause to regret that they came to the Far West for one to fill so important a place, and I know every reader

of this paper echoes these wishes. . . . I shall furnish a weekly news-letter from Chicago, and will also contribute regularly to the editorial columns. The superior writers who have made the paper well known all over the land will continue to help fill it with clear ideas on the labor question. . . . I cannot say good-by, nor hardly adieu, as I do not seem to be going away. I am only removing a cross-fence or two and widening my little field; and though in person I shall be more than a thousand miles away, in spirit I shall be in the same old corner, communing with the kindred and familiar souls in the cause which binds us, and will bind all true friends of Humanity, for ever and ever."

CHAPTER IX

IN THE LARGER FIELD

WHEN I reached Chicago I was met at the train by a friend to whom I had wired the time that I would arrive. This gentleman, though interested to some extent in the newspaper enterprise which had brought me to the city, was not one of the committee in charge of affairs. He had, indeed, written me before I left Denver to "go slow;" that there was more or less mystery associated with the maneuvering of the promoters of the paper. But I had set aside his caution, attributing it to his natural timidity and his fear that some harm would come to me, for whom he had an unusual friendship. As we rode from the station to my friend's home, where I was to be domiciled temporarily, he laid bare before me the situation, which was not as rosy as I had expected: —

"Within the past twenty-four hours, while

you have been on the road coming here, there has been a serious break in the organization known as 'The Star Publishing Company.' It seems that the two men who have been negotiating, ostensibly on behalf of the company, for the plant of 'The Telegram' — to be remodeled into 'The Star' — have secured the option in their own names, and they will not relinquish their control to the company until the latter puts up a large sum of money. The committee is divided; some of the members, believing they can secure the money, are disposed to bow to the will of the two men who have the option; others are in favor of cutting loose and trying another scheme entirely, while the remainder are simply stunned and do not know what to do. The two men who have the committee in the hole are not workingmen, — in the sense that you and I know workingmen, — but they belong to one of our leading assemblies of the Knights of Labor. As they express it themselves, they are 'business men,' and my opinion is that a committee of unsophisticated, though earnest, workingmen would stand a pretty good

chance of being skinned by the 'business men.' So, you can see, 'The Star' will not make its bow to an eager and anxious public to-day, as previously announced, and you can go out to my house and take a rest, in preparation for the reception that is to be tendered you at the Sherman House this evening. The reception will come off as arranged notwithstanding the trouble in the committee. Each side will make its best play to win you, as there has been lots of stuff in the papers about your coming here to edit a workingmen's daily paper, and the thing has been threshed and threshed through the labor organizations of the city.

"Now I have n't known you and worked with you for years without learning that you do not run away from such situations as you will find here, but that the harder the proposition the harder you will fight. It is not necessary for me to explain the motives which prompt me to suggest that your safest advisers will be found outside of both factions of the publishing company committee. There are those in this city who

hold your good name and unblemished record as worth more, not only to you, but to the movement, than all the newspaper schemes that were ever hatched."

I did not feel "puffed up" by this speech; I was deeply touched by it. The speaker had been a resident of Denver during the time of my struggles in establishing "The Enquirer," and he had been one of the little band that had made possible my success with that paper.

"My dear boy, I have always tried to show that I valued at their full worth the counsels of my friends, as you know," I said. "While I may be a harder fighter than the rest of you, I realize fully that many victories would have been turned into defeats had it not been for the wisdom of the true comrades whose advice has been my guide at critical periods. My apparent popularity in this city, which, it may turn out, is only temporary, will not disturb my equilibrium, as you shall see. If you have anything more to say to me, say on."

"At present I have but one thing more to say, and that may not be necessary, as you

are well posted on the situation in the movement here. But it won't hurt to call your attention to the matter. For some years there was constant friction and frequent conflict between two general divisions of the labor movement in this city. Two prominent labor men were at war for the leadership, and the rank and file lined up, some on one side and the rest on the other side. The situation has changed recently, and there is apparent peace between the two divisions. That is, an armistice has been arranged between the rival leaders; they have agreed that the movement in Chicago is large enough for two leaders, but there is trouble ahead for the man who thinks there is room for a third. These agreements may be only tacitly understood, but they are effective nevertheless."

"If you mean that as a warning to me," I replied, "I can say it is entirely unnecessary. I have no desire to dispute the dual supremacy which exists here; in reality I do not hanker after what is called 'leadership.' I have come here to take a place in the literary department of the

movement, not to meddle with the practical work of the organizations, and there should be no conflict between the two gentlemen of whom you speak and myself. By the way, may I ask the names of the gentlemen?"

"Certainly," said my friend, "but I suspect that you know to whom I refer." The men he named were for years "leaders" in the Chicago labor movement.

With a smile which I was unable to restrain, though my friend was certainly in a serious mood, I replied: "There will not be any trouble between those two gentlemen and myself; on the contrary, I hope to have their hearty sympathy and support in the work which I have come here to do."

That evening the reception took place at the Sherman House, and my vanity, of which I confess to having as much as the average man, was considerably tickled by the speeches made welcoming me to the city, which "is the great throbbing heart of the awakening giant of Labor," and congratulating the toilers of the Middle West on

securing the aid of "this brilliant recruit from the far-away snow-capped crest of the continent." I was not accustomed to such pyrotechnics in my receptions, — the few that I 'd had, — but I was spared the necessity of purchasing a larger hat after the reception by the recollection of the old saw about "going up like a rocket and coming down like a stick."

Treating the Sherman House reception as my entrance into the field of labor journalism in Chicago, I was forcibly struck with the difference between it and the beginning of "The Enquirer" in Denver; but I remembered that I was in the "Windy City." In Denver, things were *done* — at least by the "Old Guard" — without any unnecessary talk. I don't mean to say they did not *do* things in Chicago; but even the labor people had acquired the habit of tall talking as an accompaniment to performances — the former frequently towering away above the latter.

There were no indications at the reception of the split between the "business men" and the other members of the committee, and

I would have been completely deceived by the appearance of harmony had not my friend posted me during our ride from the station that morning. It was announced that the appearance of the first number of "The Star" would be delayed for a few days, because of unsettled business matters, but that we would be going under a full head of steam very soon. In the mean time I was to move around among the labor organizations and greet my "thousands of friends and supporters." On the evening of my third day in the city I was given a dinner at one of the leading restaurants. The edibles provided for the occasion did credit to the justly famous cuisine of the establishment, but the *pièce de résistance*, for obvious reasons, was omitted from the printed menu. It was cat — cat in a bag; but the hand of the restaurateur, which was supposed to hold tightly the unsewed end of the bag, slipped, and the cat got out.

The proprietor of the place was an ex-sheriff of Cook County, and, at the time of which I write, was the chief man in the machine of one of the leading political parties

in the county. About midway of the feast this gentleman was conducted to the room where The Star Publishing Company was dining, that he might be properly presented to the much-heralded editor from the other side of the torrid and sandy plains. After the formal introduction and the nothings, denominated "courtesies," common to such occasions, the ex-sheriff and then party boss placed his hand familiarly upon the shoulder of the guileless scribe and remarked, in a confidential tone: —

"Well, Mr. Buchanan, I think we will get along all right together. I can handle our people without any trouble, and, from what I have heard of your abilities as a 'leader,' I guess you can swing the labor end all right. If we don't sweep everything before us in this county, I shall be very much surprised."

To say that I was puzzled by what I had just heard but feebly expresses my state of mind at that moment, and the exhibition of nervousness displayed by the gentlemen who had overheard the words of the ex-sheriff did not tend to reassure me; but I kept

myself well in hand — I had been in close corners before — and, emulating the confidential manner of the ex-sheriff, asked that gentleman: —

"And who are 'our people,' as you use the expression?"

"Why," exclaimed the gentleman, in a manner that showed surprise at my question, "the fellows who run the machine of the —— party."

His last finger had lost its grip on the mouth of the bag, the cat sprang out, and, cavorting about the room, knocked over the unfinished dinner, and some of the diners, at the feast.

The boss had either been poorly coached or he had forgotten his lesson. Out of consideration for those whose faces showed they were as much surprised at what had just been said as I was myself, I dissembled — something I was not often called upon to do — and, in reply to the frank, though rascally, declaration of the ex-sheriff, said, with a forced laugh: —

"Why, certainly; to be sure. There could be no other meaning to your words."

The boss of the —— party withdrew and left his fellow conspirators to finish their dinner. But the dinner, and the conspiracy, ended right there.

To make a long story shorter, let me state that my connection with the originators of the Chicago "workingmen's daily" was severed before we left the room that night. With a few exceptions the members of the committee broke away with me. The "business men" Knights, who held an option on the plant of "The Telegram," completed their deal some days later, and began the publication of the proposed "workingmen's daily;" but the workingmen would have none of it, and in a few weeks it had run its course. All sorts of inducements were offered me to pocket my "prejudices" and take the editorial chair; but of course I could not do it: I was too busy exposing the political deal which had leaked at the dinner. Ethelbert Stewart, an honest and exceptionally capable man, who has since had a creditable career as special agent of the United States Department of Labor, was secured as editor; but, although the political

deal was smashed, the paper was not accepted in good faith by the workingmen.

The members of the publishing committee who had followed me, in the break at the time of the dinner and the cat, attempted to organize a company to publish a paper of which I would be the editor, but they could not raise the necessary funds. For three weeks I waited for them to do something practical. One day everything was bright and rosy; the next day the situation looked hopeless. These alternating currents of hot and cold air did not strike my fancy, especially as I had broken my last five dollar bill. I was determined not to call upon "The Enquirer" for money to maintain me in Chicago, and I was also positively opposed to the idea of returning to Denver a whipped — or, rather, buncoed — man. I had gone to Chicago to edit a labor paper; I made up my mind, by the end of the third week of the futile negotiations of the publishing committee, to carry out my programme, or to break something or somebody in the attempt. There were good men on that committee; loyal and conscientious friends of the labor

movement, but they had not been cut out for newspaper promoters. I went to the meeting of the committee and announced that I was tired of waiting upon their slow motions, and that I was now going to try it alone.

"I can't start a daily right away, gentlemen," I said, "but I will have the first issue of a semi-weekly on the streets next Wednesday, one week from to-day. I solicit your support."

"How much money have you?" asked one of the gentlemen.

I turned out the contents of my pocket. I had just two dollars and forty cents.

"And you are going to start a paper in Chicago on a capital of two dollars and forty cents?" came from the gentleman who had spoken before. "Well, call upon me for fifty dollars when your first issue is out."

I may say here that one week later I held in my hand a check for fifty dollars, signed by the name of one of Chicago's young and rising attorneys. We had both "made good," as they say in sporting circles.

When I left the committee meeting I hurried at once to the town of Lake, where

I looked up some of my friends among the stock yards men. Two of the "boys" hustled about and borrowed five hundred dollars for me, placing their names on my note as security for the payment of the sum, in six months. By Thursday night I had rented some rooms, had purchased an outfit from the type foundry, — exclusive of presses, — making a cash payment and giving a mortgage to secure the balance, and when, at midnight, I turned the key on my new establishment, I shut in the familiar atmosphere of the "print shop." I had imbibed, during my three weeks' stay in the city, large quantities of that spirit which is called "Chicago push," though I had found that all Chicagoans did not take kindly to the "push."

On Friday my little force of "hired men" laid the type; on Saturday we got to work, and Wednesday, February 23, 1887, the first number of "The Chicago Labor Enquirer" made its appearance, and of course I was pleased when assured by my brother printers that "'The Enquirer' is the neatest paper ever issued in Chicago."

Why did I call my new paper by the name that belonged to the Denver paper? In the first number of the Chicago paper I answered that question. From the article on the subject I quote: —

"Nearly five years ago I established 'The Labor Enquirer' of Denver, Colorado, and since that time we have been through the mill together, and have been bound to each other by the adversity that seals everlasting friendships; never will the time come when I shall not think there is something in that name. It was but natural that I should wish to call the paper which is to have my undivided attention hereafter by that name, especially as there were grave doubts in my mind at the time I began preparations for the publication of this paper as to whether the Denver journal could, under the circumstances, be continued."

I sold the Denver paper and plant to a little company formed by some of the comrades, the transfer taking place early in March. The greater part of the purchase

price was paid in promissory notes, which I still hold, uncanceled; but they are not for sale at any price. The Denver paper continued about a year under the new arrangement. Shortly after it passed its fifth birthday it was laid away in the section of the Potter's Field of journalism reserved for starved labor papers.

"It sorrowed for the companionship of him who had helped it across many black ditches in its short though troubled life, that one whose sacrifices and sufferings had made him seem a part of its own very self, and it just gasped and died." With these words one of the "Old Guard," some years later, closed the account he gave me of the trials that beset "The Denver Enquirer" after it ceased to be my property.

An extract from another of the editorials in the first number of "The Chicago Enquirer" may prove interesting, as it discusses a question which frequently arises in the minds of newspaper readers. It was my opinion that when a man was the sole editor of his own paper he should, in his editorials, use the personal pronoun "I"

instead of "we" when expressing his own opinion or in speaking of himself. The practice of my belief in this matter made me the butt of ill-natured jokes; but I stood the gaff, and never changed my practice in that particular. Here, in part, was my argument: —

"If a paper has more than one editor, if its editorial page is an intellectual pot-pie, then 'we' is not inappropriate, though the French custom of signing articles is preferable; but when it is known that the paper has but one editor, then that editor is a 'freak' if he can speak grammatically of himself as 'we,' and his place is in a museum and not on a newspaper. An editor in giving expression to his opinions, in conversation, or upon the platform, uses the pronoun 'I,' but when he puts those same opinions into type for use in his paper, he must, forsooth, use that vague, indefinite commodity of monarchs, 'we.' Folly, positive folly. The editor of 'The Enquirer' is responsible for unsigned articles in its columns, and when, for the purpose of properly shaping an idea, it is necessary for

him to speak of himself, he will do so as he would upon the platform or in conversation. This answers questions which have been asked me by those who, noticing what they thought was a 'peculiarity' in my Denver paper, wanted to know my reasons for it, and it forestalls the objectors who will notice my 'peculiarity' for the first time in this paper."

The conditions were especially auspicious for the beginning of "The Enquirer" in Chicago. The organized workingmen were just about entering upon a political campaign. The third number of the paper carried at the head of the editorial page the ticket of the United Labor Party. The election was for city and town officers and one alderman for each ward in the city of Chicago. The nominees of the party were all workingmen and members of labor organizations. Robert Nelson, the nominee for mayor of Chicago, was an iron-molder by trade, regularly employed in one of the foundries of the city. There was work and plenty of it for "The Enquirer" and its editor during the

campaign. The paper was issued twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It met with unusual success from the beginning, and I believed that I was at last established where everlasting digging for money to meet current expenses would not unfit me for other work. Alas, for the hopes of mortals.

The United Labor Party secured twenty-four thousand votes out of seventy-eight thousand votes polled in the city of Chicago, and elected one alderman. The result of the election was encouraging to the workingmen of the city, and the organization of the United Labor Party was looked upon as a fixture in local politics. A few months later candidates were nominated for judicial places, but in that election the returns were not so satisfactory as they had been in the city election. The falling off so soon was due, probably, to the fact that the offices to be filled did not permit of the nomination of members of labor organizations; judges are made out of lawyers, and lawyers are not eligible to membership in labor organizations.

The workingmen's political movement labored under unusual disadvantages in Chicago at that time, because of the misrepresentations made by the city press. The prejudices of the people were worked upon by constant repetition of the charge that the triumph of the United Labor Party at the polls would mean a free license to "Anarchists" and other "advocates of violence" to wreak vengeance upon the city and its people because of the imprisonment of the men charged with responsibility for the Haymarket affair, of May, 1886. Color was given to this charge by the prominence of men in the party who were pronounced in their friendship for the seven imprisoned "boys;" but those who fathered and kept alive the false sentiment regarding the United Labor Party knew well enough that it was officered and led by men who advocated a peaceable settlement of the differences between the workers and the bosses — their appeal to the ballot proved the truth of this assertion. "The Enquirer," with only two issues a week, had to fight against the combined daily press of the city. It was a

very unequal contest, and the editors of the big dailies probably laughed at the bare idea that "The Enquirer" was fighting; but I was satisfied with that end of the campaign — to be the organ of twenty-four thousand voters is no small honor for a semi-weekly paper, whose proprietor had only two dollars and forty cents and a bundle of assurance to start on.

After the city election I reduced "The Enquirer" to a weekly, for reasons which were scouted by those whose wish was father to the thought that I was on the brink of failure, but which made the change imperative. The postmaster would not accept the paper for delivery, as, under the postal law, he was not allowed to handle the local circulation of a publication issued oftener than once a week. I tried to have the paper delivered by carriers, but as there was work in that line only two days in each week, I found it impossible to get good carriers who would stick to the job. I then turned to the carriers of the other papers. Some of them took my paper on with their dailies, and everything would have been all right, had

not the proprietors of the dailies, through their circulators, informed the carriers that they must give up "The Enquirer" or lose their six and seven days' jobs. I was beaten, and had to fall back upon a weekly edition, which would be handled by the post-office department.

Early in the year 1887 there were signs of dissatisfaction in the ranks of the carpenters of Chicago. The trade was organized to some extent, but the unions and assemblies were not strong enough to enforce union wages and conditions — at least they did not think they were. Some of the ablest and most courageous men in the trade got together and organized the Carpenters' Council, which was made up of the various unions and assemblies of Knights of Labor composed of carpenters. The man most entitled to credit for this movement, which proved of such great value to the carpenters of Chicago, was James Brennock, — "Uncle Jimmie," — who for more than twenty years has held a first place in the hearts of Chicago workingmen.

When the Carpenters' Council was organ-

ized only about one fourth of the carpenters in the city were union men, and wages ranged from seventeen to twenty-five cents an hour. The workday was never less than ten hours in length, and in many cases it was twelve or more hours, and the men had no rights which employers were obliged to respect. At a meeting of the council, in March, it was determined to make an effort to improve the conditions of the carpentering trade in Chicago. It was decided to present to the employing carpenters a request for a minimum scale of thirty-five cents an hour, and an eight-hour workday. That looks like a pretty big jump from seventeen cents and a twelve-hour day, especially for a new and comparatively weak organization; but the carpenters had been a long time making up their minds to jump, and they had fallen far behind the other trades. The local unions, which were attached to the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, — the national organization of the trade, — sent a communication to P. J. McGuire, the General Secretary, with headquarters in Philadelphia, informing him of the action taken

by the Carpenters' Council, and asking him to hold himself in readiness to come to Chicago and take charge, in case a strike was ordered. Secretary McGuire sent back word that his hands were full of important organization matters, which would prevent him from complying with the request; but that there was in Chicago a man who, from experience, was eminently fitted to assist the carpenters, and who had, to the fullest extent, the confidence of the national officers of the Brotherhood. Mr. McGuire sent the Chicago men the address of the man he offered as a substitute, and also wrote the latter a letter urging him to accept the proffered honor. I had been a resident of Chicago only three months, and felt a little "new" for such an undertaking; but when I had read McGuire's letter and had listened to the story of the Brotherhood men who called upon me, I put on my hat and went over to the headquarters of the Carpenters' Council, where I put in a large part of my time during the two weeks that followed.

The boss carpenters refused to grant the

requests of the men and the council ordered a strike of all carpenters in the city. The result of the order for the strike was one of the greatest surprises in all my experience in the labor movement — more than ninety per cent. of the working carpenters in the city, union and non-union, laid down their tools and walked out. The bosses were stunned. They had not expected any but the organized men — and, probably, not all of them — to obey the strike order. For two weeks we negotiated, the employers, who at first were disposed to ride high horses, finally seeing that they had to treat with the journeymen as equals. The initiation fee of the union was reduced to one dollar, and the non-union strikers fell over each other clambering into the organization. At the end of two weeks a complete victory for the strikers had been achieved and the trade was organized as never before in the city. Only those acquainted with the organization and the slavish conditions in the trade when the strike was ordered could appreciate the wonderful changes effected in the carpentering industry in Chicago in those

two weeks. That was the only strike, of importance, in which I was directly concerned while in Chicago; but it was enough to satisfy the ambition of any reasonable agitator.

I must relate one incident of the strike, illustrative of an old saw that has always been one of my favorites: "Pride goeth before a fall." The master carpenters objected to my prominence in the controversy between them and their employees, because I was not a carpenter, and had never been in their employ. They said unpleasant things about me to the reporters, but that was all they could do to show their feelings on the subject, until near the close of the strike. The Master Carpenters' Association sent word to the Carpenters' Council that it was willing to receive and consider the proposals of the council for a settlement of the strike. The council drew up its demands, gave the paper to me, and sent me to the rooms of the Master Carpenters, where the association was in session. From the anteroom I sent a note to the secretary of the association, stating the object of my errand. After

allowing me to cool my heels for an hour, the secretary sent word out to me that the association refused to treat with me, because I was not recognized as either an employee or a carpenter. I returned to the offices of the council and reported. Brennock and the other members of the strike committee were very wroth at the indignity which had been put upon me; but I only smiled. I was not thin-skinned and, besides, I had long ago learned how to wait. About an hour after my return from the rooms of the Master Carpenters' Association a committee of five members of that punctilious society marched into the offices of the council. The spokesman informed Secretary Brennock that the committee had been sent by the Masters' Association to present articles of agreement which the boss carpenters were willing to sign with the union carpenters. At Brennock's request everybody but the members of the strike committee, the visitors from the Masters, and myself withdrew from the room. Two or three of the bosses looked at me in a manner that betokened suspicion—they did not know me by sight, but I suppose

I did not look sufficiently weather-stained for a carpenter. However, I sat quietly in a corner while the spokesman of the Masters' committee read a lengthy document which he called an agreement. When he had finished, the chairman of the council's committee took the paper, saying: "We will submit this document to our counsel, gentlemen, and let you have our decision as soon as possible."

"Your counsel!" exclaimed Mr. Spokesman. "I did n't know you had brought a lawyer into this matter."

"We have n't," said Brennock. "This gentleman, Mr. Buchanan, is our counsel;" and he passed the Masters' agreement to me.

The situation was worthy the imagination of Dr. Conan Doyle. I was even and to spare. The wind from a dove's wing would have swept the Masters' committee from its feet. They recovered their composure sufficiently to enable them to get out of the room, to an accompaniment of "Ahems," "Ahs," and "Very wells."

It required just fifteen minutes to reject the agreement submitted by the Masters, —

we had all heard it read, — make a slight alteration in our ultimatum, and dispatch a messenger to the rooms of the Master Carpenters' Association. I did not go that time; there was no necessity for "rubbing it in."

The ultimatum of the workmen was acceded to the next day, and eight thousand carpenters returned to work under union conditions, with an eight-hour workday and thirty-five cents as the minimum wage.

The union carpenters showed their appreciation of the service I had given them by subscribing in large numbers for "The Enquirer" and by donations to the paper's funds, aggregating nearly five hundred dollars, from the various unions of the Brotherhood. This help and the profits from the large sales of the paper made during the spring campaign enabled me to pay off the mortgage on the plant and make "The Enquirer" free of debt.

When in June representatives from the building trades organizations of fourteen of the leading cities in the United States met in Chicago for the purpose of forming a national council of building trades, I was

chosen a representative of the Chicago carpenters to attend that meeting. I was further honored by being made temporary chairman of the national conference — the first, I believe, of its kind ever held in this country. I shall never forget how kindly I was treated by the Chicago carpenters in return for a service which I considered as simply in the line of my duty. In those days I used to say I was a carpenter, in all but a knowledge of the use of the tools of the trade, like the chap who could waltz, all but his feet.

I had not taken a transfer card when I left Denver for Chicago, and was, therefore, still a member of Union Assembly No. 2327, and of District Assembly No. 89. In fact, the Colorado District Assembly refused for nearly a year to elect my successor as District Master Workman. Therefore, when I received a communication from the officers of the District Assembly inquiring if I would accept credentials as representative to the General Assembly, which was to meet in Minneapolis in October, 1887, I was not greatly surprised. I replied that as I had

already been a representative in three General Assemblies, and was the only member of District Assembly 89 who had ever been a delegate to the general body, I could not accept the honor again if there was any member of the district who wanted it. In other words, the choice must be approved by every member of the district before I would accept. In due time I received the credentials, with a statement of the officers of the District Assembly that I had been unanimously chosen. I relate all these particulars so that the reader may be able to appreciate fully the action of the administration party at Minneapolis.

In "The Chicago Enquirer" I had criticised the course of the administration of the order; but hundreds of papers in the country had done the same thing. It is probably true that my criticisms struck closer home, because I was better posted on the inside workings than the general run of editors. During that year the Knights almost ceased to be a secret organization; its affairs were discussed publicly, from both sides, to such an extent that the whole world knew of

about everything that took place "under the seal of Knighthood." While I criticised the acts of the General Master Workman, I tried at all times to avoid attacking Mr. Powderly personally. He was not always so considerate in his treatment of me. He wrote me a letter recalling my commission, alleging that I was using that commission in Chicago to show that I was *persona grata* with the General Master Workman — who had the sole power to issue and recall commissions. That letter made me smile, and I told the writer as much in my reply. There was, at that time, no man more unpopular with the Chicago workingmen than Mr. Powderly. The order had fallen off numerically at an alarming rate since the Richmond session; it had lost tens of thousands of members. A part of the loss could be traced to the action of the Richmond General Assembly, a part to the lack of a definite policy on the part of the administration, and the rest to the internecine strife that had been going on for months. The circulars of the Master Workman prohibiting strikes, political action, assessments in aid of brothers in need and the

like, had raised the query, "What are we organized for?" And no satisfactory answer being forthcoming, the unanswered ones left the order. In an editorial headed "The Order's Crisis," and printed a short time before the Minneapolis session, I discussed the situation, closing with the following paragraph: —

"I have no desire to deal in personalities; we have all allowed ourselves to do too much of that sort of thing. What we want now is a sinking of all personality in the desire for a common good. I do not mean that we are to totally ignore the qualities of individuals; by no means: that would be but falling into the old errors. I mean, however, that principles and not men are what we must push to the front; and in repairing the past and preparing for the future, we must forget *who* the man is, but remember *what* he is. We must lay down our principles clearly and forcibly, and put none but those who sink self in principle upon guard. This way lies success for the order; any other way lies destruction — rapid or gradual."

That editorial settled my fate in the General Assembly; but it also unerringly foretold the future of the order of Knights of Labor. While I anticipated a lively time at the Minneapolis session of the General Assembly, and expected to be called upon to take some pretty hard raps — and probably to administer some in return — I was totally unprepared for the unknightly, unmanly, and cowardly treatment I received; but to catch me in an unprepared state was a part of the game. The game was played upon many others later on, — some of its devotees themselves eventually becoming victims, — and it was that game which forever destroyed all hope that the Knights of Labor would ever regain their lost prestige in the American labor movement.

The first intimation I received that my right to a seat in the General Assembly was to be disputed was when I picked up a newspaper on the train, a few miles out of Minneapolis, and read an article to the effect that "The Rip-Roarer of the Rockies" would find, when he reached the city, that his enemies had been at work, and he might consider

himself fortunate if they permitted him to stick his nose inside the General Assembly. The writer of that article was well informed.

I was allowed inside, however. When the committee on credentials reported, it stated that the local assembly to which I belonged had been suspended by the General Executive Board for non-payment of dues to the General Assembly, and that, therefore, I was not in good standing and could not be admitted as a representative. It will be remembered that I had been over a thousand miles distant from my local assembly for nearly a year; this was the schemers' opportunity. I produced a traveling card, showing that my dues were paid several months in advance; but that would not do. Then I forced the credentials committee to telegraph to the secretary of District Assembly 89. He answered that my local was in good standing; but the machine would not accept that testimony. Then I offered the money to pay the alleged indebtedness of the assembly ten times over, which was a perfectly lawful and orderly proceeding, and then the wolves were let loose. The

contest over my right to a seat occupied all of the first day of the session and two thirds of the second day, my friends and I winning on every legal point. When the administration machine was driven into a corner by my tender of the money to restore my local to good standing, if it was suspended, as claimed, the line of attack was shifted from legal to personal grounds. A representative who had a grudge against me because of a well-deserved trouncing I had given him at the Cleveland session, eighteen months before, was recognized by the General Master Workman as the next speaker. This man began a string of charges against me that embraced everything from trades-unionism to revolutionary Anarchism. He talked and read for over an hour, though there was a positive rule against speeches of greater length than five minutes, and if I had been half the villain he painted me, I should have been drawn and quartered before expulsion from the General Assembly. My traducer did not forget to play the sympathetic strain, pitched in the key of the General Master Workman, against whom, it was claimed, I

had committed not only the crime of *lèse-majesté*, but every other crime in the decalogue. My friends were for stopping the representative when he had exceeded the five-minute rule; but feeling that much was coming out that would have to be threshed out before the close of the session, I asked that he be given all the time he desired. I did not get even a shadow of courtesy in exchange for that piece of generosity.

My assailant finally got to the end of his tirade and took his seat; but before the last word was well off the end of his tongue the General Master Workman had recognized one of the "stool-pigeons" of the administration, who made a call for the previous question. The previous question was a motion to concur in the recommendation of the committee on credentials, that I be refused a seat in the General Assembly because of the suspension of my local assembly. As everybody knows, a call for the previous question is not debatable, and the intention was to rush through the motion, which my friends had destroyed by argument, while the sentiment manufactured by a personal

attack was still hot against me — and, under no circumstances, was I to be allowed to reply to the attack. I jumped to my feet and appealed for recognition from the presiding officer; but he refused to see me. Pandemonium broke loose, and amidst the clamor and excitement I begged the General Master Workman to allow me "five minutes — two minutes — one minute" to speak in my own behalf. "Sit down! Sit down!" shouted Master Workman Powderly, as he shook his gavel at me. He seemed to be desirous of shoving that gavel down my throat, to prevent me from speaking; and it was the same gavel I had picked from the floor at the Cleveland session and returned to the hand of Mr. Powderly with words of encouragement. The very men with whom he was co-operating at Minneapolis had so disgusted and discouraged him by their methods at Cleveland that Mr. Powderly had left the chair, and, throwing the gavel upon the floor, cried, as if in anguish, "I can stand this no longer; take your Master Workmanship!" Then I had gone to him, as I have said, and, placing the discarded gavel once

more in his hand, urged him to return to his position at the head of the order, assuring him that there were enough true Knights present to prevent the disaster he seemed to fear was upon us. It seemed my luck to be always casting bread upon the water and getting worm-eaten crusts in return.

Without waiting for the uproar to subside the Master Workman took the vote on the call for the previous question, deciding that the question was ordered. A vote was then taken on the motion to reject my credentials, in accordance with the recommendation of the committee on credentials, and the motion was carried by a small majority. Thus was I thrown out of the organization which I had worked for, sometimes at great sacrifice, for five years; but others received the same, and worse, treatment at subsequent sessions of the General Assembly. Therefore I have not related the particulars in my case because the case was peculiar, but because the illegal and unknightly methods resorted to by my enemies were similar to those used to force from the order many of its ablest and most loyal

members. To say nothing of the opposition from the outside, no organization could withstand the blasting effects of such disregard for the principles of right and justice, of fraternity and brotherhood.

I feel it is incumbent upon me, if I am to be absolutely fair, to state that five years after my rejection by the General Assembly at Minneapolis, General Master Workman Powderly extended to me a card of reinstatement, issued by himself, which I accepted, though I was never again active in the order. Mr. Powderly did more than that to make amends for the wrong done me. In the presence of a large number of Knights from different parts of the country, met in Philadelphia in 1893, Mr. Powderly, in reply to an objection to my presence in the meeting, said: "Buchanan is the knightliest Knight of us all. I want, here before you and in his presence, to say that the act, in all the years I have been General Master Workman of the order, I most regret, was committed at Minneapolis, when I allowed myself to be deceived into doing Buchanan a great wrong."

Could anything have been more manly, more knightly than that? Good men do such things sometimes; bad men never. It was a happy hour for me; my faith in the honesty of my old friend was restored; again I felt that his heart was right, if his head did go wrong sometimes. My fellow "kickers" of the old days, who have been unable to understand the friendship I have, upon occasion, manifested for Mr. Powderly in late years, will find the answer in the incident I have just related.

My expulsion from the General Assembly was the slightest of several acts of the Minneapolis session which added to the feeling of dissatisfaction that was already becoming widespread throughout the order. Many of the representatives in attendance upon the session believed, at its conclusion, that, unless something was done quickly to break the power of the selfish and short-sighted ring that was in control, the order would soon be destroyed. While it had in its control the machinery of the organization, it was impossible to dislodge the ring at a session of the General Assembly, unless an almost

entirely new set of representatives could be chosen. To pave the way for such a movement, but also in the hope that the administration might be frightened into doing the right thing, a meeting of about twenty-five representatives who had attended the Minneapolis session was held in Chicago on the second day after the General Assembly closed. These dissatisfied representatives formed a temporary organization, which they called a "Provisional Committee." A statement, embodying the most glaring offenses against the laws of the order, committed by the general officers and the General Assembly, under their domination, was prepared and distributed, as thoroughly as possible, throughout the order. As a war measure, local assemblies were advised to refuse to pay dues to the General Assembly, until all the provisions of the constitution of the order were fully complied with by the general officers. A number of district assemblies rallied to the support of the "Provisionals," but, as the principal effect of this open warfare was to hasten the withdrawal of the dissatisfied rank and file from the order — a re-

sult not desired by the "Provisionals" — the movement, after a few weeks, was abandoned and the "committee" disbanded, though many of its members and supporters were never again identified with the Knights of Labor.

CHAPTER X

THE LAST APPEAL

I HAVE N'T thus far said anything about the condemned Anarchists, while relating my experiences after taking up my residence in Chicago. It has been my purpose to defer any mention of that matter until I reached a point where I could tell all that is worth telling of my connection with the case, without the intrusion of other events which would break the sequence of the story.

On the second day after my arrival in Chicago from Denver, I called at the jail to see "the boys." I had messages for them from friends in the West; besides I had been personally acquainted with Parsons, Fischer, and Spies for several years. The former two were union printers, and Parsons was a brother Knight of Labor. On several occasions I visited the jail during the ensuing nine months, and passed many interesting half hours in conversation — the iron grating be-

tween us — with those intelligent and brave men, who never whimpered nor once showed the pallid flag of fear. Both Parsons and Spies were frequent contributors to the columns of "The Enquirer" during that summer. Parsons's communications generally bore the date-line: "Cell 29, Cook County Bastile."

The friendly relations that existed between "the boys" and myself were responsible for an episode which may be worth the telling: —

On Wednesday, September 14, 1887, the State Supreme Court of Illinois denied the appeal of the condemned men, refused to order a new trial, confirmed the decision of the lower court, and named November 11 as the day of execution of the seven who had been sentenced to die upon the scaffold. When the news of the decision reached Chicago it occasioned considerable excitement. I have not altered the opinion I held at the time that a majority of the people of Chicago were disappointed at the decision. My opinion was based upon the expressions of sentiment I heard on the streets and in places of

business and upon the interviews published in the daily newspapers. The public, of course, was eager to know what the condemned men thought of the decision of the State Supreme Court, but "the boys" refused to be interviewed, though the jail was besieged by reporters. The consent of two persons was necessary to enable any one on the outside to see one of the prisoners after six o'clock in the evening. These two persons were the prisoner himself and the sheriff, or his representative, the jailor. Every daily newspaper in Chicago had the sheriff's permission; but, on the night of September 14, "the boys," each and all of them, refused to see any of the scores of reporters who sent in their cards.

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening a messenger came to me with a note from Mr. Melville E. Stone, editor of the "Chicago News," asking me to call at the office of that paper, at once, upon a matter of importance. I complied with the request. Mr. Stone said he had sent for me because he believed "the boys" would see me if I went over to the jail, and he was extremely de-

sirous of getting expressions of opinion on the Supreme Court's decision from them, for publication in his morning and evening papers, "The Record" and "The News." He said he would print exactly what "the boys" gave me for publication, without the change of a word in my "copy." He would give me a note to Sheriff Matson, which would secure an order for my admission to the jail, and would pay me my own price for the work. Further, he wanted me to consider myself on the staff of "The News," and on the pay-roll of that paper until the termination of the Anarchist case, one way or the other. I thought the matter over for a minute. The idea appealed to me; here was a chance for "the boys" to get before the public an ungarbled expression of their views, and it might help their cases. I accepted the commission.

I secured a cab and drove to the home of Sheriff Matson, which was far out on the North Side. With the sheriff's order in my hand I re-entered my cab and instructed the driver to make haste to the county jail. As I leaned back in the cab and pulled away at

a big black cigar the sheriff had given me, I began to turn over in my mind all that Mr. Stone had said to me. This assignment may mean a whole lot of money to me, and money easily earned, was a thought that came into my mind. What! Money! Is it for money that I have undertaken this mission? Why, a short while ago I thought I was actuated by a desire to get a fair hearing before the public for "the boys." Bosh! Don't you know, Joe Buchanan, that there is n't a newspaper in this city that will refuse, *now*, to publish anything those condemned men write? Have you forgotten all you ever knew of sensational journalism? Is it through you only that "the boys" will be permitted to furnish two newspapers a big "scoop"? Or is it a fact that you are inspired in this undertaking by the rattling of the coin in a publisher's pocket?

By this time my conscience was working away like a trip-hammer. I sat up straight and stared out of the cab window. We had entered Lincoln Park, and were just passing the grand statue of Abraham Lincoln. The great and good president had been one of my

ideals since I was a boy of fifteen; and I was on my way to consummate a bargain in which friendship was nine tenths of the values I was about to sell. The sorrowful face of the martyred president seemed to be looking down upon me as if in disapproval of my intended act.

But you are a newspaper man, and this assignment is perfectly legitimate; besides there is no betrayal of friendship in it, said Selfish Interest.

Would Stone ever have thought of you for the job if he had not known "the boys" were your friends? asked Conscience.

No, he would not; and he is only desirous of "beating" his newspaper rivals. His papers have been nearly as bad as the worst in hounding "the boys," and I shall refuse to carry any sort of comfort to the enemy. I am not an Anarchist, but I believe a great wrong will be committed if the seven men I am on my way to visit are hanged because of the Haymarket trouble. I will do all I can to prevent the judicial murder. If they are executed, the memory that I tried to help save them would be embittered by a recol-

lection that my friendship for them had ever put as much as a penny in my purse.

It was after ten o'clock when I reached the jail and presented my order from Sheriff Matson. I sent my card to Parsons and received, in return, his invitation to come to his cell. The cells of the seven men were side by side in the upper tier above the main floor of the division of the jail reserved for murderers and other desperate characters. In front of the cells there was a narrow footway, reached by steps at one end, all of iron. Up this stairway I was led by an attendant, who pointed to Parsons's cell. I had never before visited the jail after locking-up time.

Parsons was standing against the iron bars of his cell's door waiting for me. As I came up he extended his hand between the bars, saying, in the cheery manner that never once left him: —

"Thanks for the visit, my boy; but you are out — or rather in — late, are n't you?"

In a few words I told him what Mr. Stone had asked me to get for him. "But I've been thinking the matter over," I said,

"and I don't look upon it with as much favor as I did when I started over here. You can do as you please, but I don't want you to be influenced by my connection with the matter."

"Will your failure to secure statements from us have any influence upon the compensation you are to receive?" asked Parsons.

"Not in the least," was my reply. "I shall not receive a penny for coming over here, statement or no statement."

"Then, unless you advise otherwise, I don't think I will say anything for publication. See what Spies thinks about it."

I went to Spies's cell, and also to Fielden's, and talked the subject over with each of them. They were about of the same opinion as Parsons. The other "boys" had gone to bed. We decided to omit the interviews, but that I should write what I pleased about my visit to the jail.

I returned to "The News" office, where Mr. Stone was waiting for me. I told him that "the boys" had no statement to make on the Supreme Court's decision at that time, but

that I would give him a column or so on the appearance of the jail's interior at the hour of midnight, with an account of how the Anarchists were occupying their time on the evening of that eventful day. A stenographer "took" my "story" and I went home.

I never inquired at the office of the cashier of "The News," to learn if my name was on the pay-roll; I did not put in a bill for the "story" I had turned in; and I charged up the cab-hire of that night to a lesson in the ethics of friendship.

The case of the Anarchists was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States; but that highest tribunal in the land denied the appeal.

When the Supreme Court of the United States refused to interpose its strong arm the friends of the condemned men realized that there was but one thing left that they might do; that was to appeal to the governor of the state of Illinois. The loyal and diligent defense committee had tried every honorable means within its power, and it had failed; now had come the hour for the

amnesty association to act. As soon as it was known that the Supreme Court would not intervene, the work of securing signatures to petitions to present to the governor was taken up by hundreds of men and women in Chicago, and, to some extent, in other cities of the country. Though less than a week remained until the day set for the execution, and it was deemed advisable to give the governor one whole day, at least, in which to consider the matter, in that short time, in the city of Chicago alone, over forty-one thousand signatures were secured to the petitions asking for executive clemency.

Of the seven men condemned to die but three had signed the petition to the governor; the other four refusing in any manner to ask for commutation of sentence. The three who signed were Samuel Fielden, Michel Schwab, and August Spies. The latter affixed his signature to the petition only after being urged to do so by relatives and friends. I was one of those who besought him to sign. He said, as he placed his name to the paper, "I believe I am making a mistake;" and

subsequent events proved the correctness of his belief.

The four who refused to petition each addressed a letter to the governor. Lack of sufficient space prevents me from giving these letters in their entirety, but it may not be amiss for me to quote sufficiently from each to show why the writers refused to ask for mercy. The first to write to the governor was Albert R. Parsons. He wrote in part: —

"I am aware that petitions are being signed by hundreds of thousands of persons addressed to you, beseeching you to interpose your prerogative and commute the sentences of myself and comrades from death to imprisonment in the penitentiary. You are, I am told, a good constitutional lawyer and a sincere man. I, therefore, beg of you to examine the record of the trial, and then to conscientiously decide for yourself as to my guilt or innocence. . . . I am guilty or I am innocent of the charge for which I have been condemned to die. If guilty, then I prefer death rather than to go 'like the quarry slave

at night scourged to his dungeon.' If innocent, then I am entitled to and will accept nothing less than liberty. The records of the trial made in Judge Gary's court prove my innocence of the crime of murder. But there exists a conspiracy to judicially murder myself and imprisoned companions in the name of and by virtue of the authority of the state. . . . I speak for myself; I know not what course others may pursue, but for myself I reject the petition for my imprisonment, for I am innocent, and I say to you that under no circumstances will I accept a commutation to imprisonment. In the name of the American people I demand my right, my lawful, constitutional, natural, inalienable right to liberty."

Adolph Fischer, after explaining the occasion of his letter to the governor, continued: —

"Anent this action of a sympathizing and well-meaning portion of the people, I solemnly declare that it has not my sanction. As a man of honor, as a man of conscience,

and as a man of principle, I cannot accept mercy. I am not guilty of the charge in the indictment — of murder. I am no murderer, and cannot apologize for an action of which I know I am innocent. And should I ask 'mercy' on account of my principles, which I honestly believe to be true and noble? No! I am no hypocrite and have, therefore, no excuses to offer with regard to being an Anarchist, because the experiences of the last eighteen months have only strengthened my convictions. The question is, Am I responsible for the death of the policemen at the Haymarket? and I say no, unless you assert that every Abolitionist could have been held responsible for the deeds of John Brown. Therefore, I could not ask or accept 'mercy' without lowering myself in my self-estimation. If I cannot obtain justice from the authorities, and be restored to my family, then I prefer that the verdict should be carried out as it stands."

George Engel's letter to the governor was not as lengthy as those written by the others. I quote its main features: —

"I am not aware of having violated any laws of this country. In my firm belief in the constitution which the founders of this republic bequeathed to this people, and which remains unaltered, I have exercised the right of free speech, free press, free thought, and free assemblage, as guaranteed by the constitution, and have criticised the existing conditions of society, and succored my fellow citizens with my advice, which I regard as the right of every honest citizen. . . . This I have done in good faith of the rights which we are guaranteed by the constitution, and, not being conscious of my guilt, the 'powers that be' may murder me, but they cannot legally punish me. I protest against a commutation of my sentence, and demand either liberty or death. I renounce any kind of mercy."

Louis Lingg, who could speak only a few words of English and whose knowledge of the language was almost nothing, sent to the governor a translated copy of his letter, but he also forwarded to him, by registered letter, the original manuscript, which was in Ger-

man. Following are excerpts from his letter: —

"I feel impelled to declare with my friend and comrade, Parsons, that I demand either liberty or death. . . . Referring to the general and inalienable rights of men I have called upon the disinherited and oppressed masses to oppose the force of their oppressors — exercised by armed enforcement of infamous laws enacted in the interest of capital — with force, in order to attain a dignified and manly existence by securing the full returns of their labor. This — and only this — is the 'crime' which was proven against me. . . . A mere mitigation of the verdict would be cowardice, and a proof that the ruling classes, which you represent, are themselves abashed at the monstrosity of my condemnation and, consequently, of their own violation of the most sacred rights of the people. Your decision in that event will not only judge me, but also yourself and those whom you represent. Judge then!"

Samuel Fielden and Michel Schwab also

sent letters to Governor Oglesby, but their tone was the antithesis of those from which I have quoted. While both of these men protested their innocence so far as the throwing of the bomb in the Haymarket was concerned, they admitted that they had been indiscreet in their utterances at times when addressing meetings of workingmen. Fielden had been notoriously the most violent in his speeches of all the advocates in Chicago of revolution by force. In his communication to the governor he said: "I can now see that much that I said under excitement was unwise, and all this I regret. . . . I humbly pray relief from the murderer's doom." Schwab also recanted all of his previous radical utterances, and appealed for executive clemency.

In compliance with the wishes of the friends of the condemned men, not only in Chicago but throughout the nation, made known through the officers of the defense association, Governor Oglesby appointed Wednesday, November 9, as the day when he would receive, at the State House, in Springfield, all who desired to present ap-

peals for clemency. The governor told me personally that he had received thousands of appeals from all over the country, and that the number had been so great during the last week that it had been impossible for him to consider even a small portion of all that came to his office. Under these conditions the plan of a public hearing, therefore, met with his earnest approval.

At about the hour of 11, on the morning of November 9, several hundred persons assembled in one of the large rooms of the capitol. Most of them were from Chicago, but there were one hundred or more whose homes were in other cities and other states, every part of the country being represented. Governor Oglesby received this large body of petitioners with the dignity and courtesy which were characteristics of his official life, and gave patient and thoughtful hearing to all that was said. Mr. George A. Schilling introduced to the governor those who had been selected by the amnesty association or other organizations, as well as those who had come of their own initiative, to present arguments and pleas to the governor.

Among those who spoke were Captain William P. Black, of counsel for the condemned, General M. M. Trumbull, Cora L. V. Richmond, Senator Streeter and Representative Dixon, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and a dozen others representing labor and other organizations in Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities.

As all the proceedings of the public appeal were printed in the newspapers at the time it is n't necessary that I should recount them here, especially as the purpose of this article is to relate my own part in the effort to secure amnesty, a portion of which only was made public. I took no part in the public appeal, for reasons which I will explain: —

As soon as it became known to the radical German element, of which August Spies was the leader in Chicago, that Spies had signed the appeal asking the governor for clemency, a cry went up that he had disgraced his countrymen by showing himself a coward. This feeling was intensified by the fact that Albert Parsons, the only American among the condemned men, had positively refused

to sign the petition or in any manner to give his assent to the clemency movement. Spies had been conscientious in all he had done, and had signed the petition because his counsel and his friends had told him it was his duty to show that much consideration for the efforts that were being made in his behalf; he was not a coward. When he learned of what was being said about him by those with whom he had been associated he resolved at once to undo, so far as possible, what he had done. He wrote a letter to the governor. That letter was placed in my hands the night before the amnesty party started for Springfield, and a promise was exacted from me that I would not leave the governor until he was made acquainted with every syllable the letter contained. To keep that promise I believed I would have to read the letter to Governor Oglesby. After consulting with a few conservative, discreet friends, to whom I read the letter in our hotel at Springfield, I decided to ask the governor for a private audience, as there was a possibility that a public reading of the letter might create a disturbance in an other-

wise orderly and impressive proceeding. As the public hearing was drawing toward a close I approached Governor Oglesby, and made a request for an interview at which only a small number should be present. When I had explained the matter to him and answered his very natural inquiries to his apparent satisfaction he granted my request, and fixed the time which he would allow me at twenty minutes.

I then requested Mr. Schilling to select four or five of the most radical Chicago Germans present, and to bring them to the governor's private room at the time appointed. Of course the object was to show the men who had denounced him that August Spies was not the coward he had been branded. When Mr. Schilling returned with the five men selected as witnesses he said there were two other gentlemen who very much desired to be present during my interview with the governor. These gentlemen were Mr. Henry D. Lloyd and Professor William Salter, of the Chicago Ethical Society. I had no objections, and the two gentlemen joined our little party as it filed into the governor's

private office. Just as I was about to enter the governor's room Captain Black came up to me and, handing me a folded sheet of letter paper, said: "Read this also to the governor. It is from Parsons."

Every man who has passed the half century mile-post has stored away in his memory-cabinets pictures which illustrate important events — mayhap crises — in his past life. At will he draws forth and sets up before his mind's-eye canvases invisible to all save himself. Sometimes they steal out from their hiding-places unbidden, and lead the thought procession back to other days, instead of awaiting a signal to fall into line at the proper place. In the small cabinet where I have stored the few pictures that I call my tragedies there is one that depicts the scene I am about to describe. Singular, is n't it, that you can remember the scene of some event, even to the pattern of the floor-rug and the figures on the wall-paper, and that of another time you can recall nothing but words and actions? And yet you may be unable to see wherein the incidents were greatly different.

The room into which I was shown for my interview with the governor was long and narrow. It was lighted at one end by a large double window. Opposite the door through which we entered was a desk, so placed as to receive the light from the window. By the side of this desk I, upon invitation, took my stand. At the extreme rear of the room, opposite the window, sat Mr. Lloyd and Professor Salter; Mr. Schilling and the five witnesses he had secured sat along the wall facing the desk, and Robert Oglesby, the governor's son, stood at the door to insure privacy. And the governor? He was the last to enter the room. As his son closed the door behind him he stepped up to me and said: "I am ready to hear you now, Mr. Buchanan." With a few explanatory remarks, in which I tried to make each word do the usual service of two, as my time was so short, I read the following letter aloud. As I started to read the governor began to pace the long and narrow room, though so softly did he tread the heavily carpeted floor that, had I not observed his movements I would not have known that he had stirred since

addressing me. This was August Spies's letter: —

"CHICAGO, Nov. 6, 1887.

"TO GOVERNOR OGLESBY, —

"DEAR SIR, — The fact that some of us have appealed to you for justice (under the pardoning prerogative) while others have not, should not enter into consideration in the decision of our cases. Some of my friends have asked you for an absolute pardon. They feel the injustice done them so intensely that they cannot conciliate the idea of a commutation of sentence with the consciousness of innocence. The others (among them myself), while possessed of the same feeling of indignation, can perhaps more calmly and dispassionately look upon the matter as it stands. They do not disregard the fact that through a systematic course of lying, perverting, distorting, and slandering, the press has succeeded in creating a sentiment of bitterness and a hatred among a great portion of the populace that one man, no matter how powerful, how courageous and just he be, cannot possibly overcome. They

hold that to overcome that sentiment or the influence thereof would almost be a psychological impossibility. Not wishing, therefore, to place your excellency in a still more embarrassing position between the blind fanaticism of a misinformed public on the one hand and justice on the other, they concluded to submit their case to you unconditionally.

"I implore you not to let this difference of action have any weight with you in determining our fate. During our trial the desire of the prosecution to slaughter me and to let my co-defendants off with slighter punishment was quite apparent and manifest. It seemed to me then, and to a great many others, that the prosecution would be satisfied with one life — namely, mine. Grinnell in his argument intimated this very plainly.

"I care not to protest my innocence of any crime, and of the one I am accused of in particular. I have done that, and I leave the rest to the judgment of history. But to you I wish to address myself now, as the alleged arch-conspirator (leaving the fact that I have

never belonged to any kind of a conspiracy out of the question altogether); if a sacrifice of life must be, will not my life suffice? The state's attorney of Cook County asked for no more. Take this, then; take my life. I offer it to you that you may satisfy the fury of a semi-barbaric mob, and save the lives of my comrades. I know that every one of my comrades is as willing to die and perhaps more so than I am. It is not for their sakes that I make this offer, but in the name of humanity and progress, in the interest of a peaceable, if possible, development of the social forces that are destined to lift our race upon a higher and better plane of civilization.

"In the name of the traditions of our country I beg you to prevent a sevenfold murder upon men whose only crime is that they are idealists; that they long for a better future for all. If legal murder there must be, let one, let mine suffice.

"A. SPIES."

As the reading was concluded a deep sigh, to which apparently every one in the room

contributed, marked the depth of the feeling aroused by the message of the "arch conspirator" who stood within the shadow of the gallows. I raised my eyes from the paper in my hands and saw Governor Oglesby standing directly in front of me; on his face there was a look of deep sorrow, and his eyes were filled with tears. He did not speak, and I realized that there was nothing for him to say at that time. To break the silence that was oppressive, to the others as well as myself, I took from the desk the sheet of notepaper that Captain Black had given me as I entered the room, saying: "Governor, here is something else I have been requested to read to you." Hurriedly glancing over this note, which I had not seen before, I read it aloud, while the governor stood with his tear-stained eyes fixed upon me.

It will be noticed that I had no time to make a copy of the note from Parsons; the original was, of course, left with Governor Oglesby. The communication was, however, very short, and now, after fifteen years, I believe I could repeat it almost word for word, but I will not presume to do so. The

purport of Parsons's note to the governor (and I employ in the main the actual language) was that if he was guilty, and must be hanged because of his presence at the Haymarket meeting, then he hoped a reprieve would be granted in his case until his wife and two children, who were also at the meeting, could be convicted and hanged with him.

"My God, this is terrible!" cried the governor, and every person in the room felt with him and for him. I was not wholly prepared for the contents of Parsons's note, as I had been for that of Spies, and I could not have read many more such sentences; the signature saved me from a complete breakdown.

In half a minute I had myself again under control, and proceeded to present my third and last document. This might have been presented at the public hearing, with others of its kind, but, with a mind full of the matter to come up at the private hearing, I had forgotten it. Nearly fifty representatives who were in attendance upon the meeting of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor,

at the session held in Minneapolis, during the preceding month, had signed an appeal to the governor on behalf of the condemned men, and had asked me to present it. This I did.

Thanking the governor for his unusual consideration I withdrew from the room, accompanied by Mr. Schilling and the men who had come to learn that August Spies was not a coward. Mr. Lloyd and Professor Salter remained, as they had a matter they wished to lay before Governor Oglesby.

This is the account, given without embellishment, of my first interview with Governor Oglesby on behalf of the "Chicago Anarchists." Let us see if I can give as calm a recital of the second meeting.

With the other residents of Chicago I returned to that city Wednesday night, as it was understood that the governor would not render his decision until late on the following day. At 5.20 P. M. Thursday word came to the city from the governor. It was just 5.22 when a reporter employed on the "Mail" rushed into my office with the information that the sentences of Fielden and Schwab

had been commuted to imprisonment for life; the others must die. I hurried over to the office of Captain Black, three blocks away, to discuss with him the advisability of making one more effort, by using the following telegram, which had been received about two hours before the report of the decision:

"NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 10.

CAPTAIN W. P. BLACK, CHICAGO: —

"I have proof showing Anarchists to be innocent. Guilty man in New York — located. Have telegraphed to Governor Oglesby. Proof is under oath. How shall I communicate it?

"AUGUST P. WAGENER,

"Counsellor-at-law, 59 Second Avenue."

There were in the captain's office when I arrived there ten or twelve persons, nearly all of whom were relatives of the doomed men. More than half of those present were women and girls. They had heard the awful news from Springfield, and a sadder group I have never seen, and I hope I may never see the like again.

As I entered the room Captain Black stepped up to me, saying, "Just the man I wanted to see. We must make one more effort, Buchanan, desperate though it may be. Come with me," and he led me into his consultation room. Seated in this room was a man I had never seen before. In what the newspapers printed of the last effort to secure help through the governor, though they didn't get hold of much to print, this man was mentioned as "the stranger from New York." Not to my knowledge has his real name ever been printed in connection with the Anarchist case. I can see no reason for longer keeping it secret. The man was Mr. William Fleron, a New York newspaper man. He knew the New York radicals and appeared to have faith in the statements of the telegram quoted above. He knew the sender intimately, and believed that the meaning of the message was that the man who threw the Haymarket bomb was in the hands of the Anarchists in New York. It will be remembered that the bomb-thrower was never placed on trial.

As soon as he had introduced me to Fleron

the captain spoke of the telegram, explaining the situation briefly, and then asked me: "Will you go with us to Springfield to-night? We will place this matter before the governor."

"I will go," was my reply. We did not waste many words in those trying days.

The captain sent his clerk to the depot to secure railroad accommodations for three men on the Alton night train to Springfield, while we proceeded to make such arrangements as were necessary for our trip, concluding with a light supper at a quiet little restaurant, where we talked over our plans. On the way to the restaurant, the captain sent a telegram to the governor informing him that we would call upon him early the next morning to present new and important matter. Yes, it was a "nervy" proceeding; but you must remember that four lives were at stake. Did I say four? Yes, but four were left to struggle for. Two of the seven had received commutation of sentence from the governor, and one had killed himself. Five minutes before nine o'clock that morning, Thursday, Louis Lingg had committed

suicide in his cell in the county jail. He had discharged a fulminating cap in his mouth, and half his head had been blown off by the explosion. How he obtained possession of that cap will probably never be known. Why he had taken his life was not so hard to understand, though, of course, there is nothing sure on that head, as the poor fellow left nothing behind him to positively settle the question. However, he had said frequently that he did not want his sentence changed to imprisonment; that he would prefer death to life without liberty. It is believed that he thought the governor was going to commute the sentences of all the condemned men, and, to forestall the fate he dreaded, he took his own life nine hours before the decision, which I have already discussed, was received from Springfield.

We arrived at Springfield at seven o'clock Friday morning. It was 8.35 when we presented ourselves at the door of the executive mansion. A company of militia was on guard in the grounds of the governor's official residence, but a few words from

Captain Black carried us by the sentries. We were admitted to the mansion by an old negro servant and shown into the library. In a few minutes the governor entered the room and greeted us in a friendly manner. Mr. Fleron was presented, and then the governor said, "Let's have something to steady our nerves as we go along, gentlemen." Taking a box of cigars from a convenient sideboard he passed it to each of us in turn. Fleron and I each took a cigar. Captain Black was not a smoker; how his nerves stood the awful trials of that week was and always will be a puzzle to me.

As soon as the governor had his cigar well lighted, he said, "Well, what is this new matter you have to present?"

Without a word Captain Black placed the telegram from New York in the governor's hand.

"Yes," said the latter, "I have also received a telegram from that man. Do you place any reliance in what he says?"

"This gentleman, Mr. Fleron, knows Mr. Wagener well," said Captain Black, "and he also knows the men in New York in whose

custody undoubtedly is the man referred to in the dispatch. From what Mr. Fleron has told us and what we have learned from other sources, we feel justified in saying we believe that there is a strong probability that the telegram states the truth."

"Admitting for the moment that you are right, what do you propose in the matter?"

"We thought of asking you for a reprieve of sixty or ninety days, to allow time to bring the alleged bomb-thrower back to the state, so that his testimony — which certainly is important — could be taken. We know that you are willing to give the men in jail, sentenced to be executed to-day, every just and legal chance for their lives, and we assume that you desire the apprehension of the bomb-thrower. Surely there is sufficient ground to justify the request we make of you, Governor."

The governor walked the length of the room, spoke a few words to his daughter, who had entered a few moments before and had been moving noiselessly about with apparently no other object than to be near

her father, then he came back to where the captain and I stood and said: —

"If I grant your request for sixty days' reprieve, will you deliver the man who threw the bomb to the authorities of the state?"

"We will do our best, and we firmly believe we will be able to turn the man over within forty-eight hours," said the captain.

"And if I refuse to interfere with the execution of the sentence, what will you do with this man in New York?"

"In the event of your refusal we can do nothing."

Governor Oglesby turned to me and, in a voice that had in it the suspicion of a threat, said: —

"Captain Black is a lawyer and understands the full import of the answer he has just given me; what is your reply to the same question, Mr. Buchanan?"

"The captain has made the matter perfectly clear to me, and I answer as he did," was my reply.

"We presumed to consider this a confidential matter, Governor; but, in any event,

we should have done what we conceived to be a duty," remarked the captain.

"Well, let it stand that way for the present. I admire your fidelity, though I question your discretion. I must be alone to think your proposal over for a few minutes; I will not be long, as I realize that the moments are very precious;" and the governor withdrew from the room, followed by his daughter.

When he had gone it occurred to me that the governor had not asked a question of Fleron. I marveled at this, but probably he thought the time was too short to go into the matter deeply, and it may be he had made up his mind before we reached Springfield.

While waiting for the governor's return, we walked through the large open rooms on the first floor of the mansion, but we spoke not a word to each other. On the walls were large portraits of all the governors of Illinois, but though I looked at them it seemed to me afterward that I had not seen one of them; my thoughts were elsewhere and my mind took no note of what my eyes beheld. I could think of nothing

but the four men who sat in the cells of the Chicago jail awaiting the death which was only a little over an hour off. So, unlike the interview of two days before, my memory to-day of that second meeting with the governor is clouded and indistinct in so far as the scene and surroundings are concerned. This I remember, however, that there was a deathlike stillness throughout and about the mansion.

Twenty minutes after the governor left the room he returned. I looked at the little clock on the mantel as he re-entered the library; it lacked twenty-four minutes of ten o'clock.

"Pardon me for keeping you waiting so long, gentlemen," said the governor. "I was called into my wife's room. She is very ill, and two physicians are with her. The strain of the past few days has been too much for her nerves."

His face wore a pained look and his tones were full of sorrow and sympathy as he went on. "I regret very much that I must say to you I cannot interfere further with the sentence of the court in the cases of your friends.

After careful thought I fail to find grounds for any other decision in the matter you have placed before me this morning. While my sympathies are with the condemned men, I must regard my obligation as governor of the state and must perform my duty. But it will be a comfort to me hereafter to remember that in the last hours of this awful tragedy the friends of the unfortunate men were by my side," and he extended one hand to Captain Black and the other to me.

The last decision was made; the hangman must do his terrible work. I am unable to portray what were my feelings at that moment. No doubt there come times in all men's lives which they cannot command words to describe; such a moment was that to me.

There were tears in the governor's eyes as he walked with us to the door and bade us good-by. With bowed heads and aching hearts we left the executive mansion and turned toward our hotel.

Here I feel impelled to say something of my impressions of Governor Oglesby and his attitude toward the four men who were exe-

cuted. I had taken prominent parts in two special attempts to secure his aid and had failed in both. It may be thought that my disappointment caused a feeling of resentment, if not worse, against the man who might have cheated the gallows of its prey, but did not. In the fifteen years that have passed I have not changed the opinion expressed by me in my own paper in its first issue after the execution. I make the following excerpts from "The Chicago Enquirer's" editorial columns, issue of Monday, November 14, 1887: —

"What was said by the three petitioners and the governor has not been given to the other newspapers, and it would not be fair for 'The Enquirer' to relate it. But it is not unfair to state that Governor Oglesby was exceedingly kind and courteous at this interview, as he had been at all others, and the writer was deeply impressed with the belief that there was not on this continent a man more desirous of preventing the execution than was Richard J. Oglesby, had it not been that a stern belief of duty in the governor

stood before and barred the impulses of the man. . . . Twelve jurymen, one criminal judge, seven state supreme judges, and eight federal judges must sometime feel a weight of woe, for any of them alone could have turned the current. The whole huge mistake was shifted to the shoulders of an old man two hundred miles from the scene, whose function is executive rather than judicial and who had a right to trust in the ability of the courts."

Mr. Fleron left us to join an immense crowd of persons assembled in front of one of the newspaper offices, but the captain and I went on to the hotel. When we reached the hotel the captain said he would go to a room and lie down for a while and advised me to do likewise, but I declined to do so. There were but two persons in the lobby of the hotel when I entered. One of these was the proprietor, who sat upon a high stool behind the office counter at one end of the large room, with the telephone receiver in his hand. The other was a young newspaper woman from Cincinnati, who had been

"doing" the anarchist case in Springfield during the week. Her name was McLean; her paper was "The Cincinnati Commercial."

As I dropped into a chair near the office end of the lobby, Miss McLean came up to me, and, in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper, asked, "What is the governor's decision?"

"Against us," I replied.

The sympathetic little woman dragged one of the big chairs up to where I sat and, seating herself, began to talk of the "awful thing that is about to be done." I was conscious of very little she said, though I knew that sometimes her voice and manner were all tenderness and sympathy, and that at other times she seemed to be a fiery little bundle of indignation, and that all the time she was weeping. How long we sat there thus I do not know. It was in one of her quieter moments that Miss McLean was interrupted by the voice of the hotel proprietor.

"Would you like to hear the bulletins?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered my little friend.

"The one I have just received says, 'The men have left their cells and are mounting the scaffold.'"

I hear a sob near me and then the hum of the woman's voice begins again.

"The caps and nooses are being adjusted," announces the man at the 'phone.

Silence for a moment, then the man's voice again: —

"Spies is speaking. He says, 'There will be a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day.'"

A deep sigh from the woman in front of me. My eyes are fixed upon the clock which hangs from the wall at the other end of the lobby.

"Fischer cries, 'This is the happiest moment of my life!' Engel shouts, 'Hurrah for Anarchy!'"

Deathlike stillness now in the room. The little woman has ceased her sympathetic chatter.

"Parsons is speaking, 'Will I be allowed to speak, O men of America? Let me

speak, Sheriff Matson! Let the voice of the people be heard! Oh'—

"The trap has fallen!"

The hands on the big clock pointed to 12:02. A woman screams. I can hold up no longer. Grown man though I am, my face is deluged with tears. But an ocean of tears could not wash from my memory the recollections of that week and that hour.

CHAPTER XI

THE END OF THE ROW

EARLY Saturday morning I reached Chicago. I had tarried a few hours in Springfield, Captain Black and Fleron going on without me. During the ride of several hours I had been unable to sleep, though I was very, very tired. All night long my mind had been busy with the events of the past weeks, which had culminated in the awful tragedy of that day. Ah! but was that the end of it all? There had been dismal predictions and forebodings. Either Fear or Folly had whispered that the Anarchists of Chicago would wreak a terrible revenge upon the city if "the boys" were executed; manipulated by the evil-minded, the whisper became a "threat." The police authorities had answered the "threat" by announcing that, if there was any demonstration of violence by the friends of the condemned men, every Anarchist, Socialist, and

sympathizer in the city would be dealt with summarily.

There was no denying the fact that a feeling of uneasiness pervaded the community. In what degree of seriousness the authorities and the "classes" who had clamored for the blood of the condemned men looked upon the situation, I am not able to say. To what extent — if at all — the Anarchists entertained thoughts of revenge they alone knew. But those who were not Anarchists, but who had protested against the illegality of the conviction and, out of a sense of justice and actuated by humane sentiments, had striven to prevent what they believed would be judicial murder; those, or most of those, were filled with apprehension. They were not in the confidence of the Anarchist groups, — if there were such, — and they were hated by the ruling classes almost as much as the Anarchists themselves. These men and women, who had been so devoted in their efforts to save five human lives and to spare, as they believed, the state of Illinois an everlasting shame, saw only what was in the open. Of conspiracies upon the one

hand, and preparation for wholesale and indiscriminate retaliation upon the other hand, they knew absolutely nothing.

Rumors, mutterings, threats, and counter threats! Anxious faces, cruel faces, and somber faces! Eyes with defiance in them, eyes with pity in them, eyes with tears in them! How will it all end? I recall the lines of Goethe: —

> "You have conjured up the forces of darkness;
> You cannot banish them to their abodes!"

Yet that terrible day, November 11, 1887, had passed; the gallows had done its fiendish work; society had vindicated "law and order;" the anguish of mothers, wives, and children had wrenched the heart-strings of kindred and friends already sorely tried, but the morning of the twelfth had dawned to find Chicago unscathed by bomb or torch of revolutionist.

In my walk from the train to Madison Street and on uptown a feeling of relief came to me, as I realized that the reign of terror, dreaded by so many, had not come upon the city. But Chicago was not that morning, or ever again, the same to me as it had been

before November 11; and I am positive that this thought finds an echo in thousands of hearts.

The well-to-do Chicagoan, the capitalistic editor, and the unthinking and forgetful will sneer or smile at the concluding sentence of the foregoing paragraph; but I ask them to restrain themselves while I relate two incidents of the trial and execution of Albert Parsons. There were scores of others probably just as important and impressive, but these two stand out prominently in my recollections of Chicago meanness and Chicago cruelty: —

Albert R. Parsons was indicted, with Spies and the others, for complicity in the Haymarket bomb-throwing, although he had returned to the city from an extended tour but a few hours before the meeting of May 4, 1886, had made a speech that was free from incendiarism, and had withdrawn from the meeting sometime before it was raided by the police, against whom the bomb was thrown. The warrant-servers could not find Parsons when they went to make the arrests. A thorough search of the city and the country

was instituted, and a large reward was offered for his apprehension. His whereabouts remained a mystery. The trial of the others was proceeding when one day Captain Black walked down the aisle of the court-room, accompanied by a small man whose face was covered by a beard. The captain raised his hand and, addressing the trial judge, — Gary, — said: "Your honor, here is Albert Parsons, who desires to take his place in the prisoners' dock by the side of his comrades!"

Well might his brother, General W. H. Parsons, write to Albert on the night preceding the execution: "I am proud of your sublimity, your fortitude, and your hereditary heroism!"

Of these two brothers, descendants of a long line of American patriots, Chicago justice strangled one to death and broke the heart of the other.

Hear the other incident, as a specimen of fiendish brutality: —

On Thursday afternoon Lucy Parsons went to the jail to see her husband for the last time. She was refused admittance, but told to come back the next morning. When on

Friday morning, accompanied by her two children and Mrs. Lizzie M. Holmes, she attempted to reach the jail, she found her progress barred by ropes stretched across the streets and guarded by policemen with Winchester rifles. She stated her mission and repeated the instructions she had received the previous day. The policemen sent her from corner to corner, but not one would allow her to pass the ropes. When, in her anguish, the poor woman cried aloud against the wrong that was being done her, she, her two children, and Mrs. Holmes were seized, thrown into a patrol wagon, and hurried to a police station in a distant part of the city. Mrs. Parsons and her children were locked in one cell, while Mrs. Holmes was consigned to another. Every stitch of clothing was removed from the grief-stricken women and searched; their hair was overhauled and subjected to a scrutiny which suggested the suspicion that every hair might be a bomb in disguise. The "prisoners" were then left alone in their cells, where they remained until three o'clock in the afternoon.

"And in those gloomy underground cells

we passed the anxious hours," said Mrs. Holmes, when telling me of the experience. "No one came to offer the bereaved woman even a cup of water; and I, the one friend near her, could only sit shivering, with my face close pressed to the cold iron bars, listening to her low, despairing moans. And thus it was that, while organized authority was judicially murdering the husband and father, the wife and children were locked in a dungeon, that no unpleasant scene might mar the smoothness of the proceedings!"

I had known Lizzie M. Holmes for years. She had been one of my ablest assistants on both of my "Enquirers." Our families lived in the same house in Chicago, and perfect confidence existed between us. She was a noble and self-sacrificing woman, and one whose honesty and truthfulness were above suspicion.

Anarchists are opposed to the employment of force in the government of man by man. If anything could ever have made me an Anarchist, my conversion would have taken place in Chicago, in November, 1887.

The bodies of the executed men, and that

of Louis Lingg, the suicide, were laid in the temporary vault, at Waldheim Cemetery, on Sunday, November 13. The funeral cortege was said to be the largest ever seen in Chicago. The five hearses were followed by thousands of mourners, and the newspapers estimated the vast crowds that lined the streets through which the procession passed at nearly two hundred thousand. As one of Albert Parsons's pall-bearers I marched through three miles of crowded streets that day, and upon every one of the thousands of faces I saw about me there was a look of sorrow. I noticed that some of the policemen bared and bowed their heads as the hearses passed them.

The police department had issued an order prohibiting the carrying of banners or flags of any kind. With a single exception the order was obeyed. Just as the procession began to move down Milwaukee Avenue a veteran of the Civil War stepped quickly in front of the first rank and unfurled a small American flag. The old veteran was not molested by the police; he carried the flag to the end of the march.

At the cemetery short addresses were made by Captain Black, Thomas J. Morgan, and others, and chants were rendered by several of Chicago's singing-societies.

On Sunday, December 18, the caskets containing the mortal remains of "the boys" were placed, side by side, in an underground vault which had been built in Waldheim to receive them. A vast concourse of people assembled to participate in and witness these final ceremonies. After reaching the cemetery I was requested by the committee to preside. I accepted the honor, making a short speech in opening the exercises. Addresses were made by Captain William P. Black, Paul Grottkau, and Albert Currlin. Captain Black's address was the most eloquent and most impressive funeral oration I have ever heard or read. I can think of no better manner of concluding this part of my "story" than by a quotation from that address: —

". . . This is practical fraternity. This it is to take up the cause of others. This it is to study the welfare of the poor and the oppressed rather than one's own advantage

and profit. And for this they cast Him out. But the cross upon which they hanged Him became the synonym of honor and of glory. My friends, has the world yet reached its ultimate of purpose? Has it yet reached its highest of honor and of development? Look on these dead and answer. Whatever you may say as to their methods, the judgment of simple justice is that their purpose was the elevation of mankind, their desire the amelioration of the condition of those that were about them, their longing, to bring in a day of universal brotherhood and universal peace. And the world has nothing for these men but the gibbet! Ah, well, we take these lessons to our own heart again, but we do not despair; for we remember that under the winter snows the invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blossoming, and we know that the cause for which men die takes root in human hearts, and reaches upwards and spreads and cannot be destroyed. And the lesson of this hour: it was given us in the words of that Great Teacher, in those centuries gone, when, seeing the gathering storm of hatred and oppression which was

speedily overcoming Him, and realizing that in loyalty to the mission He had accomplished upon earth there was a felon's fate for Him, there was overthrow and destruction, He foretold to those about Him His own death, and they contended with Him concerning it. These were His words: 'Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit!'"

The beginning of the year 1888 found the political atmosphere filled with rumors of parties, the mission of each and every one of which would be to wipe the old parties off the face of the earth and secure the establishment of a people's government. Division of the independent political forces into one, two, or half a dozen parties has ever been the bane of progress in this country. During the sixteen years preceding 1888 there had been attempts under a dozen different banners, and upon as many platforms, to wrest government (municipal, state, and national) from the control of the monopolistic money power of the land. I had taken part in sev-

eral of these attempts. We had failed utterly in almost every instance; our successes had been insignificant and of no practical benefit. The exploiters of the producers and the politicians had outgeneraled us. Thefts of public lands, credits, and franchises had gone on at a constantly accelerating rate, and our puny protests had been laughed to scorn. Realizing that all future efforts, if directed along the lines we had been following, were doomed in advance to failure, I made a suggestion embodying another policy. As my proposal was discussed in hundreds of reform and labor papers throughout the country and accepted by many of them, and as "Buchanan's nine-word platform" was for six months a frequent topic considered by party-makers, — and party-breakers, — a portion of the editorial in "The Enquirer" which inaugurated the agitation may interest the reader: —

"Why have the political movements of the industrians heretofore fallen comparatively flat at the ballot-box? Why is it that the producers, a host to one of their oppo-

nents, are always outvoted? This is the main question, and, serious as it is, the answer is very simple. It is because we are not and never have been united. We have allowed ourselves to be divided by the enemy and by our own foibles. We have been cranky and crotchety and bigoted; and while we have quarreled and squabbled and split over matters that could just as well as not have been left to the future, the thieves have robbed us, and the voters have left the cranks to fight it out. There we are. It is not a pretty picture; but the likeness is a good one. If lack of unity has been the cause of past defeats, then the thing to strive for is union; all the independent reform political forces must be united under one banner. Oh! but, you say, we have tried that before and failed. Granted. The writer has sat in two different national conventions which were called for that purpose, and he has participated in the failures. He, therefore, thinks he knows the cause of failure. Men representing a dozen different shades of opinion have come together, ostensibly to pool their issues and amalgamate the ele-

ments variedly represented. When they have come to write the 'union' platform, each one has insisted upon putting his ideas, every one of them, to the front; and each one claimed that he had the cure-all. There were frequently conflicting propositions; it was impossible to get them all into one platform and make the planks fit in properly. Well, the upshot of the business has been a few truces; the stronger faction has written the platform, while the rest have gone home sore-headed and — and the millionaires have continued to run the machine. What are we going to do about it? How will we avoid these troubles in the future? 'The Enquirer' has a proposition to submit, and if it is adopted and honestly adhered to, the workers can elect the President and Congress in 1888. There must be a union of the following forces: The Union Labor Party, United Labor Party, Progressive Labor Party, American Reform Party, the Grange, the Tax Reformers, The Farmers' Alliance, Anti-Monopolists, Homesteaders, and all other political and politico-economic organizations of bread-winners. How is

this amalgamation to be brought about? Upon a platform that every one of them can indorse. How can such a marvelous platform be constructed? By putting into it the one thing that all the elements approve; by leaving out everything upon which there is division. Is there one thing that all the elements indorse, regardless of their other demands? There is: *Government ownership and operation of the railroads and telegraph.* There is not a farmer or a city worker who has given any thought to the subject but believes in that doctrine, no matter how much more he may advocate and strive for. There is not a farmer or artisan or small merchant in the land but is a sufferer from the railway and telegraph monopolies; and many of our greatest ills have their parent root in these means of public utility, the transportation and transmission of freight, passengers, and intelligence. It has recently been asserted by a well-informed public man that seven eighths of the voters in this country to-day favor the control of telegraphy by the government, and that a majority favor the same thing as

to railroads. Assistant Postmaster-General Knott said the other day that he was convinced that the government would establish a system of government telegraphy within three years. Why not take in the railroads on the same scoop? Why allow Gould and his fellow robbers to make up in railroad extortion for the loss of the telegraph monopoly? And why, my anti-monopoly friend, allow one of the old political conspiracies to fatten on the grain that you have sown and cultivated? This would be doing the cat's-paw act with both paws. If the honest, non-partisan voters of this country want to completely oust the robbers and reclaim their country, here is the chance. Let each wing of the reform movement withhold for twelve months its hobbies, and all join hands for a united onslaught upon one of the enemies' weakest, though most important, points. No time now to say, 'That won't settle the question;' we all know that. And there is no sense in stopping to ask what is to be done with this, or how will you arrange that? There even is n't any need now to decide whether we are to take the established lines

of rail and telegraphy or to erect new ones. That is a matter of indifference at present, and will remain so until you have decided that private control of public functions shall cease. Let us either be politicians (in the true sense of citizenship) or get out."

As has been said, my nine-word platform, declaring for "Government ownership and operation of the railroads and telegraph," was widely discussed. Reform editors generally indorsed it; but some of the "leading reformers" were not satisfied with the short platform. They liked it, "so far as it goes;" but—. One thought it would be excellent if it only had a "money plank" added. Another said it needed just a single-tax plank. A demand for government ownership of mines should have been included, according to another. Woman suffrage, an eight-hour workday, postal savings banks, direct legislation, proportional representation, and a score of other hobbies, were said by their respective devotees to be absolutely necessary to make the platform perfect. The "lumber-shovers," who were responsible for

the insurmountable piles of misfit planks that past conventions had denominated "platforms," got to work early; an obstacle which I had hoped to avoid.

The nearest approach to concerted consideration of any importance that the nine-word platform had, was at the national conventions of the United Labor and Union Labor parties in 1888, held in Cincinnati at the same time, but in different halls. Dr. Edward McGlynn had written to me, indorsing my plan and urging me to be present at the conventions in Cincinnati to advocate it as a method of uniting the two parties. Charles G. Dixon, a labor representative in the Illinois legislature, called upon me and urged me to go to Cincinnati, and many others either spoke to me or wrote to me with the same object in view. But I refused to undertake the task. To Mr. Dixon I said: "If a plan so easily understood has n't sufficient strength to win the approval of the gentlemen at Cincinnati on its own merits, no arguments that I can advance will induce them to accept it; besides, this is the first time I have had a thinking part in the great

drama of political reform, and I don't want to mar it by also doing the heavy work."

It is hardly necessary for me to state that my plan was never adopted by any national convention. The railway and telegraph monopolies have grown in power year by year, and the people who could long ago have clipped the monopolists' wings have continued their efforts to reform the whole universe at once — and have reformed nothing. But I suppose I have squandered as much breath and nervous force as any other of the "Love's Labor Lost" enthusiasts during the past fifteen years.

One experience in this line made a lasting impression upon me, and convinced me that the rank and file of the workingmen, to as great an extent as the "leaders," lacked the qualities necessary to success in practical politics. I pass several years beyond the period which has been decided upon as the proper place to conclude "The Story of a Labor Agitator" in relating this little experience; but it may prove none the less interesting on that account: —

In 1894 I was nominated for Congress in

the Sixth New Jersey (Newark) District. There are few, if any, Congressional Districts in the United States where the percentage of workingmen among the voters is as great as it was in what was then the Sixth District of New Jersey. I was well known to the workingmen of the district, as I had been a resident of Newark for five years, and had taken an active interest in local labor affairs. The campaign was a lively one — for our side — and my meetings were said by the newspapers to be the largest and most enthusiastic political meetings which had been held in Newark for many years. Those same papers, by the way, treated my candidacy and myself with the greatest respect and consideration. Samuel Gompers, T. V. Powderly, Frank K. Foster, of Boston, Eugene V. Debs, and other well-known and eloquent advocates of labor's cause, came into the district and assisted me upon the platform. The Republican and Democratic candidates for Congress were R. Wayne Parker and Thomas Dunn English, respectively.

I hardly expected election, but I was pre-

pared to find myself in second place when the votes were counted. Newspaper estimates placed the number of votes I was going to receive all the way from two thousand to ten thousand, and I was told that the sporting element were making wagers on eight thousand.

On the last Saturday night before election day we had a grand rally in Kreuger's Auditorium, the largest assembly-room in Newark. The place was crowded from the stage to the entrance, and hundreds were turned away. The speakers for the evening were Eugene V. Debs and myself. Debs delivered an eloquent and deeply interesting address on current political and labor questions. The enthusiasm his speech elicited was immense. His peroration was a glowing tribute to the workingmen's candidate for Congress, and concluded with this question, which the speaker asked in a slow and deliberate manner: —

" How many workingmen are there here to-night who intend to vote on Tuesday next for their friend and my friend, the tried and true champion of every labor interest, Joseph

R. Buchanan? Hold up your hands, all of you who will promise to vote for Buchanan!"

Of the twenty or more estimates made by occupants of the stage not one placed the number of hands that were raised in answer to Debs's question at less than twenty-eight hundred; and not more than one eighth of the workingmen of the district were in that meeting. The prospect certainly was rosy that night.

On election day I received less than one thousand votes in the whole district. Comment is unnecessary.

In a previous chapter I have referred to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway strike, and the peace that was patched up with Peter M. Arthur of the Brotherhood of Engineers. That job of patching was the cause of the only disagreement I ever had with the "Old Guard" of Denver. Some of my old friends scolded me roundly, in print and in private letters, for my course in that affair. They believed that the strike on the Burlington was a fortunate event, as it presented an opportunity for the other labor organizations of the country to teach the arro-

gant Grand Chief and his Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers a needed lesson. I thought the lesson had already been learned when Mr. Arthur asked for help from the other organizations and protested that he had been misunderstood in the past. It turned out that my old Denver supporters were right in refusing to take stock in a "sick-bed conversion."

But my besetting weakness was always "unity." Paradoxical though it my seem, most of my quarrels with "leaders" and organizations were results of my desire to see the labor movement unified. My attacks upon the Engineers' Brotherhood, before and after the strike, and my support during the strike, under the impression that there would thereafter be fraternity between that organization and the other labor unions, sprang from that desire. My contests in the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, as well as my fights on the outside, as one of the Provisionals, were inspired by my desire for unity. And then there was the political phase of the movement, with the nine-word platform as the expression of my hobby. My

hope of establishing the much needed unification of all labor and reform forces was not diminished by the many discouragements it had to contend with. In fact, my most pretentious effort on behalf of labor, made nearly five years after my departure from Chicago, was the "Unity Conference," held in Philadelphia, in 1893. I was several months engaged in working up the sentiment, through a series of articles published in a syndicate of papers and by means of private letters, which finally resulted in bringing together in that Philadelphia conference nearly every prominent "leader" of labor in the country. Men who, as the heads of opposing organizations, had waged bitter warfare against each other for years, met as co-workers in that conference, and buried their hatchets. And while my heart's desire in bringing about the conference — the unification of all labor organizations into an offensive and defensive alliance — was not accomplished, some good came to the labor movement out of the meeting. Antagonisms which had existed for years were buried at the conference, never to be resurrected, and friend-

ships were formed there that grew stronger with the years.

Returning to 1888: Labor party politics, the Provisional, and the Burlington strike constituted the trio of special interests which held the center of my little stage during the greater part of that year. There were no other strikes of importance in the Chicago territory during the year. It was in the time of this comparative lull in the actual warfare of labor agitation that I found the opportunity to accept some of the invitations which had accumulated upon my desk to visit the coal towns of Northern Illinois. I made a speaking tour, taking in Braidwood, Braceville, Gardner, Coal City, and other coal towns, in all of which there were organizations of miners. The coal-miners of Northern Illinois at that time were of the English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh races. The ten days that I passed among them was one of the pleasantest seasons I spent in labor's cause while in Illinois. I went amongst them with the kindest feelings for the black-diamond diggers, because of my experiences with them in Colorado, and while with the miners of Northern Illi-

nois, I felt that it was worth while to be an advocate of labor's cause. I have been entertained in finer houses and at more richly laden boards, but nowhere have I witnessed more perfect hospitality than that which welcomed every true friend of the common people in the humble homes of the Western miners in the days of which I write. They were men of superior intelligence, too, as most of them were readers and thinkers. When I have heard fellows in creased trousers, patent-leather shoes, and kid gloves speak of coal-miners as if they were only "working cattle," I have remembered the honest, brave, intelligent men whom I knew in the coal towns of Illinois, and the memory has frequently prompted me to say "things" to the "superior" animals.

The Labor party entered the field in the local elections of 1888 with full city and town tickets in Chicago and the Town of Lake. A vigorous campaign was waged, but we were defeated worse than we had been the year before. The workingmen of Cook County apparently did not want to place men of their own class and selection

in the offices. They howled against the rule of the old parties, and denounced the conduct of public affairs from top to bottom; but most of them lacked the honesty, or the courage, or both, to vote for a change. "The Enquirer," which strained its resources almost to the breaking point, in support of the labor ticket, said editorially in the issue immediately following election day: —

"The men who defeated the Radical Labor Party were the wage-workers of the city of Chicago, the hirelings in whose special behalf the agitation was made and the candidates nominated. These men betrayed their own cause by either refraining from voting or by selling themselves to the boodle parties. Fully one half of the votes we received were cast by men who are not wage-workers; and two thirds of those who voted the Democratic and Republican tickets are wage-slaves whose shackles the Radical Party would remove. It is just as well to look the truth squarely in the face."

Under the leadership of Professor William

Salter, of the Chicago Ethical Society, a series of lectures was given, in April and May, 1888, in the Madison Street Theater. The meetings, which were called "Economic Conferences," attracted considerable attention, and on each Sunday night the theater was filled with interested men and women. It was the intention to have an equal number of "capitalists" and "labor men" address the "conferences," but Professor Salter was able to secure but three "capitalists." Each speaker was allowed a full evening, with the exception of half an hour, which time was devoted to questions by the audience and answers by the speaker.

Following is the order in which the addresses were delivered: George A. Schilling, "The Aims of the Knights of Labor;" Lyman J. Gage, "Banking and the Social System;" Thomas J. Morgan, "The Labor Question from the Standpoint of the Socialist;" Charles L. Hutchinson, President of the Board of Trade, "Is the Board of Trade Hostile to the Interests of the Community?" Joseph R. Buchanan, "A View from the Labor Sanctum;" Franklin MacVeagh,

"Socialism as a Remedy" (in opposition, of course); A. C. Cameron, "An American Trade-Unionist's View of the Social Question."

Gage and Hutchinson had pretty lively times with their audiences. There were enough Greenbackers present to keep the future Secretary of the Treasury busy for half an hour answering questions, some of them quite troublesome, about scientific money and the country's financial history. The wording of Mr. Hutchinson's topic was an admission that he was on the defensive. The radicals of Chicago were in the habit of calling the Board of Trade "A gambling-hell," and they did not modify their characterization after hearing President Hutchinson's beautiful description of its "many excellent qualities."

Professor Salter and the committee were particularly good to me; my subject permitted of my wandering into any pastures that were to my liking. It was expected, however, that I should say something about the press, and I said it, near the conclusion of my address. As had been my experience

following an expression of opinions upon the same subject at the Denver "anti-convict" meeting, I received a thorough drubbing from the Chicago papers for my candor. The worst (some folks thought it was the best) thing I said about the press at the Chicago "conference" was not my own at all. It was quoted from a speech which had been made at a press dinner in New York some years before. As the story went, a leading journalist was asked at the dinner to respond to the toast, "The Independent Press." At first he refused to speak, but, after much persuasion, he said, prefacing his remarks with the observation that he was talking to press men, and not to the world: —

"There is no such thing in America as an 'independent press,' unless it is found in the country towns. You are all slaves. You know it, and I know it. There is not one of you who dares to express an honest opinion. If you expressed it you would know beforehand that it would not appear in print. I am paid one hundred and fifty dollars a week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper

with which I am connected. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, like Othello, my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would be out on the street looking for another job. The business of a leading journalist is to distort the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread, or for what is about the same thing, his salary. You know this, and I know it; and what foolery to be toasting an 'independent press!' We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping-jacks. They pull the strings and we dance. Our time, our talents, our possibilities are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes!"

What were the fortunes of "The Enquirer" during all this time of strikes, "kicks," politics, lectures, agitating tours, and so on? Varied, varied! As I have al-

ready stated in a preceding chapter, the paper did so well in the first few months of its existence that it freed itself entirely of debt. But the boom did not last. When there was neither strike nor political campaign to arouse the workingmen, they became careless and indifferent, and the first thing to suffer in such times was the paper. When something stirred the languor of the giant Labor, and he was temporarily aroused, some of the delinquent subscribers would pay up their "Enquirer" accounts, and new subscribers would be enrolled. When the giant dozed I was compelled to borrow money; when he opened his eyes and stretched his legs I paid it back — or as much of it as I could. Very little advertising patronage could be secured for the paper. Therefore, it had to depend upon subscriptions; and while the people generally believed I received a large revenue from this source, the facts were that the list was never more than one twentieth of what it should have been, — measured by the extent of the movements of which it was the sole newspaper organ, — and a large proportion of those who received

the paper neglected to pay for it. An association was formed for the purpose of extending the influence of "The Enquirer" and to assist in making it a daily, but it accomplished little. An entertainment for the paper's benefit was arranged, but the night was stormy, and the profits were *nil*.

So, June, 1888, found me once more with a mortgaged plant and a purse which did not hold a bill long enough to crease it. It was the same old "hand-to-mouth" existence which I had gone through while establishing the Denver paper. There was this difference between the two experiences, however: When troubles came to "The Denver Enquirer" I made the facts known, and called upon the friends of the cause to help me; when the till of "The Chicago Enquirer" was empty I borrowed money, and kept my troubles to myself. In its darkest hours the Chicago paper did not make public its real situation, and never did its columns show a depreciation in the quantity or quality of the matter printed. I had made up my mind that I would not whine, nor would I show a limp in my movements; when I could no

longer march with an appearance of sound legs, I would drop out of the line.

With the beginning of the month of August came to me a realization of the truth that unless something unforeseen should happen, "The Enquirer" was doomed; it could not live the month out. I reduced the force in the office, and took up the stick and rule again myself; there must be no sign of the approaching dissolution in the columns of the paper. And now something strange and disagreeable happened.

Soon after my arrival in Chicago, early in 1887, I became a member of the American section of the Socialist Labor Party. This party has always been composed principally of Germans; hence the designation "American" section. The word "party" in the title of the organization did not at that time signify, at least in practice, what it generally means in this country, as the organization devoted its energies almost entirely to the propagation of Socialist sentiment, but rarely placed a ticket in the field to be voted for. Its plan of organization and methods of control were never popular with the

American Socialist. I knew it to be totally unlike the Rocky Mountain Social League, in those particulars, and, while we agreed in our theories of an ultimate just and scientific system of society, the Socialist Labor Party was for "the-whole-thing-at-once," and I for the "step-at-a-time," or opportunist plan. Still it was the only Socialistic organization in Chicago, and I joined it.

Francis Hoffman, junior, was nominated by the Illinois Democrats for the office of State Treasurer. Mr. Hoffman, like his father before him, was recognized as a fearless friend of labor, of strong Socialistic leanings. He was one of "The Enquirer's" supporters and contributors. Desiring to make a campaigning tour, in the early part of August, through the coal towns of Northern Illinois, Mr. Hoffman asked me to accompany him and to make some speeches in his interest to the miners. There was no labor ticket in the state, and I complied with the request of Mr. Hoffman. About the same time there appeared in "The Enquirer" a series of articles discussing the tariff question, which it will be remembered was the prin-

cipal issue between the Republican and Democratic parties in that campaign. This was too much for the "American" section. With characteristic wisdom and proverbial generosity the bosses of the section saw at once in my acts the double-dealing of a traitor. "The Enquirer" was denounced by the boss Socialist, who had never contributed a penny to the paper's support, and I was summoned to appear before the section to show cause why I should not be expelled on the charge of selling out to the Democratic party.

Accompanied by my bookkeeper and half a dozen friends — all members of the section — I obeyed the summons. Under my instructions my bookkeeper exposed the condition of "The Enquirer" to the section, and I humbled myself so far as to explain that I was almost penniless, and that I had refused to accept anything in the way of remuneration from Mr. Hoffman or his party. And yet the motion that I be expelled from the section was put to a vote. It was defeated, every American present voting against it, eight or ten Englishmen and Germans voting for it.

But still my "comrades" of the "American" section continued to misrepresent and slander me, in "party papers," published in New York and Connecticut, and in meetings in Chicago when they could get a hearing. Threats that I was to be "crushed" were freely made by my "comrades." The self-constituted liberators of the enslaved human race had not any patience with one who dared exercise the rights of a freeman. The boss of the Socialist Labor Party had decided that I must be "crushed." He knew well enough that I was already "crushed," and that all the pressure he and his dozen satellites could contribute to the squeezing performance, would not smash me any flatter. Yet it was not my nature to silently grin and bear injustice, so, in "The Enquirer," I had my little say, publicly. "Der Sozialist," an organ of the Socialist Labor Party,— "American" sections included,— published in New York, gave me this timely warning: —

"John Swinton's Paper went down through the operation of his peculiar obstinacy, and Buchanan's 'Labor Enquirer'

will have the same fate if he continues to withdraw himself from the control of organized labor."

To this "The Enquirer" replied: —

"That may be true; but it would take a great many such cases to equal the number of papers that have starved to death while giving the most complete obedience to the mandates of 'organized labor,' and the scores so lost did not, combined, leave a void like that left by 'Swinton's Paper.' Moreover, a thousand successful 'Papers' or 'Enquirers' would not offset the loss of one man's independence. John Swinton appreciated this, and though his paper was destroyed by a clique of cowardly assassins, the brave old thunderer was grander in the defeat than he would have been had his journal succeeded through surrender of the 'control;' and the rank and file of the American working-people honor him to-day, though 'Der Sozialist' may not know it. The destroyers, the 'downers' of a free press may crush a 'Paper' or an 'Enquirer' on every acre in

this broad land, but they will never get the collar of any organization or man on Buchanan's neck. As well understand that now."

In another issue "The Enquirer" said: —

"No man or woman can guide my pen and shape the editorial policy of this paper. The few columns on the second page are set aside for such matter as expresses the views of the editor, and that is all he charges for fighting starvation and trying to maintain a people's paper. If you do not like what appears upon that page you can have all the space you require upon some other page to say so. I may be wrong in many things, — mine would be an exceptional case if I were not, — but I claim the right to be proved in the wrong. I hold certain principles and, as methods are essential, I have those also; if they are at fault failure awaits them; but innuendo and cowardly flings at individuals do not convince me that I am in error. I shall never shape the policy of the paper with the sole aim of making it a financial success, either by subscriptions or otherwise. I shall

not get a dollar by the sacrifice of a single principle of the cause I hold dear — this much is due to my honest co-workers; the rest is with my own conscience. I will have none of your dictators; it is just that thing I have been fighting all of my life, and will continue to battle against. I did not come to Chicago to 'make a name' as a champion of labor: I brought one with me, have kept it while here, and will have it when I depart, no matter what the 'crushers' may say or do. What I do shall be done to the full capacity of my mental, physical, and financial power; I shall shut up only when I reach the end of my row."

Brave as I wished to be; encouraging myself in the belief that there was still some fight in me, by writing defiant editorials for the paper, I felt, I knew that the end of the row was near. For several weeks I had been using nearly all the funds in hand to get out each issue of the paper; when an issue was paid for there was not enough left in the exchequer to pay for another. I had to depend upon the receipts of the week to

increase the surplus so that I could "come out just once more." Gradually, but surely, the surplus grew less and less each week; relentlessly the merciless bonds of Failure were tightening about me.

On Saturday, August 18, "The Enquirer" was issued as usual. In appearance that number was the peer of any of its predecessors, and there was not a syllable in its columns to indicate that the end had come. But, when I had paid the week's bills, I had not a dollar left. I called the boys together in the little composing-room and told them that "The Enquirer" had given up the ghost, and that they must seek employment elsewhere. To a man they were loyal, offering to work on and to trust to the future for their pay; but I could not accept the sacrifice, and, with tears in our eyes, we clasped hands and parted. That evening and upon Sunday I worked over my mailing-lists, sorting out the delinquents and making proof-slips of the subscribers who were paid up to a future time. I wanted these to send to "The Standard," published in New York, by the late Henry George. I then set up and

"pulled" a proof of an "obituary," announcing the death of "The Enquirer," and giving such explanations as I deemed necessary. This, also, was to go to Mr. George, with the request that it be published and copies of "The Standard" sent to "The Enquirer's" subscribers.

Sunday afternoon a comrade called at the office. I asked him to take to the "American" section, which I knew to be in session at the time, a letter containing my resignation as a member of the section. He returned with the information that the door of the meeting-place was locked and that he was refused admission. The following afternoon "The Evening Mail" contained a story to the effect that "Yesterday, behind locked doors and barred windows, eight men and two women — not one of whom was American born — expelled Joseph R. Buchanan from the 'American' section of the Socialist Labor Party."

And while I was thus being "punished for selling out to the politicians," I was performing the last rites over a champion of labor that had starved to death, and had not

more than enough money left to buy my dinner. There was a touch of irony in the situation. My greatest consolation in that hour was the knowledge that no politician had, by offer or suggestion of bribe of any kind, insulted me with the insinuation that I could be bought.

With my task of straightening up completed, and packages made ready for mailing to Mr. George, I seated myself in my little editorial room to rest, and to think: —

And this is the end of it all. After eight years of hard work and sacrificing, of battles fought, of victories and defeats, with tens of thousands of toilers in the land reaping the rewards of those years of striving, I sit alone, surrounded by the wreckage of my last redoubt, broken, ruined, deserted. Here, in this forum where it has been my proud boast that every slave could clank his chains, every freeman voice his will, I bow my head beneath the tyranny of bigotry, intolerance, and jealousy. But, cruel as they are, these have not crushed me. Against these I could fight to my last breath; but Ingratitude, Neglect, these have been my undoing.

No, no! again I cry; they did not know, they did not know! I was foolishly proud and tried to carry the burden alone; my strength was not equal to the task. Well, hundreds before now, hundreds more deserving than I, have fallen in the struggle for labor's emancipation, and thousands yet will fall. Fallen? No! I have just been pushed aside. I must find another way.

There is a rap at the door; a man enters. I know him fairly well. He is a manufacturer, who for some time has been identified with a certain wing of the reform movement. He is more than this just now, for one of the labor reform parties has bestowed upon him its nomination for the presidency of the United States. He has called to see me about the publication of some political matter relating to his candidacy.

"'The Enquirer' will not appear again," I say. "It has suspended publication."

"Why, I am astonished!" exclaims my visitor. "What is the matter? We are just entering upon a national campaign and the paper will be needed."

"I am sorry," was my reply. "But my

money and credit are exhausted, the plant is mortgaged, and everything of value I had has been either sold or pawned. Even my wife's few valuables have been sacrificed, with the exception of a gold watch that I gave her several years ago. She offered me the watch to pawn, and I was sorely tempted to accept it, as I might borrow enough on it to get out another issue of the paper."

"If you could get out another issue," remarked my visitor, "we might, before a second issue was due, stir up the friends and secure all the help you would need. How much money will you require to print an issue of the paper?"

"I could squeeze through, by working some on the case myself, on forty dollars," I replied, feeling the old fire once more warming up within me.

"Well, I guess I can let you have that amount," said my visitor. "Have you got the watch here?"

"The watch?"

"Certainly," said the labor reform nominee for President of the United States. "I understood you to say that you were willing

to give your wife's watch as security for a loan."

I stared at the man for full half a minute; then he seemed to pass out of my vision and in his place I saw a picture, in which two men were facing each other across an imposing-stone in a dimly lighted, dingy printing-office. One of the men held in his hand a gold coin. His face wore an expression of inquiry, and he seemed to be waiting for the other man to speak. The other's lips moved, and I read his words, as the deaf sometimes read the speech they cannot hear. And this was what he said: —

"It is for you. I sold my old watch."

The picture faded away. Arising from my chair, I took from the table the articles intended for mailing, and, turning to the nominee for President, said: —

"You must excuse me; I want to post these packages, and must request you to retire, so that I may lock the office door before leaving."

THE END

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